

THE
PLAYS AND POEMS

OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE ELEVENTH.

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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

VOLUME THE EIGHTH

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OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE ELEVENTH.

CONTAINING
JULIUS CÆSAR.
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

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THE
PLAYS AND FORMS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

VOLUME THE FIRST



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JULIUS CÆSAR.

Persons Represented.

Julius Cæsar.
 Octavius Cæsar, } *Triumvirs, after the Death of Julius*
 Marcus Antonius, } *Cæsar.*
 M. Æmil. Lepidus. }
 Cicero, Publius, Popilius Lena, *Senators.*
 Marcus Brutus, }
 Cassius, } *Conspirators against Julius Cæsar.*
 Casca, }
 Trebonius, }
 Ligarius, }
 Decius Brutus, }
 Metellus Cimber, }
 Cinna, }
 Flavius, and Marullus, *Tribunes.*
 Artemidorus, *a Sophist of Cnidos.*
A Soothsayer.
 Cinna, *a Poet. Another Poet.*
 Lucilius, Titinius, Messala, *Young Cato, and Volumnius ;*
Friends to Brutus and Cassius.
 Varro, Clitus, Claudius, Strato, Lucius, Dardanius ; *Ser-*
vants to Brutus.
 Pindarus, *Servant to Cassius.*

 Calphurnia, *Wife to Cæsar.*
 Portia, *Wife to Brutus.*

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.

SCENE, during a great part of the play, at Rome : after-
wards at Sardis ; and near Philippi.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Rome. *A Street.*

Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS¹, and a rabble of Citizens.

Flav. Hence; home, you idle creatures, get you home;
Is this a holiday? What! know you not,

Being

¹ It appears from Peck's *Collection of divers curious Historical Pieces*, &c. (appended to his *Memoirs*, &c. of Oliver Cromwell.) p. 14, that a Latin play on this subject had been written. "Epilogus Cæsaris imperfecti, quomodo in scenam prodiit ea res, acta in Ecclesia Christi, Oxon. Qui epilogus a magistro Ricardo Eedes et scriptus et in prosænio ibidem dictus fuit, A. D. 1582." Meres, whose *Wit's Commonwealth* was published in 1598, enumerates Dr. Eedes among the best tragic writers of that time. STEEVENS.

From some words spoken by Polonius in *Hamlet*, I think it probable that there was an *English* play also on this subject, before Shakspeare commenced a writer for the stage.

Stephen Gosson in his *School of Abuse*, 1579, mentions a play entitled *The History of Cæsar and Pompey*.

William Alexander, afterwards earl of Sterline, wrote a tragedy on the story and with the title of *Julius Cæsar*. It may be presumed that Shakspeare's play was posterior to his; for lord Sterline, when he composed his *Julius Cæsar* was a very young authour, and would hardly have ventured into that circle, within which the most eminent dramatick writer of England had already walked. The death of Cæsar, which is not exhibited but related to the audience, forms the catastrophe of his piece. In the two plays many parallel passages are found, which might, perhaps, have proceeded only from the two authours drawing from the same source. However, there are some reasons for thinking the coincidence more than accidental.

A passage in *The Tempest*, seems to have been copied from one in *Darius*, another play of Lord Sterline's, printed at Edinburgh in 1603. His *Julius Cæsar* appeared in 1607, at a time when he was little acquainted with English writers; for both these pieces abound with scotticisms, which, in the subsequent folio edition, 1637, he corrected. But neither *The Tempest* nor the *Julius Cæsar* of our authour was printed till 1623.

It should also be remembered, that our authour has several plays, founded on subjects which had been previously treated by others. Of this kind are *King John*, *K. Richard II.* the two parts of *King Henry IV.* *King Henry V.* *King Richard III.* *King Lear*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, *Measure for Measure*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, *The Merchant of Venice*, and I believe, *Hamlet*, *Timon of Athens*, and *The Second and Third Part of K. Henry VI.*: whereas no proof has hitherto
been

Being mechanical, you ought not walk,
Upon a labouring day, without the sign
Of your profession?—Speak, what trade art thou?

1. *Cit.* Why, fir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?—
You, fir; what trade are you?

2. *Cit.* Truly, fir, in respect of a fine workman, I am
but, as you would say, a cobbler.

Mar. But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

2. *Cit.* A trade, fir, that, I hope, I may use with a safe
conscience; which is, indeed, fir, a mender of bad soals.*

Mar. What trade³, thou knave? thou naughty knave,
what trade?

2. *Cit.* Nay, I beseech you, fir, be not out with me:
yet, if you be out, fir, I can mend you.

Mar. What meanest thou by that? Mend me, thou
faucy fellow?

been produced, that any contemporary writer ever presumed to new
model a story that had already employed the pen of Shakspeare,
On all these grounds it appears more probable, that Shakspeare was
indebted to lord Sterline, than that lord Stirline borrowed from
Shakspeare. If this reasoning be just, this play could not have
appeared before the year 1607. I believe it was produced in that
year. See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's Plays*, Vol. I.

The real length of time in *Julius Cæsar*, Mr. Upton observes, is as
follows: "About the middle of February A. U. C. 709, a frantick
festival, sacred to Pan, and called *Lupercalia*, was held in honour of
Cæsar, when the regal crown was offered to him by Antony. On
the 15th of March in the same year, he was slain. Nov. 27, A. U. C.
710, the triumvirs met at a small island, formed by the river Rhe-
nus, near Bononia, and there adjusted their cruel proscription.—
A. U. C. 711, Brutus and Cassius were defeated near Philippi."

MALONE.

² *Marullus*,] Old copy—*Murellus*. Corrected from Plutarch by
Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

* *A mender of bad soals*.] Fletcher has the same quibble in his
Woman Pleas'd:

" — mark me, thou serious sowter,

" If thou dost this, there shall be no more shoe-mending;

" Every man shall have a special care of his own soul,

" And carry in his pocket his two confessors."

MALONE.

³ *Mar.* *What trade, &c.*] This speech in the old copy is given to
Flavius. The next speech but one shews that it belongs to *Marullus*,
to whom it was attributed, I think properly, by Mr. Capell.

MALONE.

2. *Cit.*

2. *Cit.* Why, sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

2. *Cit.* Truly, sir, all that I live by is, with the awl: I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with awl⁴. I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I re-cover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neats-leather, have gone upon my handy-work.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

2. *Cit.* Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home? What tributaries follow him to Rome, To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels? You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things! O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome, Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements, To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops, Your infants in your arms, and there have sat The live-long day, with patient expectation, To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome: And when you saw his chariot but appear, Have you not made an universal shout, That Tyber trembled underneath her banks⁵,

To

⁴ — but *with* awl.] I have already observed in a note on *Love's Labour's Lost*, that where our author uses words equivocally, he imposes some difficulty on his editor with respect to the mode of exhibiting them in print. Shakspeare, who wrote for the stage, not for the closet, was contented if his quibble satisfied the ear. I have, with the other modern editors, printed here—with *awl*, though in the first folio, we find *withal*; as in the preceding page, bad *foals*, instead of—bad *souls*, the reading of the original copy.

The allusion contained in the second clause of this sentence, is again repeated in *Coriolanus*, Act IV. Sc. v.—“3. *Serv.* How, sir, do you meddle with my master? *Cor.* Ay, 'tis an honest service than to meddle *with thy mistress*.” MALONE.

Shakspeare might have adopted this quibble from the ancient ballad, intitled, *The Three merry Cobblers*:

“We have *awle* at our command,

“And still we are on the mending hand.” STEEVENS.

⁵ — *her* banks.] As *Tyber* is always represented by the figure of a man, the feminine gender is improper. STEEVENS.

To hear the replication of your sounds,
 Made in her concave shores ?
 And do you now put on your best attire ?
 And do you now cull out a holiday ?
 And do you now strew flowers in his way,
 That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood ?
 Be gone ;
 Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
 Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
 That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,
 Assemble all the poor men of your sort ;
 Draw them to Tyber banks, and weep your tears
 Into the channel, till the lowest stream
 Do kiss the most exalted shores of all. [*Exeunt Citizens.*
 See, wher⁶ their basest metal be not mov'd ;
 They vanish tongue-ty'd in their guiltiness.
 Go you down that way towards the Capitol ;
 This way will I : Disrobe the images,
 If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies⁷.

Mar. May we do so ?
 You know, it is the feast of Lupercal.

Flav. It is no matter ; let no images
 Be hung with Cæsar's trophies*. I'll about,
 And drive away the vulgar from the streets :
 So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
 These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing,
 Will make him fly an ordinary pitch ;
 Who else would soar above the view of men,
 And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [*Exeunt.*

Drayton, in his *Polyolbion*, frequently describes the rivers of England as females, even when he speaks of the presiding power of the stream. Spenser on the other hand, represents them more classically, as males. MALONE.

⁶ See, wher⁶] *Whether*, thus abbreviated, is used by Ben Jonson. STEEVENS.

⁷ — deck'd with ceremonies.] With honorary ornaments ; tokens of respect. MALONE.

* Be hung with Cæsar's trophies.] Cæsar's trophies, are, I believe, the crowns which were placed on his statues. So, in sir Tho. North's translation. " — There were set up images of Cæsar in the city with diadems on their heads like kings. Those the two tribunes went and pulled down." STEEVENS.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

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SCENE II.

The same. A publick Place.

Enter, in procession, with musick, CÆSAR; ANTONY, for the course; CALPHURNIA, PORTIA, DECIVS⁸, CICCERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and CASCA, a great crowd following; among them a Soothsayer.

Cæs. Calphurnia,—

Cæsa. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks.

[*Musick ceases.*]

Cæs. Calphurnia,—

Cal. Here, my lord.

Cæs. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
When he doth run his course⁹.—Antonius.

Ant.

⁸ This person was not *Decius*, but *Decimus Brutus*. The poet (as Voltaire has done since) confounds the characters of *Marcus* and *Decimus*. *Decimus Brutus* was the most cherished by *Cæsar* of all his friends, while *Marcus* kept aloof, and declined so large a share of his favours and honours, as the other had constantly accepted. Velleius Paterculus, speaking of *Decimus Brutus*, says,—“ab iis quos miserat *Antonius*, jugulatus est, justissimæque optimè de se merito, C. Cæsari pœnas dedit, ejus cum primus omnium amicorum fuisset, interfecto fuit, et fortunæ ex qua fructum tulerat, invidiam in auctorem relegbat, censebatque æquum quæ acceperat a Cæsare retinere, Cæsarem qui illa dederat periisse.” Lib. ii. c. 64.

“Jungitur his *Decimus*, notissimus inter amicos

“Cæsaris, ingratus, cui trans-Alpina fuisset

“Gallia Cæsare nuper commissa favore.

“Non illum conjuncta fides, non nomen amici

“Deterrere potest.”—

“Ante alios *Decimus*, cui fallere, nomen amici

“Præcipue dederat, ductorem sæpe morantem

“Incitat.—*Supplem. Lucani.*” STEEVENS.

Shakspeare's mistake of *Decius* for *Decimus*, arose from the old translation of *Plutarch*. FARMER.

Lord Sterline has committed the same mistake in his *Julius Cæsar*: and in Holland's Translation of *Suetonius*, 1606, which I believe Shakspeare had read, this person is likewise called *Decius Brutus*.

MALONE.

⁹ Stand you directly in Antonius' way,

When he doth run his course.] The old copy generally reads *Antonio, Octavio, Flavio*. The players were more accustomed to Italian than to Roman terminations, on account of the many versions from Italian novels, and the many Italian characters in dramatick pieces formed on the same originals. STEEVENS.

The

Ant. Cæsar, my lord.

Cæs. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calphurnia : for our elders say,
The barren, touched in this holy chafe,
Shake off their steril curse.

Ant. I shall remember :

When Cæsar says, *Do this*, it is perform'd.

Cæs. Set on ; and leave no ceremony out. [*Musick.*

Sooth. Cæsar.

Cæs. Ha ! Who calls ?

Casca. Bid every noise be still :—Peace yet again.

[*Musick ceases.*

Cæs. Who is it in the press, that calls on me ?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the musick,
Cry, Cæsar : Speak ; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. What man is that ?

Bru. A soothsayer, bids you beware the ides of March.

Cæs. Set him before me, let me see his face.

Cæs. Fellow, come from the throng : Look upon Cæsar.

Cæs. What say'st thou to me now ? Speak once again.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. He is a dreamer ; let us leave him ;—pafs.

[*Sennet.*¹ *Exeunt all but Brutus and Cassius.*

The correction was made by Mr. Pope.—“ At that time, (says Plutarch,) the feast *Lupercalia* was celebrated, the which in olde time men say was the feast of Shepheards or heardsmen, and is much like unto the feast of Lyceians in Arcadia. But howsoever it is, that day there are diverse noble men's sonnes, young men, (and some of them magistrates themselves that govern them,) which run naked through the city, striking in sport them they meet in their way with leather thongs.—And many noble women and gentlewomen also go of purpose to stand in their way, and doe put forth their handes to be stricken, perswading themselves that being with childe, they shall have good deliverie ; and also, being barren, that it will make them conceive with childe. Cæsar sat to behold that sport upon the pulpit for orations, in a chayre of gold, apparelled in triumphant manner. Antonius, who was consul at that time, was one of them that *ronne* this holy course.” North's Translation.

We learn from Cicero that Cæsar constituted a new kind of these *Luperci*, whom he called after his own name, *Juliani* ; and Mark Antony was the first who was so entitled. MALONE.

¹ *Sennet*] I have been informed that *sennet* is derived from *senneste*, an antiquated French tune formerly used in the army ; but the Dictionaries which I have consulted exhibit no such word.

Sennet may be a corruption from *sonata*, Ital. STEEVENS.

Cæs.

Cas. Will you go see the order of the course?

Bru. Not I.

Cas. I pray you, do.

Bru. I am not gamefome; I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
I'll leave you.

Cas. Brutus, I do observe you now of late:
I have not from your eyes that gentleness,
And shew of love, as I was wont to have:
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand²
Over your friend that loves you.

Bru. Cassius,
Be not deceiv'd: If I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am,
Of late, with passions of some difference³,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviours:
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd;
(Among which number, Cassius, be you one;)
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shews of love to other men.

Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion;
By means whereof, this breast of mine hath bury'd
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

Bru. No, Cassius: for the eye sees not itself⁴.

But

² — *strange a hand*—] *Strange*, is alien, unfamiliar, such as might become a stranger. JOHNSON.

³ — *passions of some difference*,] With a fluctuation of discordant opinions and desires. JOHNSON.

So, in *Coriolanus*, Act V. sc. iii.

“—thou hast set thy mercy and thy honour

“At difference in thee.” STEEVENS.

A following line may prove the best comment on this:

“Than that poor Brutus, *with himself at war*,—” MALONE.

⁴ — *the eye sees not itself*,] So, sir John Davies in his poem on *The Immortality of the Soul*, 1599:

“Is it because the mind is like the eye,

“Through which it gathers knowledge by degrees;

“Whose rays reflect not, but spread outwardly;

“Not seeing itself, when other things it sees?”

Again,

But by reflection, by some other things.

Cas. 'Tis just :

And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors, as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome,
(Except immortal Cæsar,) speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me ?

Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear :
And, since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous of me, gentle Brutus :
Were I a common laughers^s, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love^o
To every new protefter ; if you know
That I do fawn on men, and hug^t them hard,
And after scandal them ; or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[*Flourish, and shout.*]

Bru. What means this shouting ? I do fear, the people
Choose Cæsar for their king.

Cas. Ay, do you fear it ?
Then must I think you would not have it so.

Again, in Marston's comedy of the *Farwe*, 1606 :

" Thus few strike sail until they run on shelf :

" *The eye sees all things but its proper self.*" STEEVENS.

Again, in Sir John Davies's poem :

" — the lights which in my tower do shine,

" Mine eyes which see all objects nigh and far,

" Look not into this little world of mine ;

" *Nor see my face, wherein they fixed are.*" MALONE.

^s — a common laughers,] Old Copy—*laughters*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

^o To stale with ordinary oaths my love, &c.] To invite every new protefter to my affection by the stale or allurements of customary oaths.

JOHNSON.

Bru.

Bru. I would not, Cæsius ; yet I love him well ;—
 But wherefore do you hold me here so long ?
 What is it that you would impart to me ?
 If it be aught toward the general good,
 Set honour in one eye, and death i' the other,
 And I will look on both indifferently ⁷ :
 For, let the gods so speed me, as I love
 The name of honour more than I fear death.

Cæs. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
 As well as I do know your outward favour.
 Well, honour is the subject of my story.—
 I cannot tell, what you and other men
 Think of this life ; but, for my single self,
 I had as lief not be, as live to be
 In awe of such a thing as I myself.
 I was born free as Cæsar ; so were you :
 We both have fed as well ; and we can both
 Endure the winter's cold, as well as he.
 For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
 The troubled Tyber chafing with her shores,
 Cæsar said to me, *Dar'st thou, Cæsius, now
 Leap in with me into this angry flood* ⁸,
And swim to yonder point ?—Upon the word,
 Accouter'd as I was, I plunged in,
 And bade him follow : so, indeed, he did.
 The torrent roar'd ; and we did buffet it
 With lusty sinews ; throwing it aside
 And stemming it with hearts of controversy.

⁷ *And I will look on both indifferently :*] Dr. Warburton has a long note on this occasion, which is very trifling. When Brutus first names *honour* and *death*, he calmly declares them *indifferent* ; but as the image kindles in his mind, he sets *honour* above *life*. Is not this natural ?

JOHNSON.

⁸ — *Dar'st thou, Cæsius, now,*

Leap in with me into this angry flood,] Shakspeare probably recollected the story which Suetonius has told of Cæsar's leaping into the sea, when he was in danger by a boat's being overladen, and swimming to the next ship with his *Commentaries* in his left hand." Holland's Translation of Suetonius, 1606, p. 26. So also, *ibid.* p. 24 : " Were rivers in his way to hinder his passage, cross over them he would, either swimming, or else bearing himself upon blowed leather bottles." MALONE.

But

But ere we could arrive the point propos'd ⁹,
 Cæsar cry'd, *Help me, Cassius, or I sink.*
 I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
 Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
 The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of Tyber
 Did I the tired Cæsar: And this man
 Is now become a god; and Cassius is
 A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
 If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
 He had a fever when he was in Spain,
 And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
 How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake:
 His coward lips did from their colour fly ¹;
 And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
 Did lose his lustre: I did hear him groan:
 Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
 Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
 Alas! it cry'd, *Give me some drink*, Titinius,
 As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
 A man of such a feeble temper should
 So get the start of the majestick world ²,
 And bear the palm alone. [Shout. Flourish.]
 Bru. Another general shout!
 I do believe, that these applauses are

⁹ But ere we could arrive the point propos'd.] The verb *arrive* is used, without the preposition *at*, by Milton in the second book of *Paradise Lost*, as well as by Shakspere in the Third Part of *K. Henry VI.* Act V. sc. iii.

“ — those powers that the queen

“ Hath rais'd in Galla, have arriv'd our coast.” STEEVENS.

¹ His coward lips did from their colour fly;] A plain man would have said, the colour fled from his lips, and not his lips from their colour. But the false expression was for the sake of as false a piece of wit: a poor quibble, alluding to a coward flying from his colours.

WARBURTON.

² — get the start of the majestick world, &c.] This image is extremely noble: it is taken from the Olympic games. The majestick world is a fine periphrasis for the Roman empire: their citizens set themselves on a footing with kings, and they called their dominion *Orbis Romanus*. But the particular allusion seems to be to the known story of Cæsar's great pattern Alexander, who being asked, Whether he would run the course at the Olympic games, replied, *Yes, if the racers were Kings*.

WARBURTON.

That the allusion is to the prize allotted in games to the foremost in the race, is very clear. All the rest existed, I apprehend, only in Dr. Warburton's imagination. MALONE.

For

For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.

Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world,
Like a Colossus; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs³, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus, and Cæsar: What should be in that Cæsar?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well⁴;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with them,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar. [Shouts
Now in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd:
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
When could they say till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walks encompass'd but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
O! you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once⁵, that would have brook'd
The eternal devil⁶ to keep his state in Rome,

³ — and we petty men

Walk under his huge legs,] So, as an anonymous writer has observed, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, B. IV. c. 10.

"But I the meanest man of many more,

"Yet much disdain'd unto him to lout,

"Or creep between his legs." MALONE.

⁴ *Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;*] A similar thought occurs in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1614:

"What diapason's more in Tarquin's name

"Than in a subject's? or what's Tullia

"More in the sound, than should become the name

"Of a poor maid?" STEEVENS.

⁵ — *There was a Brutus once,*] i. e. *Lucius Junius Brutus*. STEEV.

⁶ — *eternal devil*—] I should think that our authour wrote rather, *infernal devil*. JOHNSON.

I would continue to read *eternal devil*. *L. J. Brutus* (says *Cassius*,) would as soon have submitted to the perpetual dominion of a demon, as to the lasting government of a king. STEEVENS.

As easily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous ;
What you would work me to, I have some aim :
How I have thought of this, and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter ; for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further mov'd. What you have said,
I will consider ; what you have to say,
I will with patience hear : and find a time
Both meet to hear, and answer, such high things ;
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this ⁷ ;
Brutus had rather be a villager,
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us ⁸.

Cæs. I am glad, that my weak words
Have struck but thus much shew of fire from Brutus.

Re-enter CÆSAR, and his Train.

Bru. The games are done, and Cæsar is returning.

Cæs. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve ;
And he will, after his four fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded, worthy note, to-day.

Bru. I will do so :—But, look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train :
Calphurnia's cheek is pale ; and Cicero
Looks with such ferret ⁹ and such fiery eyes,
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

Cæs. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

Cæs. Antonius.

Ant. Cæsar.

Cæs. Let me have men about me that are fat ;

⁷ — *chew upon this ;*] Consider this at leisure ; *ruminate on this.*

JOHNSON.

⁸ *Under these hard conditions as this time*

Is like to lay upon us.] *As*, in our authour's age, was frequently used in the sense of *that*. So, in North's Translation of Plutarch, 1579 : " — inſomuch as they that ſaw it, thought he had been burnt." MALONE.

⁹ — *ferret*—] A ferret has red eyes. JOHNSON.

Sleek-

Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights¹ :
Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look ;
He thinks too much : such men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar, he's not dangerous ;
He is a noble Roman, and well given.

Cæs. 'Would he were fatter² :—But I fear him not :
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much ;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men : he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony ; he hears no musick³ :
Seldom he smiles ; and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves ;
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
Than what I fear ; for always I am Cæsar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Exeunt CÆSAR, and his train. CASCA stays behind.*]

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak ; Would you speak
with me ?

¹ *Sleek-headed men, &c.*] So, in sir Thomas North's translation of *Plutarch*, 1579. "When Cæsar's friends complained unto him of Antonius and Dolabella, that they pretended some mischief towards him ; he answered them again, as for those fat men and smooth-cumbed heads, (quoth he) I never reckon of them ; but these pale-visaged and carrion-lean-people, I fear them most ; meaning Brutus and Cassius."

And again :

"Cæsar and Cassius in great jealousy, and suspected him much ; whereupon he said on a time, to his friends, what will Cassius do, think you ? I like not his pale looks." STEEVENS.

² *'Would he were fatter :*—] Johnson in his *Bartholomew-fair*, 1614, unjustly sneers at this passage, in Knockham's speech to the Pig-woman. "Come, there's no malice in fat folks ; I never fear thee, an I can 'scape, thy lean moon-calf there." WARBURTON.

³ — *he hears no musick :*] Our authour considered the having no delight in musick as so certain a mark of an austere disposition, that in *The Merchant of Venice* he has pronounced, that

"The man that hath no musick in his soul,

"Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils." MALONE.

— *Bru.*

Bru. Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanc'd to-day,
That Cæsar looks so sad.

Casca. Why you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I should not then ask Casca what had chanc'd.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offer'd him: and being offer'd him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a' shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why for that too.

Cas. They shouted thrice; What was the last cry for?

Casca. Why for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offer'd him thrice?

Casca. Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting by, mine honest neighbours shouted.

Cas. Who offer'd him the crown?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca. I can as well be hang'd, as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery, I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown:—yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets⁴;—and, as I told you, he put it by once: but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offer'd it to him again; then he put it by again: but, to my thinking, he was very loth to lay his fingers off it. And then he offer'd it the third time; he put it the third time by: and still as he refused it, the rabblement hooted, and clapp'd their chopp'd hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and utter'd such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he swoon'd, and fell down at it: And for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air.

Cas. But, soft, I pray you: What? did Cæsar swoon?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foam'd at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very like; he hath the falling-sickness.

a. No, Cæsar hath it not; but you, and I,
And honest Casca, we have the falling-sickness.

⁴ — one of these coronets;] So, in the old translation of *Plutarch*:
“— he came to Cæsar, and presented him a diadem wreathed about
with laurel.” STEEVENS.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that; but, I am sure, Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him, and hiss him, according as he pleased, and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man ⁵.

Bru. What said he, when he came unto himself?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he pluck'd me ope his doublet, and offer'd them his throat to cut.—An I had been a man of any oteupation ⁶, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues:—and so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, If he had done, or said, any thing amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cry'd, *Alas, good soul!*—and forgave him with all their hearts: But there's no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stabb'd their mothers, they would have done no less.

Bru. And after that, he came, thus sad, away?

Casca. Ay.

Cas. Did Cicero say any thing?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cas. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again: But those, that understood him, smiled at one another, and shook their heads: but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

Casca. No, I am promis'd forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

Cas. Good; I will expect you.

Casca. Do so: Farewel both.

[*Exit CASCA.*]

⁵ *no true man.*—] No honest man. MALONE.

⁶ — *a man of any occupation,*] Had I been a mechanick, one of the Plebeians to whom he offered his throat. JOHNSON.

So, in *Coriolanus*, Act IV. sc. vi:

“—You that stood so much

“Upon the voice of *occupation*,” MALONE.

Bru.

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be?
He was quick mettle, when he went to school.

Cas. So he is now, in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprize,
However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.

Bru. And so it is. For this time I will leave you:
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cas. I will do so:—till then, think of the world.

[*Exit BRUTUS.*]

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,
Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From that it is dispos'd⁷: Therefore 'tis meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes:
For who so firm, that cannot be seduc'd?
Cæsar doth bear me hard; but he loves Brutus:
If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,
He should not humour me⁸. I will this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at:
And, after this, let Cæsar seat him sure;
For we will shake him, or worse days endure.

[*Exit.*]

⁷ *Thy honourable metal may be wrought*

From that it is dispos'd:] The best metal or temper may be worked
into qualities contrary to its original constitution. JOHNSON.

From that it is dispos'd, i. e. dispos'd to. MALONE.

⁸ *If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,*

He should not humour me.] The meaning I think is, *Cæsar loves*
Brutus, but if Brutus and I were to change places, his love should not humour
me, should not take hold of my affection, so as to make me forget
my principles. JOHNSON.

SCENE

S C E N E III.

*The same. A Street.**Thunder and lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, CASCAS, with his sword drawn, and CICERO.*

Cic. Good even, Casca: Brought you Cæsar home^o?
Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?

Casca. Are you not mov'd, when all the sway of earth^a
Shakes, like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds:
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heaven;
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?

Casca. A common slave² (you know him well by sight)
Held up his left hand, which did flame, and burn
Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
Besides, (I have not since put up my sword,)
Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who gaz'd upon me, and went surely by³,

Without

^o — *Brought you Cæsar home?*] Did you attend Cæsar home?

JOHNSON.

¹ — *sway of earth*—] The whole weight or *momentum* of this globe.

JOHNSON.

² *A common slave, &c.*] So, in the old translation of *Plutarch*:
“— a slave of the souldiers that did cast a marvelous burning flame
out of his hande, insomuch as they that saw it, thought he had
bene burnt; but when the fire was out, it was found he had no
hurt.” STEEVENS.

³ *Who gaz'd upon me, and went surely by,*] The old copy reads—
glaz'd, for which Mr. Pope substituted *glar'd*, and this reading has
been adopted by all the subsequent editors. *Glar'd* certainly is to
our ears a more forcible expression; I have however adopted a read-
ing proposed by Dr. Johnson, *gaz'd*, induced by the following passage
in Stowe's *Chronicle*, 1615, from which the word *gaze* seems in our
authour's time to have been peculiarly applied to the fierce aspect
of

Without annoying me : And there were drawn
 Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
 Transformed with their fear ; who swore, they saw
 Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets.
 And, yesterday, the bird of night did sit,
 Even at noon-day, upon the market-place,
 Hooting, and shrieking. When these prodigies
 Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
These are their reasons,—They are natural ;
 For, I believe, they are portentous things
 Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time :
 But men may construe things after their fashion,
 Clean from the purpose ⁴ of the things themselves.
 Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow ?

Casca. He doth ; for he did bid Antonius
 Send word to you, he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good night then, Casca : this disturbed sky
 Is not to walk in.

Casca. Farewel, Cicero.

[Exit CICERO.]

Enter CASSIUS.

Cas. Who's there ?

Casca. A Roman.

of a lion, and therefore may be presumed to have been the word here intended. The writer is describing a trial of valour (as he calls it,) between a lion, a bear, a stone-horse and a mastiff; which was exhibited in the Tower, in the year 1609, before the king and all the royal family, diverse great lords, and many others: "—Then was the great lion put forth, who gazed awhile, but never offered to assault or approach the bear." Again: "—the above mentioned young lusty lion and lyones were both put together, to see if they would rescue the third, but they would not, but fearfully [that is, dreadfully] gazed upon the dogs." Again: "The lion having fought long, and his tongue being torne, lay staring and panting a pretty while, so as all the beholders thought he had been utterly spoiled and spent; and upon a sodaine gazed upon that dog which remained, and so soon as he had spoiled and worried, almost destroyed him."

In this last instance *gaz'd* seems to be used as exactly synonymous to the modern word *glar'd*, for the lion immediately afterwards proceeds to worry and destroy the dog. MALONE.

Glar'd is certainly right. To gaze is only to look stedfastly, or with admiration. *Glar'd* has a singular propriety, as it expresses the furious scintillation of a lion's eyes: and, that a lion should appear full of fury, and yet attempt no violence, augments the prodigy. STEEVENS.

⁴ Clean from the purpose—] Clean is altogether, entirely. MALONE.

Cas.

Cas. Casca, by your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this?

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

Cas. Those, that have known the earth so full of faults.

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night;
And, thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,
Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone:
And, when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty gods, by tokens, send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cas. You are dull, Casca; and those sparks of life
That should be in a Roman, you do want,
Or else you use not: You look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens:
But if you would consider the true cause,
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds, and beasts, from quality and kind;⁵
Why old men fools, and children calculate⁶;
Why all these things change, from their ordinance,
Their natures, and pre-formed faculties,
To monstrous quality; why, you shall find,
That heaven hath infus'd them with these spirits,
To make them instruments of fear, and warning,
Unto some monstrous state. Now could I, Casca,

⁵ *Why birds, and beasts, from quality and kind;]* That is, Why, they deviate from quality and nature. This line might perhaps be more properly placed after the next line:

Why birds, and beasts, from quality and kind,

Why all these things change from their ordinance. JOHNSON.

⁶ — *and children calculate;]* Calculate here signifies to foretell or prophecy: for the custom of foretelling fortunes by judicial astrology (which was at that time much in vogue) being performed by a long tedious calculation, Shakspeare, with his usual liberty, employs the *species* [calculate] for the *genus* [foretel.] WARBURTON.

Shakspeare found the liberty established. *To calculate a nativity,* is the technical term. JOHNSON.

Name to thee a man most like this dreadful night;
 That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
 As doth the lion in the Capitol:
 A man no mightier than thyself, or me,
 In personal action; yet prodigious grown⁷,
 And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Casca. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean: Is it not, Cassius?

Cas. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
 Have thewes and limbs⁸ like to their ancestors;
 But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
 And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;
 Our yoke and sufferance shew us womanish.

Casca. Indeed, they say, the senators to-morrow
 Mean to establish Cæsar as a king:
 And he shall wear his crown, by sea, and land,
 In every place, save here in Italy.

Cas. I know where I will wear this dagger then;
 Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius:
 'Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;
 'Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:
 Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
 Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
 Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
 But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
 Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
 If I know this, know all the world besides,
 'That part of tyranny, that I do bear,
 I can shake off at pleasure.

Casca. So can I:
 So every bondman in his own hand bears
 The power to cancel his captivity.

Cas. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant then?
 Poor man! I know, he would not be a wolf,
 But that he sees, the Romans are but sheep:
 He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.

⁷ — prodigious grown.] *Prodigious* is portentous. STEEVENS.

⁸ Have thewes and limbs—] *Thewes* is an obsolete word implying nerves or muscular strength. It is used by Falstaff in the Second Part of *K. Henry IV.* and in *Hamlet*:

“For nature, crescent, does not grow alone

“In thewes and bulk.”

The two last folios, in which some words are injudiciously modernized, read *finews*. STEEVENS.

Those that with haste will make a mighty fire,
 Begin it with weak straws : What trash is Rome,
 What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves
 For the base matter to illuminate
 So vile a thing as Cæsar ? But, O, grief !
 Where hast thou led me ? I, perhaps, speak this
 Before a willing bondman : then I know
 My answer must be made ⁹ : But I am arm'd,
 And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casca. You speak to Casca : and to such a man,
 That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold my hand ¹ :
 Be factious for redress ² of all these griefs ;
 And I will set this foot of mine as far,
 As who goes farthest.

Cas. There's a bargain made.
 Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already
 Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans,
 To undergo, with me, an enterprize
 Of honourable-dangerous consequence ;
 And I do know, by this, they stay for me
 In Pompey's porch : For now, this fearful night,
 There is no stir, or walking in the streets ;
 And the complexion of the element
 Is favour'd like the work ³ we have in hand,
 Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Enter CINNA.

Casca. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.

Cas. 'Tis Cinna, I do know him by his gait ;

⁹ *My answer must be made :*] I shall be called to account, and must
 answer as for seditious words. JOHNSON.

¹ — *Hold my hand :*] is the same as, *Here's my hand.* JOHNSON.

² *Be factious for redress—*] *Factious* seems here to mean *active*.

JOHNSON.

It means, I apprehend, embody a party or faction. MALONE.

³ *Is favour'd like the work—*] The old edition reads :

Is favors, like the work—

I think we should read :

In favour's like the work we have in hand,

Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Favour is look, countenance, appearance. JOHNSON.

To favour is to resemble. Thus Stanyhurst in his translation of the
 Third Book of Virgil's *Æneid*, 1:82 :

“ With the petit town gates favouring the principal old portes.”

We may read *It favours*, or—*Is favour'd*—i. e. is in appearance or
 countenance like, &c. STEEVENS.

He is a friend.—Cinna, where haste you so?

Cin. To find out you; Who's that? Metellus Cimber?

Cas. No, it is Casca; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not staid for, Cinna?

Cin. I am glad on't. What a fearful night is this?
There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

Cas. Am I not staid for? Tell me.

Cin. Yes,

You are. O, Cassius, if you could but win
The noble Brutus to our party—

Cas. Be you content: Good Cinna, take this paper,
And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this
In at his window: set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
Is Decius Brutus, and Trebonius, there?

Cin. All but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

Cas. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.

[*Exit CINNA.*]

Come, Casca, you and I will, yet, ere day,
See Brutus at his house: three parts of him
Is ours already; and the man entire,
Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.

Cas. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts:
And that, which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchymy,
Will change to virtue, and to worthiness.

Cas. Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,
You have right well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight; and, ere day,
We will awake him, and be sure of him.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

*The same. Brutus's Orchard*⁴.*Enter BRUTUS.*

Bru. What, Lucius! ho!—
 I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
 Give guess how near to day.—Lucius, I say!—
 I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.—
 When, Lucius, when⁵? Awake, I say: What Lucius!

*Enter LUCIUS.**Luc.* Call'd you, my lord?

Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:
 When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my lord.[*Exit.*]

Bru. It must be by his death: and, for my part,
 I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
 But for the general. He would be crown'd:—
 How that might change his nature, there's the question.
 It is the bright day, that brings forth the adder;
 And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—That;—
 And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
 That at his will he may do danger with.
 The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins

⁴ — *Brutus's orchard.*] The modern editors read *garden*, but *orchard* seems anciently to have had the same meaning. STEEVENS.

That these two words were anciently synonymous, appears from a line in this play:

“—he hath left you all his walks,

“His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,

“On this side Tiber.”

In Sir T. North's *Translation of Plutarch*, the passage which Shakespeare has here copied, stands thus: “He left his *gardens* and *arbours* unto the people, which he had on this side of the river Tyber.”

So also in Barret's *Alvearie*, 1580: “A garden or an *orchard*, hortus.”—The truth is, that few of our ancestors had in the age of Queen Elizabeth any other garden but an orchard; and hence the latter word was considered as synonymous to the former. MALONE.

⁵ When, *Lucius*, when?] This was a common expression of impatience in Shakespeare's time. MALONE.

Remorse from power ⁶ : And, to speak truth of Cæsar,
 I have not known when his affections sway'd
 More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof ⁷,
 That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
 Whereto the climber-upward turns his face :
 But when he once attains the upmost round,
 He then unto the ladder turns his back ⁸,
 Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees ⁹
 By which he did ascend : So Cæsar may ;
 Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
 Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
 Fashion it thus ; that what he is, augmented,
 Would run to these, and these extremities :
 And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
 Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind ¹, grow mischievous ;
 And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
 Searching the window for a flint, I found
 This paper, thus seal'd up ; and, I am sure,
 It did not lie there, when I went to bed.

Bru. Get you to bed again, it is not day.
 Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March ?

Luc.

⁶ Remorse from power :] Remorse, for mercy. WAREBURTON.

Remorse is pity, and has twice occurred in that sense in *Measure for Measure*, Act II. and Act V. STEEVENS.

⁷ — common proof,] It is proved by common experience. MASON.

⁸ But when he once attains the upmost round,

He then unto the ladder turns his back, &c.] So, in Daniel's *Civil Wars*, 1602 :

“ The aspirer, once attain'd unto the top,

“ Cuts off those means by which himself got up :

“ And with a harder hand, and straighter rein,

“ Doth curb that looseness he did find before ;

“ Doubting the occasion like might serve again ;

“ His own example makes him fear the more.” MALONE.

⁹ — base degrees—] Low steps. JOHNSON.

¹ — as his kind,—] According to his nature. JOHNSON.

Perhaps rather, as *all these* of his kind, that is, nature. MALONE.

² Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March ?] The old copy has—the first of March. The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. The error must have been that of a transcriber or printer ; for our author without any minute calculation might have found the ides, nones, and kalends, opposite the respective days of the month, in the

JULIUS CÆSAR. 31

Luc. I know not, sir.

Bru. Look in the kalendar, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, sir.

[Exit.

Bru. The exhalations, whizzing in the air,
Give so much light, that I may read by them.

[Opens the letter, and reads.

Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake, and see thyself.

Shall Rome—Speak, strike, redress!

Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake,—

Such instigations have been often dropp'd

Where I have took them up.

Shall Rome—Thus must I piece it out;

Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What! Rome?

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome

The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.

Speak, strike, redress!—Am I entreated

To speak, and strike? O Rome! I make thee promise,

If the redress will follow, thou receivest

Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fourteen days¹. [Knock within.

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks.

[Exit Lucius.

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar,

I have not slept.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing

And the first motion, all the interim is

Like a phantasma⁴, or a hideous dream:

the Almanacks of the time. In Hopton's *Concordance of yeares, 1616*,
now before me, opposite to the *fifteenth* of March is printed *Idus*.

MALONE.

We can never suppose the speaker to have lost fourteen days in his account. He is here plainly ruminating on what the soothsayer told Cæsar. [Act I. sc. ii.] in his presence. [—*Beware the ides of March.*] The boy comes back and says, *Sir, March is wasted fourteen days*. So that the *morrow* was the *ides* of *March*, as he supposed. For March, May, July, and October, had six nones each, so that the *fifteenth* of March was the *ides* of that month. WARBURTON.

³ — *March is wasted fourteen days.*] In former editions:

Sir, March is wasted fifteen days.

The editors are slightly mistaken: it was wasted but *fourteen* days: this was the dawn of the 15th, when the boy makes his report.

THEOBALD.

⁴ *Like a phantasma*,—] “A *phantasme*, says Bullokar, in his *Eng-lish Expofitor*, 1616, is a vision, or imagined appearance.” MALONE.

The

The genius, and the mortal instruments,
Are then in council^s; and the state of a man,

Like

^s *The genius, and the mortal instruments,*

Are then in council; &c.] Dr. Warburton has written a long note, which I have not preserved, because it is no just comment on the passage before us. The substance of it may be found in a letter written by him to Mr. Concanen, in 1726-7, which I published a few years ago, and which I shall subjoin at the end of this play, not as illustrating Shakspeare, but merely as a literary curiosity.

MALONE.

Dr. Warburton's pompous criticism [on this passage] might well have been shortened. The *genius* is not the *genius* of a kingdom, nor are the *instrument*, *conspirators*. Shakspeare is describing what passes in a single bosom, the *insurrection* which a conspirator feels agitating the *little kingdom* of his own mind; when the *genius*, or power that watches for his protection, and the *mortal instruments*, the passions, which excite him to a deed of honour and danger, are in council and debate; when the desire of action and the care of safety, keep the mind in continual fluctuation and disturbance. JOHNSON.

The word *genius* in our authour's time, meant either "a good angel or a familiar evil spirit," and is so defined by Bullokar in his *Engl'sh Expoſitor*, 1616. So, in *Macbeth*:

"— and, under him,

" My *genius* is rebuk'd; as, it is said,

" Mark Antony's was by Cæsar's."

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" Thy dæmon, that thy spirit which keeps thee, is," &c.

The more usual signification now affixed to this word was not known till several years afterwards. I have not found it in the common modern sense in any book earlier than the Dictionary published by Edward Phillips, in 1657.

Mortal is certainly used here, as in many other places, for *deadly*, So, in *Othello*:

" And you, ye *mortal engines*," &c.

The *mortal instruments* then are, the deadly passions, or as they are called in *Macbeth*, the "*mortal thoughts*," which excite each "*corporal agent*" to the performance of some arduous deed. So, as Mr. Maſon has observed, in the play last mentioned:

"— I am settled, and bend up

" Each *corporal agent* to this terrible feat."

The *little kingdom of man* is a notion that Shakspeare seems to have been fond of. So, K. Richard II. speaking of himself:

" And these same thoughts people this *little world*."

Again, in *K. Lear*:

" Strives in *his little world of man* to outcorn

" The to-and-fro conflicting wind and rain."

Again, in *K. John*:

"— in the body of this *fleshy land*,

" This *kingdom*,—"

I have

Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius⁶ at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.

Bru. Is he alone?

Luc. No, sir, there are more with him.

Bru. Do you know them?

Luc. No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about their ears,
And half their faces bury'd in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour⁷.

Bru. Let them enter.

[*Exit* Lucius.]

They are the faction. O conspiracy!
Sham'st thou to shew thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O, then, by day,
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough,
To mark thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy:

I have adhered to the old copy, which reads—the state of a man. Shakspeare is here speaking of the *individual* in whose mind the genius and the mortal instruments hold a council, not of *man*, or mankind, in general. The passage above quoted from *K. Lear* does not militate against the old copy here. There the *individual* is marked out by the word *his*, and “the little world of man” is thus circumscribed, and appropriated to *Lear*. The editor of the second folio omitted the article, probably from a mistaken notion concerning the metre; and all the subsequent editors have adopted his alteration. Many words of two syllables are used by Shakspeare as taking up the time of only one: as *together*, *either*, *brother*, *lover*, *gentle*, *spirit*; &c. and I suppose *council* is so used here.

The reading of the only authentick copy, to which I have adhered, is supported by a passage in *Hamlet*:—“What a piece of work is a man!”

As *council* is here used as a monosyllable, so is *noble* in *Titus Andronicus*:

“Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose.” MALONE.

There is a passage in *Troilus and Cressida*, which bears some resemblance to this:

“—— imagin'd worth

“Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse,

“That, 'twixt his mental and his active parts,

“Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,

“And batters 'gainst itself.” MASON.

⁶ — your brother Cassius—] Cassius married *Julia*, Brutus' sister.

STEEVENS.

⁷ — any mark of favour.] Any distinction of countenance. JOHNSON.

Hide it in smiles, and affability;
 For if thou path, thy native semblance on*,
 Not Erebus itself were dim enough
 To hide thee from prevention.

*Enter CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA, METELLUS
 CIMBER, and TREBONIUS.*

Cas. I think, we are too bold upon your rest:
 Good morrow, Brutus; Do we trouble you?

Bru. I have been up this hour; awake, all night.
 Know I these men, that come along with you?

Cas. Yes, every man of them; and no man here,
 But honours you: and every one doth wish,
 You had but that opinion of yourself,
 Which every noble Roman bears of you.
 This is Trebonius.

Bru. He is welcome hither.

Cas. This Decius Brutus.

Bru. He is welcome too.

Cas. This, Casca; this, Cinna;

And this, Metellus Cimber.

Bru. They are all welcome.

What watchful cares do interpose themselves
 Betwixt your eyes and night?

Cas. Shall I entreat a word? [*They whisper.*]

Dec. Here lies the east: Doth not the day break here?

Casca. No.

Cin. O, pardon, sir, it doth; and yon grey lines,
 That fret the clouds, are messengers of day.

Casca. You shall confess, that you are both deceiv'd.
 Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises;
 Which is a great way growing on the south,
 Weighing the youthful season of the year.
 Some two months hence, up higher toward the north
 He first presents his fire; and the high east
 Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

* *For if thou path, thy native semblance on,*] If thou walk in thy true form. JOHNSON.

The same verb is used by Drayton in his *Polyolbion*, Song II:

"Where, from the neighbouring hills, her passage Wey doth
 path."

Again, in his Epistle from Duke Humphrey to Elinor Cobham:

"Patting young Henry's unadvised ways." STEEVENS.

Bru.

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Cas. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. No, not an oath: If not the face of men,⁹
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed;
So let high-sighted tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by lottery¹. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour

⁹ *No, not an oath: If not the face of men, &c.*] Dr. Warburton would read *fate of men*; but his elaborate emendation is, I think, erroneous. *The face of men* is the *countenance*, the *regard*, the *esteem* of the publick; in other terms, *honour* and *reputation*; or *the face of men* may mean the dejected look of the people. JOHNSON.

So, Tully in *Catilinam*:—*Nihil horum ora vultusque moverunt?*

Shakspeare form'd this speech on the following passage in Sir T. North's translation of *Plutarch*: "The conspirators having never taken oaths together, nor taken or given any caution or assurance, nor binding themselves one to another by any religious oaths, they kept the matter so secret to themselves," &c. STEEVENS.

In this sentence, as in several others, Shakspeare, with a view perhaps to imitate the abruptness and inaccuracy of discourse, has constructed the latter part without any regard to the beginning. "If the face of men, the sufferance of our souls, &c. if these be not sufficient; if these be motives weak," &c. So, in the *Tempest*:

"I have with such provision in mine art,

"So safely order'd, that there is no soul—

"No, not so much perdition, &c.

Mr. Mason would read—if not the *faith* of men—. If the text be corrupt, *faiths* is more likely to have been the poet's word; which might have been easily confounded by the ear with *face*, the word exhibited in the old copy. I have said that *faiths*, not *faith*, was probably Shakspeare's word, and that such was the phraseology of his time. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"—— the manner of their *deaths*?

"I do not see them bleed."

Again, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III.

"And with their *helps* only defend ourselves."

Again, more appositely, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

"— You, fair lords, quoth she,—

"Shall plight your honourable *faiths* to me."

MALONE.

¹ *Till each man drop by lottery.*] Perhaps the poet alluded to the custom of *decimation*, i. e. the selection by lot of every tenth soldier, in a general mutiny, for punishment. He speaks of this in *Coriolanus*:

"By *decimation*, and a tythed death,

"Take thou thy *fate*." STEEVENS.

The

The melting spirits of women ; then, countrymen,
 What need we any spur, but our own cause,
 To prick us to redress ? what other bond,
 Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,
 And will not palter ² ? and what other oath,
 Than honesty to honesty engag'd,
 That this shall be, or we will fall for it ?
 Swear priests ³, and cowards, and men cautelous ⁴,
 Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls
 That welcome wrongs ; unto bad causes swear
 Such creatures as men doubt : but do not stain
 The even virtue of our enterprize ⁵,
 Nor the insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
 To think, that, or our cause, or our performance,
 Did need an oath ; when every drop of blood,
 That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
 Is guilty of a several bastardy,
 If he do break the smallest particle
 Of any promise that hath past from him.

Cas. But what of Cicero ? Shall we found him ?
 I think, he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

Met. O, let us have him ; for his silver hairs

² And will not palter ? And will not fly from his engagements. Cole in his Dictionary, 1679, renders to palter, by *tergiversor*. In *Macbeth* it signifies, as Dr. Johnson has observed, to *shuffle with ambiguous expressions* : and, indeed, here also it may mean to *shuffle* ; for he whose actions do not correspond with his promises is properly called a *shuffler*. MALONE.

³ Swear priests, &c.] This is imitated by Otway :

“ When you would bind me, is there need of oaths ? ” &c.

Venice Preserved. JOHNSON.

⁴ — cautelous,] is here *cautious* ; sometimes *insidious*. So, in Drayton's *Miseries of Queen Margaret* :

“ Witty, well spoken, cautelous, though young.”

Again, in the second of these two senses in the romance of *Kynge Appolyne of Thyre*, 1610 : “ — a fallacious policy and cautelous wyle.” Again, in *Holinshed*, p. 945 : “ — the emperor's counsell thought by a cautell to have brought the king in mind to sue for a licence from the pope.” STEEVENS.

Bullokar in his *English Expositor*, 1616, explains *cautelous* thus : “ Warie, circumspect ; ” in which sense it is certainly used here.

MALONE.

⁵ The even virtue of our enterprize,] The calm, equable, temperate spirit that actuates us. MALONE.

Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds;
It shall be said, his judgment rul'd our hands;
Our youths, and wiliness, shall no whit appear,
But all be bury'd in his gravity.

Bru. O, name him not; let us not break with him;
For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.

Cas. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed, he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man else be touch'd, but only Cæsar?

Cas. Decius, well urg'd:—I think, it is not meet,
Mark Antony, so well-belov'd of Cæsar,
Should out-live Cæsar: We shall find of him
A shrewd contriver; and, you know, his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far,
As to annoy us all: which to prevent,
Let Antony, and Cæsar, fall together.

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs;
Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards⁶:
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar.
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar;
And in the spirit of men there is no blood:
O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit⁷,
And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas,
Cæsar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods⁸,

⁶ — and envy afterwards:] Envy is here, as almost always in Shakespeare's plays, *malice*. MALONE.

⁷ O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit, &c.] Lord Sterling has the same thought. Brutus, remonstrating against the taking off of Anthony, says:

"Ah! ah! we must but too much murder see,

"That without doing evil cannot do good;

"And would the gods that Rome could be made free,

"Without the effusion of one drop of blood!"

MALONE.

⁸ — as a dish fit for the gods, &c.]

"—— Gradive, dedisti,

"Ne qua manus vatem, ne quid mortalia bello

"Lædere tela queant, sanctum et venerabile Diti

"Funus erat." *Stat. Theb.* VII. l. 696. STEEVENS.

Not hew him as a carcase fit for hounds²;
 And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
 Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
 And after seem to chide them. This shall make
 Our purpose necessary, and not envious;
 Which so appearing to the common eyes,
 We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.
 And for Mark Antony, think not of him;
 For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm,
 When Cæsar's head is off.

Cas. Yet I fear him:

For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar,—

Bru. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him:

If he love Cæsar, all that he can do

Is to himself; take thought¹, and die for Cæsar:

And that were much he should; for he is given

To sports, to wildness, and much company.

Treb. There is no fear in him; let him not die;
 For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.

[*Clock Striker.*

Brn. Peace, count the clock.

Cas. The clock hath stricken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cas. But it is doubtful yet,

Wher Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no;

For he is superstitious grown of late;

Quite from the main opinion he held once

Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies²:

It

¹ *Not hew him as a carcase fit for hounds:*] Our authour had probably the following passage in the old translation of Plutarch in his thoughts: "—Cæsar turned himselfe no where but he was stricken at by some, and still had naked swords in his face, and was backed and mangled among them as a wild beest taken of hunters." MALONE.

² *— take thought,*] That is, turn melancholy. JOHNSON.
 So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"What shall we do, Ænobarbus?

"Think, and die."

Again in *Holinsbed*, p. 833: "—now they were without service, which caused them to take thought, insomuch that some died by the way," &c. STEEVENS.

³ *— quite from the main opinion he held once*

Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies:] *Main opinion* is leading fixed predominant opinion. JOHNSON.

Mr.

It may be, these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustom'd terrour of this night,
And the persuation of his augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Dec. Never feart that : If he be so resolv'd,
I can o'erfway him : for he loves to hear,
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
And bears with glaffes, elephants with holes³,

Lions

* Mr. Mason with some probability conjectures that Shakspeare wrote—*mean* opin'on. The mistake might easily have happened, for in the age of Elizabeth the two words were, I believe, pronounced alike, as they are at this day in Warwickshire, and some other counties.

Fantasy was in our authour's time commonly used for *imagination*, and is so explained in Cawdry's *Alphabetical Table of hard words*, 8vo. 1604. It signified both the imaginative power, and the thing imagined. It is used in the former sense by Shakspeare in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* :

" Raife up the organs of her *fantasy*."

In the latter, in the present play :

" Thou hast no figures, nor no *fantasies*."

Ceremonies means omens or signs deduced from sacrifices, or other ceremonial rites. So, afterwards :

" Cæsar, I never stood on *ceremonies*,

" Yet now they fright me." MALONE.

Since this note was written, I have observed that the words *main opinion* occur again in *Troilus and Cressida*, where (as here) they signify *general estimation* :

" Why then we should our *main opinion* crush

" In taint of our best man."

There is no ground therefore for suspecting any corruption in the text. MALONE.

³ *That unicorns may be betray'd by trees,*

And bears with glaffes, elephants with holes,] Unicorns are said to have been taken by one who, running behind a tree, eluded the violent push the animal was making at him, so that his horn spent its force on the trunk, and stuck fast, detaining the beast till he was dispatched by the hunter. So, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. II. c. 5 :

" Like as a lyon whose imperiall powre

" A prow'd rebellious *unicorne* defies ;

" T'avoid the rash assault and wrathfull stowre

" Of his fiers foe, him to a tree applies :

" And when him running in full course he spies,

" He slips aside ; the whiles the furious beast

" His precious horne, sought of his enemies,

" Strikes in the stocke, ne thence can be releast,

" But to the mighty victor yields a hounteous feast."

Again,

Lions with toils, and men with flatterers :

But, when I tell him, he hates flatterers,

He says, he does ; being then most flattered.

Let me work :

For I can give his humour the true bent ;

And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

Bru. By the eighth hour : Is that the uttermost ?

Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard ⁴,

Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey ;

I wonder, none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along by him ⁵ :

He loves me well, and I have given him reasons ;

Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

Cas. The morning comes upon us : We'll leave you,

Brutus :—

And, friends, disperse yourselves : but all remember

What you have said, and shew yourselves true Romans.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily ;

Let not our looks put on our purposes ⁶ ;

Again, in *Buffy D'Ambois*, 1607 :

“ An angry unicorn in his full career

“ Charge with too swift a foot a jeweller

“ That watch'd him for the treasure of his brow,

“ And e'er he could get shelter of a tree,

“ Nail him with his rich antler to the earth.”

Bears are reported to have been surpris'd by means of a mirror, which they would gaze on, affording their pursuers an opportunity of taking the surer aim. This circumstance, I think, is mentioned by Claudian. *Elephants* were seduced into pitfalls, lightly covered with hurdles and turf, on which a proper bait to tempt them, was expos'd. See Pliny's *Nat. Hist.* B. VIII. STEEVENS.

⁴ — *bear* Cæsar hard,] Thus the old copy, but Rowe, Pope, and Hanmer, on the authority of the latter folios read *hatred*, though the same expression appears again in the first scene of the following act : — “ I do beseech you, if you *bear me hard* :” and has already occur'd in a former one :

“ Cæsar doth *bear me hard*, but he loves Brutus.” STEEVENS.

Hatred was substituted for *hard* by the ignorant editor of the second folio, the great corrupter of Shakspeare's text. MALONE.

⁵ — *by him* :] That is, by his house. Make that your way home. Mr. Pope substituted *to* for *by*, and all the subsequent editors have adopted this unnecessary change. MALONE.

⁶ *Let not our looks, &c.*] Let not our faces put on, that is, wear or shew our designs. JOHNSON.

But

JULIUS CÆSAR.

41

But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untir'd spirits, and formal constancy :
And so, good-morrow to you every one.

[*Exeunt all but Brutus.*]

Boy ! Lucius !—Fast asleep ? It is no matter ;
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber :
Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men ;
Therefore thou sleepest so sound.

Enter PORTIA.

Por. Brutus, my lord !

Bru. Portia, what mean you ? Wherefore rise you now ?
It is not for your health, thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. You have ungently, Brutus,
Stole from my bed : And yesternight, at supper,
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing, and sighing, with your arms across :
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You star'd upon me with ungentle looks :
I urg'd you further ; then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot :
Yet I insist'd, yet you answer'd not ;
But, with an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you : So I did ;
Fearing to strengthen that impatience,
Which seem'd too much enkindled ; and, withal,
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep ;
And, could it work so much upon your shape,
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition ?
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why, so I do :—Good Portia, go to bed.

Por. Is Brutus sick ? and is it physical

⁷ — *on your condition,*—] On your temper ; the disposition of
your mind, MALONE.

To

To walk unbraced, and suck up the humours
Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick;
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night?
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of: And, upon my knees,
I charm you^a, by my once commended beauty,
By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy: and what men to-night
Have had resort to you: for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted, I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself,
But, as it were, in sort, or limitation;
To keep with you at meals^a, comfort your bed^b,

And

^a *I charm you—*] Thus the old copy. Pope and Hanmer read *charge*, but unnecessarily. So, in *Cymbeline*:

“ — ’tis your graces,

“ That from my muteſt conſcience to my tongue

“ *Charms* this report out.” STEEVENS.

^b *To keep with you at meals, &c.*] “ I being, O Brutus, (ſayed ſhe) the daughter of Cato, was married vnto thee, not to be thy bedde-fellowe and companion in bedde and at borde onelie, like a harlot; but to be partaker alſo with thee, of thy good and euill fortune. Nowe for thyſelfe, I can finde no cauſe of faulte in thee touching our matche: but for my parte, how may I ſhowe my duetie towards thee, and how muche I woulde doe for thy ſake, if I can not conſtantlie beare a ſecrete miſchaunce or grieſe with thee, which requireth ſecrecy and fidelitie? I confeſſe, that a woman’s wit commonly is too weake to keepe a ſecret ſafely: but yet, Brutus, good education, and the companie of vertuous men, haue ſome power to reforme the defect of nature. And for my ſelfe, I haue this benefit moreouer: that I am the daughter of Cato, and wife of Brutus. This notwithstanding, I did not truſt to any of theſe things before: vntil that now I haue found by experience, that no paine nor griſe whatſoeuer can ouercome me. With thoſe wordes ſhe ſhewed him her wounde

And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs¹
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' barlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable wife;
As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

Por. If this were true, then should I know this secret.
I grant, I am a woman²; but, withal,

on her thigh, and tolde him what she had done to proue her selfe."
Sir Tho. North's Translat. of Plutarch. STEEVENS.

Here also we find our authour and lord Sterline walking over the
same ground:

"I was not, Brutus, match'd with thee, to be
"A partner only of thy board and bed;
"Each servile whore in those might equal me,
"That did herself to nought but pleasure wed.
"No;—Portia spous'd thee with a mind t' abide
"Thy fellow in all fortunes, good or ill;
"With chains of mutual love together ty'd,
"As those that have two breasts, one heart, two souls, one
will." *Julius Cæsar*, 1607. MALONE.

¹ — comfort your bed,] "is but an odd phrase, and gives as odd an
idea," says Mr. Theobald. He therefore substitutes, *comfort*. But
this good old word, however disused through modern refinement,
was not so discarded by Shakspeare. Henry VIII. as we read in
Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey*, in commendation of queen Katharine,
in public said, "She hath beene to me a true obedient wife, and as
comfortable as I could wish." UPTON.

In the books of entries at Stationers' Hall, I meet with the follow-
ing: 1598. "*A conversation betweene a careful Wyfe and her comfortable
Husband.*" STEEVENS.

In our marriage ceremony, the husband promises to *comfort* his
wife; and Barrett's *Alvearie, or Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, says, that
to *comfort* is, "to recreate, to solace, to make pastime." COLLINS.

² — in the suburbs—] Perhaps here is an allusion to the place in
which the harlots of Shakspeare's age resided. So, in B. and Fletcher's
Monsieur Thomas:

"Get a new mistress,
"Some suburb saint, that sixpence, and some oaths
"Will draw to parley." STEEVENS.

³ I grant, I am a woman, &c.] So, lord Sterline:

"And though our sex too talkative be deem'd,
"As those whose tongues import our greatest pow'rs,
"For secrets still bad treasurers esteem'd,
"Of others' greedy, prodigal of ours;
"Good education may reform defects,
"And I this vantage have to a vertuous life,
"Which others' minds do want and mine respects,
"I'm Cato's daughter, and I'm Brutus' wife." MALONE.

A woman

A woman that lord Brutus took to wife :
 I grant, I am a woman ; but, withal,
 A woman well-reputed ; Cato's daughter.
 Think you, I am no stronger than my sex,
 Being so father'd, and so husbanded ?
 Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose them :
 I have made strong proof of my constancy,
 Giving myself a voluntary wound
 Here, in the thigh : Can I bear that with patience,
 And not my husband's secrets ?

Bru. O ye gods,

Render me worthy of this noble wife ! [*Knocking within.*
 Hark, hark ! one knocks : Portia, go in a while ;
 And by and by thy bosom shall partake
 The secrets of my heart.

All my engagements I will construe to thee,
 All the charactery⁴ of my sad brows :—

Leave me with haste. [*Exit PORTIA.*

Enter LUCIUS, and LIGARIUS.

Lucius, who is that, knocks⁵ ?

Luc. Here is a sick man, that would speak with you.

Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.—

Boy, stand aside.—Caius Ligarius ! how ?

Lig. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

Bru. O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,
 To wear a kerchief⁶ ? 'Would you were not sick !

Lig.

⁴ — all the charactery—] i. e. all that is character'd on, &c. The word has already occur'd in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. STEEV.

⁵ — who is that, knocks ?] i. e. who is that, who knocks ? Our poet always prefers the familiar language of conversation to grammatical nicety. Four of his editors, however, have endeavoured to destroy this peculiarity, by reading—who's there that knocks ? and a fifth has, who's that, that knocks ? MALONE.

⁶ O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,

To wear a kerchief ?] So, in Plutarch's *Life of Brutus*, translated by North : “ —Brutus went to see him being sicke in his bedde, and sayed unto him, O Ligarius, in what a time art thou sicke ? Ligarius rising up in his bedde, and taking him by the right hande, sayed unto him, Brutus, (sayed he,) if thou hast any great enterprize in hande worthie of thy selfe, I am whole.” Lord Sterling also has introduced this passage into his *Julius Cæsar* :

“ By sickness being imprison'd in his bed

“ Whilst I Ligarius spied, whom pains did prick,

“ When I had said with words that anguish bred,

“ In what a time Ligarius art thou sick ?

“ He

Lig. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

Lig. By all the gods that Romans bow before,
I here discard my sickness. Soul of Rome!
Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins!
Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up?
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible;
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

Bru. A piece of work, that will make sick men whole.

Lig. But are not some whole, that we must make sick?

Bru. That must we also. What it is, my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going
To whom it must be done.

Lig. Set on your foot;
And, with a heart new-fir'd, I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth,
That Brutus leads me on.

Bru. Follow me then. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

The same. A Room in Cæsar's Palace.

Thunder and lightning. Enter CÆSAR, in his Night-gown.

Cæs. Nor heaven, nor earth, have been at peace to-
night:

Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cry'd out,
Help, ho! They murder Cæsar. Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord?

Cæs. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.

Serv. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*]

"He answer'd straight, as I had physick brought,

"Or that he had imagin'd my design,

"If worthy of thyself thou would'st do aught,

"Then Brutus I am whole, and wholly thine." MALONE.

7 *Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up—*] It has been already ob-
served, that *exorcist* in Shakspeare's age signified one who raises spirits
by enchantment. MALONE.

Enter

Enter CALPHURNIA.

Cal. What mean you, Cæsar? Think you to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Cæs. Cæsar shall forth: The things, that threaten'd me,
Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

Cal. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies³,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead⁹:
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks, and squadrons, and right form of war²,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol:
The noise of battle hurtled in the air²,
Horses do neigh, and dying men did groan;
And ghosts did shriek, and squeal about the streets.

O Cæsar!

³ *Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,*] i. e. I never paid a ceremonious or superstitious regard to prodigies or omens.

The adjective is used in the same sense in the *Devil's Charter*, 1607:

"The devil hath provided in his covenant,

"I should not cross myself at any time:

"I never was so ceremonious."

The original thought is in the old translation of *Plutarch*: "Calphurnia, until that time, was never given to any fear or superstition."

STEEVENS.

⁹ *And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead:* &c.] So, in a funeral song in *Much ado about nothing*:

"Graves yawn, and yield your dead."

Again, in *Hamlet*:

"A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,

"The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead

"Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets." MALONE.

² *Fierce fiery warriors fight upon their clouds,*

In ranks and squadrons, and right forms of war,] So, in Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, 1590:

"I will persist a terror to the world;

"Making the meteors that like armed men

"Are seen to march upon the towers of heaven,

"Run tilting round about the firmament,

"And break their burning launces in the ayre,

"For honour of my wondrous victories." MALONE.

² *The noise of battle hurtled in the air,*] To *hurtle* is, I suppose, to clash, or move with violence and noise. So, in *Selimus Emperor of the Turks*, 1594:

"Here

O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

Cæs. What can be avoided.

Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth: for these predictions
Are to the world in general, as to Cæsar.

Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes³.

Cæs. Cowards die many times before their deaths⁴;

"Here the Polonian he comes *burtling* in,
"Under the conduct of some foreign prince."

Again, *ibid*:

"To toss the spear, and in a warlike gyre
"To *burtle* my sharp sword about my head."

Shakspeare uses the word again in *As You Like it*:

"— in which *burtling*,
"From miserable slumber I awak'd" STEEVENS.

Again, in *The History of Arthur*, P. I. c. 14: "They made both
the Northumberland battailes to *burtle* together." BOWLE.

To *burtle* originally signified to *push* violently; and, as in such an
action aloud noise was frequently made, it afterwards seems to have
been used in the sense of to *clash*. So, in Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*,
v. 2618:

"And he him *burtleth* with his horns adoun." MALONE.

³ *When beggars die, there are no comets seen;*

The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.] "Next to
the shadows and pretences of experience, (which have been met
withall at large,) they seem to brag most of the strange events which
follow (for the most part,) after blazing *starres*; as if they were the
summoners of God to call princes to the seat of judgment. The surest way
to shake their painted bulwarks of experience is, by making plaine,
that neyther princes always dye when *comets* blaze, nor comets ever
[i. e. always] blaze when princes dye. *Defensative against the poison of
supposed Prophecies*, by Henry Howard, Earl of Northampton, 1583.

Again, *ibid*: "Let us look into the nature of a *comet*, by the face
of which it is supposed that the same should portend plague, famine,
warre, or the death of potentates." MALONE.

⁴ *Cowards die many times before their deaths;*] So, in Marston's *In-
diate Countesse*, 1613:

"Fear is my vassal; when I frown, he flies:

"A hundred times in life a coward dies."

Lord Essex, probably before either of these writers, made the same
remark. In a letter to lord Rutland, he observes, "that as he which
beth nobly, doth live for ever, so he that doth live in fear, doth die con-
tinually." MALONE.

"When some of his friends did counsel him to have a guard for
the safety of his person; he would never consent to it, but said, it
was better to die once, than always to be affrayed of death." Sir
Is. North's Transl. of *Plutarch*. STEEVENS.

The

The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard⁵,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end⁶,
Will come, when it will come.

Re-enter a Servant.

What say the augurers?

Serv. They would not have you to stir forth to-day.
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

Cæs. The gods do this in shame of cowardice⁷:
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæsar shall not: Danger knows full well,
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.
We are two lions litter'd in one day⁸,
And I the elder and more terrible;
And Cæsar shall go forth.

Cal. Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day: Call it my fear,
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.

⁵ — *that I yet have heard,*] This sentiment appears to have been imitated by Dr. Young in his tragedy of *Busiris king of Egypt*:

“*Didst thou e'er fear?*”

“*Sure 'tis an art; I know not how to fear:*”

“*'Tis one of the few things beyond my power;*”

“*And if death must be fear'd before 'tis felt,*”

“*Thy master is immortal.*” — STEEVENS.

⁶ — *death, a necessary end, &c.*] This is a sentence derived from the stoical doctrine of predestination, and is therefore improper in the mouth of Cæsar. JOHNSON.

⁷ — *in shame of cowardice:*] The ancients did not place courage but wisdom in the heart. JOHNSON.

⁸ *We are two lions, &c.*] The reading of the old copy—*We beare two lions, &c.* is undoubtedly erroneous. The emendation was made by Mr. Upton. Mr. Theobald reads—*We were, &c.* and this reading is so plausible, that it is not easy to determine, which of the two has the best claim to a place in the text. If Theobald's emendation be adopted, the phraseology, though less elegant, is perhaps more Shaksperian. It may mean the same as if he had written,—*We two lions were litter'd in one day, and I am the elder and more terrible of the two.* MALONE.

This resembles the boast of Otho:

Expertii invicem sumus, Ego et Fortuna. Tacitus. STEEVENS.

We'll

We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house ;
And he shall say, you are not well to-day :
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Cæs. Mark Antony shall say, I am not well ;
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter DECIVS.

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

Dec. Cæsar, all hail ! Good morrow, worthy Cæsar :
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

Cæs. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the senators,
And tell them, that I will not come to-day ;
Cannot, is false ; and that I dare not, falser ;
I will not come to-day : Tell them so, Decius.

Cal. Say, he is sick.

Cæs. Shall Cæsar send a lye ?
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
To be afraid to tell grey-beards the truth ?—
Decius, go tell them, Cæsar will not come.

Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laugh'd at, when I tell them so.

Cæs. The cause is in my will, I will not come ;
That is enough to satisfy the senate.

But, for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know.
Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home ;
She dreamt to-night she saw my statue, which
Like a fountain, with a hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood ; and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.
And these does she apply for warnings, and portents,
And evils imminent⁹ ; and on her knee
Hath begg'd, that I will stay at home to-day.

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted ;
It was a vision, fair and fortunate :
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,
Signifies, that from you great Rome shall suck

⁹ And these she does apply for warnings and portents,
And evils imminent ;] The late Mr. Edwards was of opinion that
we should read :

" — warnings and portents

Of evils imminent ;— STEEVENS.

Reviving blood ; and that great men shall prefs
For tinctures, stains, relicks, and cognisance¹.
This by Calphurnia's dream is signify'd.

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say :
And know it now ; The senate have concluded
To give, this day, a crown to mighty Cæsar.
If you shall send them word, you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,
Break up the senate till another time,
*When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams.**
If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,
Lo, Cæsar is afraid ?
Pardon me, Cæsar ; for my dear, dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this ;
And reason to my love is liable².

Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now, Calphurnia ?
I am ashamed I did yield to them.—
Give me my robe, for I will go :—

Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS, CASCA,
TREBONIUS, and CINNA.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good-morrow, Cæsar.

¹ — and that great men shall prefs

[For tinctures, stains, relicks, and cognizance.] This speech, which is intentionally pompous, is somewhat confused. There are two allusions ; one to coats armorial, to which princes make additions, or give new *tinctures*, and new marks of *cognisance* ; the other to martyrs, whose reliques are preserved with veneration. The Romans, says Decius, all come to you as to a saint, for reliques, as to a prince, for honours. JOHNSON.

I believe *tinctures* has no relation to heraldry, but means merely handkerchiefs, or other linen, *tinged* with blood. Bullokar in his *Expositor*, 1616, defines it “ a dipping, colouring or staining of a thing.” See p. 72,

“ And dip their napkins,” &c. MALONE.

* *When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams,*] So, in Lord Sterling's *Julius Cæsar*, 1607 :

“ How can we satisfy the world's conceit,

“ Whose tongues still in all ears your praise proclaims ?

“ Or shall we bid them leave to deal in state,

“ Till that Calphurnia first have better dreams ?”

MALONE.

² *And reason, &c.*] And reason, or propriety of conduct and language, is subordinate to my love. JOHNSON.

Cæs. Welcome, Publius.—
 What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?—
 Good-morrow, Casca.—Caius Ligarius,
 Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy,
 As that same ague which hath made you lean.—
 What is't o'clock?

Bru. Cæsar, 'tis stricken eight.

Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter ANTONY.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,
 Is notwithstanding up :—Good morrow, Antony.

Ant. So to most noble Cæsar.

Cæs. Bid them prepare within :—
 I am to blame to be thus waited for.—
 Now, Cinna :—Now, Metellus :—What, Trebonius !
 I have an hour's talk in store for you ;
 Remember that you call on me to-day :
 Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. Cæsar, I will ;—and so near will I be, [*Aside.*
 That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

Cæs. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me ;
 And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

Bru. That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,
 The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon ! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The same. A street near the Capitol.

Enter ARTEMIDORUS, reading a paper.

Art. Cæsar, beware of Brutus ; take heed of Cassius ; come
 not near Casca ; have an eye to Cinna ; trust not Trebonius ;
 mark well Metellus Cimber ; Decius Brutus loves thee not ;
 thou hast wrong'd Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind
 in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou be'st not
 immortal, look about you : Security gives way to conspiracy.
 The mighty gods defend thee ! Thy lover,

Artemidorus.

Here will I stand, till Cæsar pass along,
 And as a suitor will I give him this.
 My heart laments, that virtue cannot live
 Out of the teeth of emulation.

If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou may'st live ;
If not, the fates with traitors do contrive⁴.

[Exit.

S C E N E IV.

The same. Another part of the same street, before the house of Brutus.

Enter PORTIA, and LUCIUS.

Por. I pr'ythee, boy, run to the senate-house ;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone :
Why dost thou stay⁵ ?

Luc. To know my errand, madam.

Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou should'st do there.—
O constancy, be strong upon my side !
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue !
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel !—
Art thou here yet ?

Luc. Madam, what should I do ?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else ?
And so return to you, and nothing else ?

Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,
For he went sickly forth : And take good note,
What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy ! what noise is that ?

Luc. I hear none, madam.

Por. Pr'ythee, listen well :
I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

*Enter Soothfayer.**

Por. Come hither, fellow : Which way hast thou been ?

⁴ — *the fates with traitors do contrive.* The fates join with traitors in contriving thy destruction. JOHNSON.

⁵ *Why dost thou stay ? &c.* Shakspeare has expressed the perturbation of K. Richard the third's mind by the same incident :

“ — Dull, unmindful villain !

“ Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the duke ?—

“ Cat. First, mighty liege, tell me your highness' pleasure,

“ What from your grace I shall deliver to him.” STEEVENS.

* *Enter Soothfayer.* The introduction of the Soothfayer here is unnecessary, and, I think, improper. All that he is made to say, should be given to Artemidorus ; who is seen and accosted by Portia in his passage from his first stand, p. 353, to one more convenient, p. 355 TYRWHITT.

Sooth.

Sooth. At mine own house, good lady.

Por. What is't o'clock?

Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady.

Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?

Sooth. Madam, not yet; I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.

Por. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?

Sooth. That I have, lady: if it will please Cæsar
To be so good to Cæsar, as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

Por. Why, know'st thou any harm's intended towards him?

Sooth. None that I know will be, much that I fear may
chance.

Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:

The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,

Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,

Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:

I'll get me to a place more void, and there

Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along.

[*Exit.*]

Por. I must go in.—Ah me! how weak a thing

The heart of woman is! O Brutus!

The heavens speed thee in thine enterprize!

Sure, the boy heard me:—Brutus hath a suit*,

That Cæsar will not grant.—Oh, I grow faint:—

Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;

Say, I am merry: come to me again,

And bring me word what he doth say to thee. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

The same. The Capitol; the Senate sitting.

A crowd of people in the street leading to the Capitol; among them ARTEMIDORUS, and the Soothsayer. Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, and Others.

Cæs. The ides of March are come.

Sooth. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.

* *Brutus hath a suit, &c.*] These words Portia addresses to Lucius, to deceive him, by assigning a false cause for her present perturbation. MALONE.

Art.

Art. Hail, Cæsar! Read this schedule.

Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

Art. O, Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a suit.
That touches Cæsar nearer: Read it, great Cæsar.

Cæs. What touches us ourself, shall be last serv'd.

Art. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.

Cæs. What, is the fellow mad?

Pul. Sirrah, give place.

Cæs. What, urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.

Cæsar enters the Capitol, the rest following.

All the Senators rise.

Pop. I wish, your enterprize to-day may thrive.

Cæs. What enterprize, Popilius?

Pop. Fare you well. [advances to Cæsar.]

Bru. What said Popilius Lena?

Cæs. He wish'd, to day our enterprize might thrive.
I fear, our purpose is discovered.

Bru. Look, how he makes to Cæsar: Mark him.

Cæs. Calca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.—
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back*,

For

* *Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,*] I believe Shakspeare wrote:
Cassius on Cæsar never shall turn back.

The next line strongly supports this conjecture. If the conspiracy was discovered, and the assassination of Cæsar rendered impracticable by "*prevention*," which is the case supposed, Cassius could have no hope of being able to prevent Cæsar from "*turning back*" (allowing "*turn back* to be used for *return back*"); and in all events this conspiracy slaying *himself*" could not produce that effect.

Cassius had originally come with a design to assassinate Cæsar, or die in the attempt, and therefore there could be no question *now* concerning *one or the other* of them falling. The question now stated is, if the plot was discovered, and their scheme could not be effected, how each conspirator should act; and Cassius declares, that, if this should prove the case, he will not endeavour to save himself by flight from the dictator and his partizans, but instantly put an end to his own life.

The passage in Plutarch's life of Brutus, which Shakspeare appears to have had in his thoughts, adds such strength to this emendation, that if it had been proposed by any former editor, I should have given it a place in the text. "Popilius Læna, that had talked before with Brutus and Cassius, and had prayed the gods *they might bring this enterprize to pass*, went unto Cæsar, and kept him a long time with a talke.—

For I will slay myself.

Bru. Cassius, be constant :

Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes ;

For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

Cas. Trebonius knows his time ; for, look you, Brutus, He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY and TREBONIUS. CÆSAR and the Senators take their seats.

Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber ? Let him go, And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

Bru. He is addrest⁶ : press near, and second him.

Cin. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand⁷.

Cas. Are we all ready ? what is now amiss, That Cæsar, and his senate, must redress ?

Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar, Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
An humble heart : [Kneeling.

Cas. I must prevent thee, Cimber.

a talke.—Wherefore the conspirators—conjecturing by that he had tolde them a little before, that his talke was none other but the verie discoverie of their conspiracie, they were affrayed everie man of them, and one looking in another's face, it was easie to see that they were all of a minde, that it was no tarrying for them till they were apprehended, but rather that they should kill themselves with their own bandes. And when Cassius and certain others clapped their handes on their swordes under their gownes to draw them, Brutus, marking the countenance and gesture of Læna, &c. with a pleasant countenance encouraged Cassius." &c.

They clapped their hands on their daggers undoubtedly to be ready to kill themselves, if they were discovered. Shakspeare was induced to give this sentiment to Cassius, as being exactly agreeable to his character, and to that spirit which has appeared in a former scene :

" I know where I will wear this dagger then ;

" Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius." MALONE.

⁶ *He is addrest :* i. e. he is ready. STEEVENS.

⁷ — *you are the first that rears your hand.* To reduce the passage to the rules of grammar, we should read—*You are the first that rears his hand.* TYRWHITT.

According to the rules of grammar Shakspeare certainly should have written *his* hand ; but he is often thus inaccurate. So, in the last act of this play, Cassius says of himself,

" Cassius is aweary of the world ;—

" ——— all his faults observ'd,

" Set in a note-book, learn'd and conn'd by rote,

" To cast into *my* teeth."

There in strict propriety our poet certainly should have written, "*—into his teeth.*" MALONE.

These

These couchings, and these lowly courtesies,
 Might fire the blood of ordinary men ;
 And turn pre-ordinance^a, and first decree,
 Into the law of children^b. Be not fond,
 To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood,
 That will be thaw'd from the true quality
 With that which melteth fools ; I mean, sweet words,
 Low-crooked curt'sies, and base spaniel fawning.
 Thy brother by decree is banished ;
 If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn, for him,
 I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
 Know, Cæsar doth not wrong ; nor without cause
 Will he be satisfied^c.

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
 To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear,

For

^a *And turn pre-ordinance—*] *Pre-ordinance*, for ordinance already established. WARBURTON.

^b *Into the law of children.*] The old copy has—the *lane* of children. The *w* of Shakspeare's time differed from an *n* only by a small curl at the bottom of the second stroke, which if an *e* happened to follow, could scarcely be perceived. I have not hesitated therefore to adopt Dr. Johnson's emendation. The words *pre-ordinance* and *decree* strongly support it. MALONE.

I do not well understand what is meant by the *lane* of children. I should read, the *law* of children. That is, *change pre-ordinance and decree into the law of children* ; into such slight determinations as every start of will would alter. *Lane* and *lawe* in some manuscripts are not easily distinguished. JOHNSON.

If the *lane of children* be the true reading, it may possibly receive illustration from the following passage in Ben Jonson's *Staple of News* :

" A narrow-minded man ! my thoughts do well

" All in a lane."

The *lane of children* will then mean the narrow conceits of children, which must change as their minds grow more enlarg'd. So, in *Hamlet* :

" For nature, crescent, does not grow alone

" In thewes and bulk ; but as this temple waxes,

" The inward service of the mind and soul,

" Grows wide withal."

But even this explanation is harsh and violent. STEEVENS.

^c *Know, Cæsar doth not wrong ; nor without cause*

Will be be satisfied.] Ben Jonson quotes this line unfaithfully among his *Discoveries*, and ridicules it again in the Introduction to his *Staple of News*. " Cry you mercy ; you never did wrong, but with just cause ?" STEEVENS.

It

For the repealing of my banish'd brother ?

Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar ;
Desiring thee, that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cæs. What, Brutus !

Cæs. Pardon, Cæsar ; Cæsar, pardon :
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

Cæs. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you ;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me :
But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fix'd, and resting quality,
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,
They are all fire, and every one doth shine ;
But there's but one in all doth hold his place :
So, in the world ; 'Tis furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive ;

It may be doubted, I think, whether Jonson has quoted this line *unfaithfully*. The turn of the sentence, and the defect in the metre (according to the present reading), rather incline me to believe that the passage stood originally thus :

Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, but with just cause ;

Nor without cause will he be satisfied.

We may suppose that Ben started this formidable criticism at one of the earliest representations of the play, and that the players, or perhaps Shakspeare himself, over-awed by so great an authority, withdrew the words in question ; though, in my opinion, it would have been better to have told the captious censurer that his criticism was ill-founded ; that *wrong* is not always a synonymous term for *injury* ; that, in poetical language especially, it may be very well understood to mean only *harm*, or *hurt*, what the law calls *damnum sine injuria* ; and that, in this sense, there is nothing absurd in Cæsar's saying, that he *doth not wrong* (i. e. doth not inflict any evil, or punishment) *but with just cause*. But, supposing this passage to have been really censurable, and to have been written by Shakspeare, the exceptionable words were undoubtedly left out when the play was printed in 1623 ; and therefore what are we to think of the malignant pleasure with which Jonson continued to ridicule his deceased friend for a slip, of which posterity, without his information, would have been totally ignorant ? TYRWHITT.

Mr. Tyrwhitt's interpretation of the word *wrong* is supported by a line in our authour's *Rape of Lucrece* :

"Time's glory is —

"To *wrong* the wronger, till he render right." MALONE.

— *apprehensive* ;] Susceptible of fear, or other passions. JOHNSON.

So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II. Act IV. sc. iii : " — makes it *apprehensive*, quick, forgetive," &c. STEEVENS.

Yet, in the number, I do know but one ³
 That unassailable holds on his rank ⁴,
 Unshak'd of motion ^{*} : and, that I am he,
 Let me a little shew it, even in this ;
 That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,
 And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cin. O Cæsar,—

Cæs. Hence ! Wilt thou lift up Olympus ?

Dec. Great Cæsar,—

Cæs. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel ⁵ ?

Casca. Speak, hands, for me.

[*Casca stabs Cæsar in the neck. Cæsar catches hold of his arm. He is then stabb'd by several other conspirators, and at last by Marcus Brutus.*

Cæs. *Et tu, Brute* ⁶ :—Then fall Cæsar.

[*Dies. The senators and people retire in confusion.*
Cin.

³ — *but one*—] One and only one. JOHNSON.

⁴ — *holds on his rank,*] Perhaps, *holds on his race*; continues his course. We commonly say, *To hold a rank*, and *To hold on a course* or *way*. JOHNSON.

^{*} *Unshak'd of motion* :] i. e. Unshak'd by suit or solicitation, of which the object is to move the person addressed. MALONE.

⁵ *Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?*] I would read :

Do not Brutus bootless kneel! JOHNSON.

I cannot subscribe to Dr. Johnson's opinion. Cæsar, as some of the conspirators are pressing round him, answers their importunity properly : *See you not my own Brutus kneeling in vain? What success can you expect to your solicitations, when his are ineffectual?* This might have put my learned coadjutor in mind of the passage of Homer, which he has so elegantly introduced in his preface. *Thou?* (said Achilles to his captive) *when so great a man as Patroclus has fallen before thee, dost thou complain of the common lot of mortality?* STEEVENS.

The editor of the second folio saw this passage in the same light as Dr. Johnson did, and made this improper alteration. By *Brutus* here Shakspeare certainly meant Marcus Brutus, because he has confounded him with Decimus, (or Decius as he calls him); and imagined that Marcus Brutus was the peculiar favourite of Cæsar, calling him "*his well-beloved*;" whereas in fact it was *Decimus* Brutus that Cæsar was particularly attached to, appointing him by his will his *second* heir, that is, in remainder after his primary devisees. MALONE.

⁶ *Et tu, Brute?*—] Suetonius says, that when Cæsar put Metellus Cimber back, "he caught hold of Cæsar's gowne at both shoulders, whereupon, as he cried out, *This is violence*, Cassius came in second full a front, and wounded him a little beneath the throat. Then Cæsar catching Cassius by the arme thrust it through with his stile, or writing punches; and with that being about to leape forward, he

Cin. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!—
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cas. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,
Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!

Bru. People, and senators! be not affrighted;
Fly not; stand still:—ambition's debt is paid.

Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus 7.

Dec.

was met with another wound and stayed." Being then assailed on all sides, "with three and twenty wounds he was stabbed, during which time he gave but one groan, (*without any word uttered,*) and that was at the first thrust; though some have written, that as Marcus Brutus came running upon him, he said, *καὶ σὺ τέκνον*, and *thou, my sonne.*" Holland's Translation, 1606.

No mention is here made of the Latin exclamation, which our authour has attributed to Cæsar, nor did North furnish him with it, or with English words of the same import, as might naturally have been supposed. Plutarch says, that on receiving his first wound from *Casca*, "he caught hold of *Casca's* sword, and held it hard; and they both cried out, Cæsar in Latin, *O vile traitor, Casca, what doest thou?* and *Casca* in Greek to his brother, *Brother, help me.*"—The conspirators then "compassed him on every side with their swordes drawn in their handes, that Cæsar turned him no where but he was stricken by some, and still had naked swordes in his face, and was hacked and mangled amongst them as a wild beast taken of hunters.—And then Brutus himself gave him one wound about the privities.—Men report also, that Cæsar did still defend himself against the reste, running every way with his bodie, but when he saw Brutus with his sword drawn in his hande, then he pulled his gowne over his heade, and made no more resistance."

Neither of these writers therefore, we see, furnished Shakspeare with this exclamation. His authority appears to have been a line in the old play, entitled *The True Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke*, &c. printed in 1600, on which he formed his third part of *King Henry VI.*

"*Et tu, Brute?* Wilt thou stab Cæsar too?"

This line Shakspeare rejected when he wrote the piece above mentioned, but it appears it had made an impression, on his memory. The same line is also found in *Acclastus his After-witte*, a poem by S. Nicholson, printed in 1600:

"*Et tu, Brute?* Wilt thou stab Cæsar too?"

"Thou art my friend, and wilt not see me wrong'd."

So, in *Cæsar's Legend, Mirrour, for Magistrates*, 1587.

"O this, quoth I, is violence; then Cassius pierc'd my breast;

"And Brutus thou, my sonne, quoth I, whom erst I loved best."

The Latin words probably appeared originally in Dr. Eedes's play on this subject. MALONE.

⁷ *Go to the pulpit, &c.*] We have now taken leave of *Casca*. Shakspeare for once knew that he had a sufficient number of heroes on his

Dec. And Cassius too.

Bru. Where's Publius?

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of Cæsar's
Should chauce—

Bru. Talk not of standing;—Publius, good cheer;
There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else⁸: so tell them, Publius.

Cas. And leave us, Publius; lest that the people,
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

Bru. Do so;—and let no man abide this deed,
But we the doers.

Re-enter TREBONIUS.

Cas. Where is Antony?

Tre. Fled to his house amaz'd:

Men, wives, and children, stare, cry out, and run,
As it were doomsday.

Bru. Fates! we will know your pleasures:—
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

Cas. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life,
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death.—Stoop, Romans, stoop,⁹
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place;
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,

his hands, and was glad to lose an individual in the crowd. It may be added, that the singularity of Cæsar's manners would have appeared to little advantage amidst the succeeding varieties of tumult and war. STEEVENS.

⁸ *Nor to no Roman else:*] This use of two negatives, not to make an affirmative, but to deny more strongly, is common to Chaucer, Spenser, and other of our ancient writers. Hickes observes, that in the Saxon, even four negatives are sometimes conjoined, and still preserve a negative signification. STEEVENS.

⁹ *Stoop, Romans, stoop, &c.*] Plutarch, in the *Life of Cæsar*, says, “Brutus and his followers, being yet hot with the murder, march'd in a body from the senate house to the Capitol, with their drawn swords, with an air of confidence and assurance.” And in the *Life of Brutus*,—“Brutus and his party betook themselves to the Capitol, and in their way, shewing their hands all bloody, and their naked swords, proclaim'd liberty to the people.” THEOBALD.

Let's

Let's all cry, Peace ! Freedom ! and Liberty !

Cæs. Stoop then, and wash.—How many ages hence,
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over,

In state unborn *, and accents yet unknown ?

Bru. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's basis lies along,
No worthier than the dust ?

Cæs. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave our country liberty.

Dec. What, shall we forth ?

Cæs. Ay, every man away :
Brutus shall lead ; and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft, who comes here ? A friend of Antony's.

Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel ;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down ;
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say.
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest ;
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving :
Say, I love Brutus, and I honour him ;
Say, I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him, and lov'd him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe, that Antony
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd
How Cæsar hath deserv'd to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
So well as Brutus living ; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus,
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman ;
I never thought him worse.
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied ; and, by my honour,
Depart untouch'd.

Serv. I'll fetch him presently.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Bru. I know, that we shall have him well to friend.

Cæs. I wish, we may : but yet have I a mind,

* — in state unborn,—] In theatrick pomp yet undisplayed.

That fears him much ; and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Re-enter ANTONY.

Bru. But here comes Antony.—Welcome, Mark Antony.

Ant. O mighty Cæsar ! Dost thou lie so low ?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure ?—Fare thee well.—
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank¹ :
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death's hour ; nor no instrument
Of half that worth, as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die :
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

Bru. O Antony ! beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands, and this our present act,
You see we do ; yet see you but our hands,
And this the bleeding business they have done :
Our hearts you see not, they are pitiful ;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome
(As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity*,)
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony :
Our arms, in strength of malice², and our hearts,

Of

¹ — *who else is rank ;*] Who else may be supposed to have overtopped his equals, and grown too high for the publick safety. JOHNSON.

I rather believe the meaning is, who else is too replete with blood? So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis* :

“ Rain added to a river that is rank,

“ Perforce will force it overflow the bank.”

* *As fire drives out fire, &c.*] So, in *Coriolanus* :

“ One fire drives out one fire ; one nail one nail.” MALONE.

² *Our arms, in strength of, &c.*] To you, (says Brutus) our swords have leaden points : our arms, strong in the deed of malice they have just perform'd, and

Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Cæs. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's,
In the disposing of new dignities.

Bru. Only be patient, till we have appeas'd
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.

Let each man render me his bloody hand :
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you ;—
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand ;—
Now, Decius Brutus, yours ;—now yours, Metellus ;
Yours, Cinna :—and, my valiant Cæsa, yours ;—
Though last, not least in love³, yours, good Trebonius.
Gentlemen all,—alas ! what shall I say ?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward, or a flatterer.—
That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 'tis true :
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble ! in the presence of thy corse ?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better, than to close

and our hearts united like those of brothers in the action, are yet open to receive you with all possible affection. The supposition that Brutus meant, their hearts were of brothers' temper in respect of Antony, seems to have misled those who have commented on this passage before. STEEVENS.

One of the phrases in this passage, which Mr. Steevens has so happily explained, occurs again in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts,

“ With an unslipping knot.”

Again, *ibid* :

“ The heart of brothers governs in our love !”

The counterpart of the other phrase is found in the same play :

“ I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love.” MALONE.

³ *Though last, not least in love,*] So, in *King Lear* :

“ Although the last, not least in our dear love.”

The same expression occurs more than once in plays exhibited before the time of Shakspeare. MALONE.

In

In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
 Pardon me, Julius!—Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart;
 Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,
 Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe⁴.
 O world! thou wast the forest to this hart;
 And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.—
 How like a deer, stricken by many princes,
 Dost thou here lie?

Cas. Mark Antony,—

Ant. Pardon me, Caius Cassius:

The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;

Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Cas. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so;

But what compact mean you to have with us?

Will you be prick'd in number of our friends;

Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands; but was, indeed,

Sway'd from the point, by looking down on Cæsar.

Friends am I with you all, and love you all;

Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons,

Why, and wherein, Cæsar was dangerous.

Bru. Or else were this a savage spectacle:

Our reasons are so full of good regard,

That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,

You should be satisfied.

Ant. That's all I seek:

And am moreover suitor, that I may

Produce his body to the market-place;

And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend:

Speak in the order of his funeral.

Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.

Cas. Brutus, a word with you—

You know not what you do; Do not consent,

That Antony speak in his funeral:

Know you how much the people may be mov'd

[*Aside.*

⁴ — *crimson'd in thy lethe.*] *Lethe* is used by many of the old translators of novels, for *death*; and in Heywood's *Iron Age*, Part II. 1632:

“The proudest nation that great Asia nurs'd,

“Is now extinct in *lethe*.”

Again, in *Cupid's Whirligig*, 1607:

“For vengeance wings bring on thy *lethal* day.”

Dr. Farmer observes that we meet with *lethal* for *deadly* in the information for, *Mungo Campbell*. STEEVENS.

By that which he will utter?

Bru. By your pardon ;
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And shew the reason of our Cæsar's death :
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission ;
And that we are contented, Cæsar shall
Have all true rites, and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more, than do us wrong.

Cas. I know not what may fall ; I like it not.

Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar ;
And say, you do't by our permission ;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral : And you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so ;
I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.
[*Exeunt all but Antony.*]

Ant. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers !
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man,
That ever lived in the tide of times ⁵.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood !
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,—
Which, like dumb mouths ⁶, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue ;—
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men ⁷ ;

Domestick.

⁵ — in the tide of times.] That is, in the course of times. JOHNSON.

⁶ Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,—

Which, like dumb mouths, &c.] So, in *A Warning for faire Women*, a tragedy, 1599 :

“ — I gave him fifteen wounds,

“ Which now be fifteen mouths that do accuse me :

“ In every wound there is a bloody tongue,

“ Which will all speak, although he hold his peace.”

MALONE.

⁷ A curse shall light upon the limbs of men ;] He means not mankind in general, but those Romans whose attachment to the cause of the conspirators, or wish to revenge Cæsar's death, would expose them to.

Domestick fury, and fierce civil strife,
 Shall cumber all the parts of Italy :
 Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
 And dreadful objects so familiar,
 That mothers shall but smile, when they behold
 Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war ;
 All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds :
 And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge *,
 With Atë by his side, come hot from hell,
 Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
 Cry *Havock* †, and let slip the dogs of war ;

That

to wounds in the civil wars which Antony supposes that event would give rise to.—The generality of the curse here predicted, is limited by the subsequent words,—“ the parts of Italy,” and “ in these confines.” MALONE.

Antony means that a future curse shall commence in distempers seizing on *the limbs of men*, and be succeeded by commotion, cruelty, and desolation all over Italy. So, in Phaer's Version of the third Æneid :

“ The skies corrupted were, that trees and corne destroyed
 to nought,

“ And *limmes of men* consuming rottes,” &c. Sign. E. i.
 edit. 1596. STEEVENS.

* And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge, &c.]

“ — umbræque erraret Crassus inulta.” *Lucan. lib. i.*

“ Fatalem populis ultro poscentibus horam

“ Admovet atra dies; Stygiisque emissâ tenebris

“ Mors fruitur cœlo, bellatoremque volando

“ Campum operit, nigroque viros invitat hiatu.”

Stat. Theb. VIII.

“ — Furæ rapuerunt liciâ Parcis.” *Ibid.* STEEVENS.

† Cry Havock, &c.] A learned correspondent has informed me, that, in the military operations of old times, *havock* was the word by which declaration was made, that no quarter should be given.

In a tract intitled, *The Office of the Constable and Mareschall in the Tyme of Werre*, contained in the Black Book of the Admiralty, there is the following chapter :

“ The peyne of hym that crieth *havock* and of them that followeth hym, etit. v.”

“ Item Si quis inventus fuerit qui clamorem inceperit qui vocatur *Havok*.”

“ Also that no man be so hardy as to crye *Havok* upon peyne that he that is begynner shal be deede therefore : & the remanent that doo the same or folow, shall lose their horse & harnes : and the persones of such as foloweth & escrien shal be under arrest of the Conestable and Mareschall warde unto tyme that they have made fyn ; and founde suretie no morr to offende ; and his body in prison at the Kyng wyll.—” JOHNSON.

See

That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

Serv. I do, Mark Antony.

Ant. Cæsar did write for him, to come to Rome.

Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming:

And bid me say to you by word of mouth,—

O Cæsar!— [*Seeing the body.*]

Ant. Thy heart is big; get thee apart and weep.

Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes¹,

Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,

Began to water. Is thy master coming?

Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath
chanc'd:

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,

No Rome of safety for Octavius yet²;

Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay a while;

Thou shalt not back, till I have borne this corse

Into the market-place: there shall I try,

In my oration, how the people take

The cruel issue of these bloody men;

To let slip a dog at a deer, &c. was the technical phrase of Shakspeare's time. So, in *Coriolanus*:

"Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,

"To let him slip at will."

By the *dogs of war*, as Mr. Tollet has elsewhere observed, Shakspeare probably meant *fire, sword, and famine*. So, in *K. Henry V.*

"Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,

"Assume the port of *Mars*; and, at his heels,

"Leas'd in like bounds, should *famine, sword, and fire,*

"Crouch for employment."

The same observation is made by Steele in the *TATLER*, No. 137.

MALONE.

¹ — for *mine eyes*,] Old Copy—*from mine eyes*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

² *No Rome of safety*, &c.] If Shakspeare meant to quibble on the words *Rome* and *room*, in this and a former passage, he is at least countenanced in it by other authors. So, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1638:

"—You shall have my *room*,

"My *Rome* indeed, for what I seem to be,

"Brutus is not, but born great *Rome* to free." STEEVENS.

According

According to the which, thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand. *[Exeunt, with Cæsar's body.]*

S C E N E II.

The same. The Forum.

Enter BRUTUS, and CASSIUS, and a throng of Citizens.

Cit. We will be satisfied ; let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.—
Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.—

Those that will hear me speak, let them stay here ;

Those that will follow Cassius, go with him ;

And publick reasons shall be rendered

Of Cæsar's death.

1. *Cit.* I will hear Brutus speak.

2. *Cit.* I will hear Cassius ; and compare their reasons,
When severally we hear them rendered.

[Exit CASSIUS, with some of the Citizens. BRUTUS goes into the rostrum.]

3. *Cit.* The noble Brutus is ascended : Silence !

Bru. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers ³ ! hear me for my cause ;
and be silent, that you may hear : believe me for mine honour ;
and have respect to mine honour, that you may be-

³ — *countrymen, and lovers ! &c.*] There is no where, in all Shakspeare's works, a stronger proof of his not being what we call a scholar than this ; or of his not knowing any thing of the genius of learned antiquity. This speech of Brutus is wrote in imitation of his famed laconic brevity, and is very fine in its kind ; but no more like that brevity, than his times were like Brutus's. The ancient laconic brevity was simple, natural, and easy : this is quaint, artificial, gingling, and abounding with forced antitheses. In a word, a brevity, that for its false eloquence would have suited any character, and for its good sense would have become the greatest of our author's time ; but yet, in a stile of declaiming, that sits as ill upon Brutus as our author's trowsers or collar-band would have done. WARBURTON.

The artificial gingle of short sentences was affected by most of the orators in Shakspeare's time, whether in the pulpit or at the bar. The speech of Brutus may therefore be regarded rather as an imitation of the false eloquence then in vogue, than as a specimen of laconic brevity. STEEVENS.

lieve : censure me in your wisdom ; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand, why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer,—Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves ; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men ? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him ; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it ; as he was valiant, I honour him : but, as he was ambitious, I slew him : There is tears, for his love ; joy, for his fortune ; honour, for his valour ; and death, for his ambition. Who is here so base, that would be a bond-man ? If any, speak ; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman ? If any, speak ; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country ? If any, speak ; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

Cit. None, Brutus, none. [*several speaking at once.*]

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar, than you should do to Brutus. The question of his death is enroll'd in the Capitol : his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy ; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffer'd death.

Enter ANTONY, and Others, with Cæsar's body.

Here comes his body, mourn'd by Mark Antony : who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth ; As which of you shall not ? With this I depart ; That, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

Cit. Live, Brutus, live ! live !

1. *Cit.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2. *Cit.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3. *Cit.* Let him be Cæsar.

4. *Cit.* Cæsar's better parts

Shall be crown'd in Brutus.

1. *Cit.* We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.

Bru. My countrymen,—

2. *Cit.* Peace ; silence ! Brutus speaks.

3. *Cit.* Peace, ho !

Bru.

Bru. Good countrymen let me depart alone;
 And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:
 Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech,
 Tending to Cæsar's glories; which Mark Antony
 By our permission is allow'd to make.
 I do entreat you, not a man depart,
 Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [Exit

1. *Cit.* Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

3. *Cit.* Let him go up into the publick chair;
 We'll hear him:—Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.

4. *Cit.* What does he say of Brutus?

3. *Cit.* He says, for Brutus' sake,
 He finds himself beholding to us all.

4. *Cit.* 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

1. *Cit.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.

3. *Cit.* Nay, that's certain:
 We are blest, that Rome is rid of him.

2. *Cit.* Peace; let us hear what Antony can say.

Ant. You gentle Romans,—

Cit. Peace, ho! let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
 I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
 The evil, that men do, lives after them;
 The good is oft interred with their bones;
 So let it be with Cæsar! The noble Brutus
 Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious:
 If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
 And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
 Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,
 (For Brutus is an honourable man;
 So are they all, all honourable men;)—
 Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
 He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
 But Brutus says, he was ambitious;
 And Brutus is an honourable man.
 He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
 Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
 Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
 When that the poor have cry'd, Cæsar hath wept:
 Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
 Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
 And Brutus is an honourable man.

You

You all did see, that, on the Lupercal,
 I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
 Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
 Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
 And, sure, he is an honourable man.
 I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
 But here I am to speak what I do know.
 You all did love him once, not without cause;
 What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
 O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
 And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me;
 My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
 And I must pause till it come back to me⁵.

1. *Cit.* Methinks, there is much reason in his sayings,

2. *Cit.* If thou consider rightly of the matter,
 Cæsar has had great wrong.

3. *Cit.* Has he, masters?

I fear, there will a worse come in his place.

4. *Cit.* Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the
 crown;

Therefore, 'tis certain, he was not ambitious.

1. *Cit.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2. *Cit.* Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3. *Cit.* There's not a nobler man in Rome, than Antony.

4. *Cit.* How mark him, he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
 Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
 And none so poor⁶ to do him reverence.

O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir
 Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
 I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
 Who, you all know, are honourable men:
 I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
 To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
 Than I will wrong such honourable men.

⁵ *My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
 And I must pause till it come back to me.* Perhaps our authour re-
 collected the following passage in Daniel's *Cleopatra*, 1594:

“As for my love, say, Antony hath all;

“Say, that my heart is gone into the grave

“With him, in whom it rests, and ever shall.” MALONE.

⁶ *And none so poor*—] The meanest man is now too high to do re-
 verence to Cæsar. JOHNSON.

But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar,
 I found it in his closet, 'tis his will:
 Let but the commons hear this testament,
 (Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)
 And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
 And dip their napkins⁷ in his sacred blood;
 Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
 And, dying, mention it within their wills,
 Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
 Unto their issue.

4. *Cit.* We'll hear the will: Read it, Mark Antony.

Cit. The will, the will; we will hear Cæsar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
 It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.
 You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
 And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
 It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
 'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
 For if you should, O, what would come of it!

4. *Cit.* Read the will; we will hear it, Antony;
 You shall read us the will; Cæsar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient? Will you stay a while?
 I have o'er-shot myself, to tell you of it.
 I fear, I wrong the honourable men,
 Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar: I do fear it.

4. *Cit.* They were traitors: Honourable men!

Cit. The will! the testament!

2. *Cit.* They were villains, murderers: The will! read
 the will!

Ant. You will compel me then to read the will?
 Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
 And let me shew you him that made the will.
 Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

Cit. Come down.

2. *Cit.* Descend. [*He comes down from the pulpit.*]

3. *Cit.* You shall have leave.

4. *Cit.* A ring; stand round.

1. *Cit.* Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

⁷ — *their napkins.*—] i.e. their handkerchiefs. *Napery* was the
 ancient term for all kinds of linen. STEEVENS.

Napkin is the northern term for *handkerchief*, and is used in this
 sense as at this day in Scotland. Our authour frequently uses the
 word. MALONE.

2. *Cit.* Room for Antony;—most noble Antony.

Ant. Nay, prefs not so upon me; stand far off.

Cit. Stand back! room! bear back!

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle: I remember

The first time ever Cæsar put it on;

'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent;

That day he overcame the Nervii:—

Look! in this place, ran Cassius' dagger through:

See, what a rent the envious Casca made:

'Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;

And, as he pluck'd his curst steel away,

Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it;

As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd

If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;

For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel^s:

Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him!

'This was the most unkindest cut of all:

For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,

Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,

Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart

And, in his mantle muffling up his face,

Even at the base of Pompey's statue¹,

Which all the while ran blood², great Cæsar fell.

O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!

'Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,

Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.

O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel

^s For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:] This title of endearment is more than once introduced in Sidney's *Arcadia*.

STEEVENS.

¹ Even at the base of Pompey's statue,] It is not our authour's practice to make the adverb *even*, a dissyllable. If it be considered as a monosyllable, the measure is defective. I suspect therefore he wrote—*at Pompey's statua*. The word was not yet completely denizen'd in his time. Beaumont, in his *Masque*, writes it *statua*, and its plural *statuaes*. Yet, it must be acknowledged, that *statue* is used more than once in this play, as a dissyllable. MALONE.

² Which all the while ran blood,] The image seems to be, that the blood of Cæsar flew upon the statue, and trickled down it. JOHNSON.

So, in sir T. North's translation of Plutarch, (the quotation is Mr. Steevens's,) "—against the very base whereon Pompey's image stood, which ran all a gore blood, till he was slain." MALONE.

The dint of pity³: these are gracious drops.
 Kind souls, what, weep you, when you but behold
 Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here!
 Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors⁴.

1. *Cit.* O piteous spectacle!

2. *Cit.* O noble Cæsar!

3. *Cit.* O woeful day!

4. *Cit.* O traitors, villains!

1. *Cit.* O most bloody fight!

2. *Cit.* We will be reveng'd: revenge; about,—seek,—burn,—fire,—kill,—slay!—let not a traitor live.

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

1. *Cit.* Peace there:—Hear the noble Antony.

2. *Cit.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
 To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They, that have done this deed, are honourable;

What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,

That made them do it; they are wise, and honourable,

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;

I am no orator, as Brutus is:

But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,

That love my friend; and that they know full well

That gave me publick leave to speak of him.

For I have neither writ⁵, nor words, nor worth,

Action,

³ *The dint of pity.*] is the impression of pity. The word is in common use among our ancient writers. So, in Preston's *Gambyes*:

"Your grace therein may hap receive, with others for your
 "parte,

"The *dint* of death, &c."

Again, *ibid*:

"He shall dye by *dint* of sword, or els by choking rope."

STEEVENS.

⁴ *Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.*] To *mar* seems to have anciently signified to *lacerate*. So, in *Solyman and Perseda*, a tragedy, 1599, Basilisco feeling the end of his dagger, says:

"This point will *mar* her skin." MALONE.

⁵ *For I have neither writ,*—] I have no *penned* and premeditated oration. JOHNSON.

So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. II.

"Now, my good lord, let's see the devil's *writ*."

i. e. *writing*. Again, in *Hamlet*:—"the law of *writ* and the liberty."—The editor of the second folio, who altered whatever he did
 not

Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
 To stir men's blood : I only speak right on ;
 I tell you that, which you yourselves do know ;
 Shew you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths !
 And bid them speak for me : But were I Brutus,
 And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
 Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
 In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
 The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

3. *Cit.* We'll mutiny.

1. *Cit.* We'll burn the house of Brutus.

3. *Cit.* Away then, come, seek the conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen ; yet hear me speak.

Cit. Peace, ho ! Hear Antony, most noble Antony.

Ant. Why friends, you go to do you know not what :

Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves ?

Alas, you know not :—I must tell you then :—

You have forgot the will I told you of.

Cit. Most true ;—the will ;—let's stay, and hear the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.

To every Roman citizen he gives,

To every several man, seventy five drachmas⁶.

2. *Cit.* Most noble Cæsar !—We'll revenge his death.

3. *Cit.* O royal Cæsar !

Ant. Hear me with patience.

Cit. Peace, ho !

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,

His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,

On this side Tiber⁷ ; he hath left them you,

And

not understand, substituted *will* for *writ*. *Will* in our authour's time had not its present signification, but meant *understanding*. Would Shakspeare make Antony declare himself void of common intelligence ? MALONE.

⁶ — *seventy-five drachmas*.] A drachma was a Greek coin, the same as the Roman *denier*, of the value of four sesterces, 7d. ob.

STEEVENS.

⁷ *On this side Tiber* ;] The scene is here in the Forum near the Capitol, and in the most frequented part of the city ; but Cæsar's gardens were very remote from that quarter :

Trans Tiberim longe cubat is, prope Cæsaris hortos, says Horace : and both the Naumachia and gardens of Cæsar were separated from the main city by the river : and lay out wide, on a line with Mount Janiculum. Our author therefore certainly wrote,

On that side Tyber ;—

And to your heirs for ever ; common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar : When comes such another ?

1. *Cit.* Never, never :—Come, away, away :
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses².
Take up the body.

2. *Cit.* Go, fetch fire.

3. *Cit.* Pluck down benches.

4. *Cit.* Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[*Exeunt Citizens, with the body.*]

Ant. Now let it work : Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt !—How now, fellow ?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he ?

Serv. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him :
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.

Serv. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

Ant. Belike, they had some notice of the people,
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius. [*Exeunt.*]

and Plutarch, whom Shakspeare very diligently studied, in the *Life of Marcus Brutus*, speaking of Cæsar's will, expressly says, 'That he left to the publick his gardens, and walks, beyond the Tiber.'

THEOBALD.

'This emendation has been adopted by the subsequent editors ; but hear the old translation, where *Shakspeare's study* lay. "He bequeathed unto every citizen of Rome seventy five drachmas a man, and he left his gardens and arbours unto the people, which he had on this side of the river Tiber." FARMER.

² — fire the traitors' houses.] Thus the old copy. The more modern editors read—fire all the traitors' houses ; but *fire* was then pronounced, as it was sometimes written, *fier*. So, in *Humors Ordinary*, a collection of Epigrams :

"Oh rare compound, a dying horse to choke,

"Of English *fier* and of Indian smoke!" STEEVENS.

SCENE

S C E N E III.⁹*The same. A Street.**Enter CINNA the Poet.*

Cin. I dreamt to-night, that I did feast with Cæsar,
 And things unluckily charge my fantasy :
 I have no will to wander forth of doors,
 Yet something leads me forth.

Enter Citizens.

1. *Cit.* What is your name ?

2. *Cit.* Whither are you going ?

3. *Cit.* Where do you dwell ?

4. *Cit.* Are you a married man, or a bachelor ?

2. *Cit.* Answer every man directly.

1. *Cit.* Ay, and briefly.

4. *Cit.* Ay, and wisely.

3. *Cit.* Ay, and truly, you were best.

Cin. What is my name ? Whither am I going ? Where do I dwell ? Am I a married man, or a bachelor ? Then to answer every man directly, and briefly, wisely, and truly. Wisely I say, I am a bachelor.

2. *Cit.* That's as much as to say, they are fools that marry :—You'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed ; directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

1. *Cit.* As a friend, or an enemy ?

Cin. As a friend.

2. *Cit.* That matter is answer'd directly.

4. *Cit.* For your dwelling,—briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3. *Cit.* Your name, sir, truly,

Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.

1. *Cit.* Tear him to pieces, he's a conspirator.

Cin. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

4. *Cit.* Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

Cin. I am not Cinna the conspirator.

⁹ *Scene III.*] The subject of this scene is taken from *Plutarch*.

4. *Cit.* It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

3. *Cit.* Tear him, tear him. Come, brands, ho! fire-brands. To Brutus', to Cassius', burn all. Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius': away; go. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The same. A Room in Antony's house¹.

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS, seated at a table.

Ant. These many then shall die; their names are prick'd.

Oct. Your brother too must die; Consent you, Lepidus?

Lep. I do consent.

Oct. Prick him down, Antony.

Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not live²,

¹ *A room in Antony's house.*] Mr. Theobald observes, from Plutarch and Appian, that the triumvirs met to adjust their proscription in a little island near Mutina, on the river Lavinius. But it is manifest that Shakspeare intended the scene to be at Rome, and therefore I have placed it in Antony's house. MALONE.

So, in the old translation of *Plutarch*: "Thereupon all three met together (to wete, Cæsar, Antonius, and Lepidus) in an iland enuyroned round about with a little riuer, & there remayned three dayes together. Now as touching all other matters, they were easily agreed, & did deuide all the empire of Rome betwene them, as if it had bene their owne inheritance. But yet they could hardly agree whom they would put to death: for euery one of them would kill their enemies, and saue their kinsmen and friends. Yet at length, giving place to their greedy desire to be reuenged of their enemies, they spurned all reuerence of blood and holines of friendship at their feet. For Cæsar left Cicero to Antonius' will, Antonius also forsooke Lucius Cæsar, who was his vncl by his mother: and both of them together suffred Lepidus to kill his own brother Paulus." That Shakspeare, however, meant the scene to be at Rome, may be inferred from what almost immediately follows:

"*Lep.* What, shall I find you here?"

"*Oct.* Or here, or at the Capitol." STEEVENS.

² *Upon condition, Publius shall not live.*] Mr. Upton has sufficiently proved that the poet made a mistake as to this character mentioned by Lepidus. Lucius, not Publius, was the person meant, who was uncle by the mother's side to Mark Antony: and in consequence of this, he concludes, that Shakspeare wrote:

You are his sister's son, Mark Antony.

The mistake, however, is more like the mistake of the author, than of his transcriber or printer. STEEVENS.

Who

Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him³.
But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house;
Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Lep. What, shall I find you here?

Oct. Or here, or at the Capitol. [Exit LEPIDUS.]

Ant. This is a slight unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands: Is it fit,
The three-fold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?

Oct. So you thought him;
And took his voice who should be prick'd to die,
In our black sentence and proscription.

Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you:
And though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold⁴,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way;
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
And graze in commons.

Oct. You may do your will;
But he's a try'd and valiant soldier.

Ant. So is my horse, Octavius; and, for that,
I do appoint him store of provender.
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on;
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so;
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth:

³ — damn him.] i. e. condemn him. So, in *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578:

"Vouchsafe to give my damned husband life."
Again, in Chaucer's *Knights Tale*, v. 1747.

"— by your confession

"Hath damned you, and I wol it recorde." STEEVENS.

⁴ — as the ass bears gold.] This image had occur'd before in *Measure for Measure*, Act III. sc. i:

"— like an ass whose back with ingots bows,

"Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,

"Till death unloads thee." STEEVENS.

A barren-

A barren-spirited fellow ; one that feeds
 On objects, arts, and imitations⁵ ;
 Which, out of use, and stal'd by other men,
 Begin his fashion : Do not talk of him,
 But as a property. And now, Octavius,
 Listen great things.—Brutus and Cassius,
 Are levying powers : we must straight make head :
 Therefore let our alliance be combin'd,
 Our best friends made, our means stretch'd to the utmost⁶ ;
 And let us presently go sit in council,

How

⁵ — one that feeds

On objects, arts, and imitations ;] It is easy to find a reason why that devotee to pleasure and ambition, should call him barren-spirited who could be content to feed his mind with objects, i. e. speculative knowledge, or arts, i. e. mechanic operations. Lepidus, in the tragedy of *Antony and Cleopatra*, is represented as inquisitive about the structures of Egypt, and that too when he is almost in a state of intoxication. Antony, as at present, makes a jest of him, and returns him unintelligible answers to very reasonable questions.

Objects, however, may mean things objected or thrown out to him. In this sense Shakspeare uses the verb *to object* in another play, where I have given an instance of its being employ'd by Chapman on the same occasion. A man who can avail himself of neglected hints thrown out by others, though without original ideas of his own, is no uncommon character. STEEVENS.

Theobald, in the rage of innovation, reads—On *object* arts, &c.

Objects mean, in Shakspeare's language, whatever is presented to the eye. So, in *Timon of Athens*, "Swear against objects," which Mr. Steevens has well illustrated by a line in our poet's 152d. Sonnet :

"And made them swear against the thing they see." MALONE.

⁶ Our best friends made, our means stretch'd to the utmost ;] In the old copy by the carelessness of the transcriber or printer this line is thus imperfectly exhibited :

Our best friends made, our means stretch'd ;—

The editor of the second folio supplied the line by reading—

Our best friends made, and our best means stretch'd out.

This emendation, which all the modern editors have adopted, was, like almost all the other corrections of the second folio, as ill conceived as possible. For what is *best* means? Means, or abilities, if stretch'd out, receive no additional strength from the word *best*, nor does means, when considered without reference to others, as the power of an individual, or the aggregated abilities of a body of men, seem to admit of a degree of comparison. However that may be, it is highly improbable that a transcriber or compositor should be guilty of three errors in the same line; that he should omit the word *and* in the middle of it; then the word *best* after *our*, and lastly the concluding word. It is much more probable that the omission

was

How covert matters may be best disclos'd,
And open perils surest answered.

Oct. Let us do so: for we are at the stake⁷,
And bay'd about with many enemies;
And some, that smile, have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischief.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Before Brutus' tent, in the camp near Sardis.

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS, and Soldiers:

TITINIUS and PINDARUS meeting them.

Bru. Stand here.

Luc. Give the word, ho! and stand.

Bru. What now, Lucilius? is Cassius near?

Luc. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master.

[*Pindarus gives a letter to Brutus.*]

Bru. He greets me well.—Your master, Pindarus,
In his own change, or by ill officers⁸,

Hath

was only at the end of the line, (an error which is found in other places in these plays;) and that the authour wrote, as I have printed:

Our best friends made, our means stretch'd to the utmost.

So, in a former scene:

“—and, you know, his means,

“If he improve them, may well stretch so far,—”

Again, in the following passage in *Coriolanus*, which, I trust, will justify the emendation, now made:

“—for thy revenge,

“Wrench up your power to the highest.” MALONE.

⁷ — at the stake.] An allusion to bear-baiting. So, in *Macbeth*,
Act V:

“They have chain'd me to a stake; I cannot fly,

“But bear-like I must fight the course.” STEEVENS.

⁸ In his own change, or by ill officers,] Dr. Warburton, without any necessity, reads—By his own charge, &c. that is, “either by those under his own immediate command, or under the command of his lieutenants, who had abused their trust.” MALONE.

Brutus could not but know whether the wrongs committed were done by those who were immediately under the command of Cassius, or those under his officers. The answer of Brutus to the servant is only an act of artful civility; his question to Lucilius proves, that his suspicion still continued. Yet I cannot but suspect a corruption, and would read:

Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, undone : but, if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt,

But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard, and honour.

Bru. He is not doubted.—A word, Lucilius ;
How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd.

Luc. With courtesy, and with respect enough ;
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath us'd of old.

Bru. Thou hast describ'd
A hot friend cooling : Ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith :
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant shew and promise of their mettle :
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on ?

Luc. They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd ;
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius.

[*March within.*]

Bru. Hark, he is arriv'd :—
March gently on to meet him.

Enter CASSIUS, and Soldiers.

Cas. Stand, ho !

Bru. Stand ho ! Speak the word along.

In his own change, or by ill offices,—

That is, either *changing* his inclination of himself, or by the ill offices
and bad influences of others. JOHNSON.

Surely alteration is unnecessary. In the subsequent conference
Brutus charges both Cassius and his officer Lucius Pella, with cor-
ruption. STEEVENS.

Brutus immediately after says to Lucilius, when he hears his ac-
count of the manner in which he had been received by Cassius,

“Thou hast describ'd

“*A hot friend cooling.*”

That is the *change* which Brutus complains of. MASON.

Within.

Within. Stand.

Within. Stand.

Within. Stand.

Cas. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

Bru. Judge me, you gods! Wrong I mine enemies?
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs;
And when you do them—

Bru. Cassius, be content,
Speak your griefs* softly,—I do know you well:—
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle: Bid them move away;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.

Cas. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.

Bru. Lucilius, do you the like; and let no man
Come to our tent, till we have done our conference.
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door. [Exeunt,

S C E N E III.

Within the tent of Brutus.

Lucius and Titinius at some distance from it.

Enter BRUTUS, and CASSIUS.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this:
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein, my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

Bru. You wrong'd yourself, to write in such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence⁹ should bear his comment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself

* — your griefs—] i. e. your grievances.

⁹ — every nice offence—] i. e. small trifling offence. WARBURTON.
So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act V:

"The letter was not nice, but full of charge,
"Of dear import." STEEVENS.

Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold,
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm?

You know, that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cas. Chastisement!

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember!
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers; shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes?
And sell the mighty space of our large honours,
For so much trash, as may be grasped thus?—
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bait not me²,
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,

¹ *What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,*

And not for justice?] This question is far from implying that any of those who touch'd Cæsar's body, were villains. On the contrary, it is an indirect way of asserting that there was not one man among them, who was base enough to stab him for any cause but that of justice. MALONE.

² *Brutus, bait not me.*] Thus the old copy. Mr. Theobald and all the subsequent editors read—*bay* not me; and the emendation is sufficiently plausible, our authour having in *Troilus and Cressida* used the word *bay* in the same sense:

“What moves Ajax thus to *bay* at him!”

But as he has likewise twice used *bait* in the sense required here, the text, in my apprehension, ought not to be disturbed. “I will not yield,” says Macbeth,

“To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,

“And to be *baited* with the rabble's curse,”

Again, in *Coriolanus*:

“—why stay to be *baited*

“With one that wants her wits?”

So, also in a comedy entitled *How to choose a good wife from a bad*, 1602:

“Do I come home so seldom, and that seldom

“Am I thus *baited*?” MALONE.

To hedge me in³; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice⁴, abler than yourself
To make conditions⁵.

Bru. Go to; you are not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say, you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no farther.

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is't possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.

Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frightened, when a madman stares?

Cas. O ye gods! ye gods! Must I endure all this?

Bru. All this? ay, more: Fret, till your proud heart
break;

Go, shew your slaves how cholerick you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you: for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say, you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well: For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way, you wrong me, Brutus;
I said, an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say, better?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

³ *To hedge me in;*] That is, to limit my authority by your direction or censure. JOHNSON.

⁴ — *I am a soldier, I,*

Older in practice, &c.] Thus the ancient copies; but the modern editors, instead of *I*, have read *ay*, because the vowel *I* sometimes stands for *ay* the affirmative adverb. I have replaced the old reading, on the authority of the following line:

"*And I am Brutus; Marcus Brutus, I.*" STEEVENS.

⁵ *To make conditions.*] That is, to know on what terms it is fit to confer the offices which are at my disposal. JOHNSON.

Cas.

Cas. When Cæsar liv'd, he durst not thus have mov'd me.

Bru. Peace, peace; you durst not so have tempted him.

Cas. I durst not?

Bru. No.

Cas. What? durst not tempt him?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love,
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me, as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you deny'd me;—
For I can raise no money by vile means:
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring⁶
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,
By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you deny'd me: Was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!

Cas. I deny'd you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not:—he was but a fool,
That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath riv'd my
heart:

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

⁶ — *than to wring*

From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,] This is a noble sentiment, altogether in character, and expressed in a manner inimitably happy. For *to wring*, implies both to get *unjustly*, and to use *force* in getting: and *hard hands* signify both the peasant's great labour and pains in acquiring, and his great *unwillingness* to quit his hold.

WARBURTON.

Bru.

Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me⁷.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aweary of the world:
Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observ'd,
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth⁸;
I, that deny'd thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

Bru. Sheath your dagger:
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb
That carries anger, as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforced, shews a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd, too.

Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

⁷ *I do not, till you practise them on me.*] The meaning is this: I do not look for your faults, I only see them, and mention them with vehemence, when you force them into my notice, by practising them on me. JOHNSON.

⁸ *If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth; &c.*] I think he means, that he is so far from avarice, when the cause of his country requires liberality, that if any man should wish for his heart, he would not need enforce his desire any otherwise, than by shewing that he was a Roman. JOHNSON.

This seems only a form of adjuration like that of Brutus, p. 395:

“Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.” BLACKSTONE.

Bru.

Bru. And my heart too.

Cas. O Brutus!—

Bru. What's the matter?

Cas. Have not you love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour, which my mother gave me,
Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius; and, from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

[*Noise within.*]

Poet. [*within.*] Let me go in to see the generals;
There is some grudge between them, 'tis not meet
They be alone.

Luc. [*within.*] You shall not come to them.

Poet. [*within.*] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter Poet ⁹.

Cas. How now? What's the matter?

Poet. For shame, you generals; What do you mean?
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;
For I have seen more years, I am sure, than ye!

Cas. Ha, ha; how vilely doth this cynick rhyme!

Bru. Get you hence, firrah; saucy fellow, hence.

Cas. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.

Bru. I'll know his humour, when he knows his time:
What should the wars do with these jiggling fools?

Companion,

⁹ *Enter Poet.*] Shakspeare found the present incident in *Plutarch*. The intruder, however, was *Marcus Phaonius*, who had been a friend and follower of Cato; not a poet, but one who assumed the character of a cynic philosopher. STEEVENS.

¹ *Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;*

For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye.] This passage is a translation from the following one in the first book of *Homer*:

Ἀλλὰ πιδεσθ' ἀμφωῖδ' ἐνωτέρω ἐσὼν ἐμείο.

which is thus given in sir Thomas North's *Plutarch*:

"My lords, I pray you hearken both to me,

"For I have seen more years than such ye three." STEEV.

² *What should the wars do with these jiggling fools?*] i. e. with these silly poets. A jig signified, in our authour's time, a metrical composition, as well as a dance. So, in the prologue to Fletcher's *Fair Maid of the Inn*:

"A jig shall be clapp'd at, and every rhyme

"Prais'd and applauded by a clamorous chime."

A modern editor, (Mr. Capell,) who, after having devoted the greater part of his life to the study of old books, appears to have been

Companion, hence³.

Cas. Away, away, be gone.

[*Exit Poet.*]

Enter LUCILIUS, and TITINIUS.

Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

Cas. And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you
Immediately to us. [*Exeunt LUCILIUS, and TITINIUS.*]

Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine.

Cas. I did not think, you could have been so angry.

Bru. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.

Bru. No man bears sorrow better :—Portia is dead.

Cas. Ha ! Portia ?

Bru. She is dead.

Cas. How scap'd I killing, when I cross'd you so ?—
O insupportable and touching loss !—
Upon what sickness ?

Bru. Impatient of my absence ;

been extremely ignorant of ancient English literature, not knowing this, for *jigging*, reads (after Mr. Pope,) *jingling*. His work exhibits above *Nine Hundred* alterations of the genuine text, equally capricious and unwarrantable.

This editor, of whom it was justly said by the late Bishop of Gloucester, that "*he had hung himself up in chains over our poet's grave*," having boasted in his preface, that "his emendation of the text were at least equal in number to those of all the other editors and commentators put together," I some years ago had the curiosity to look into his volumes with this particular view. On examination I then found, that, of three hundred and twenty-five emendations of the ancient copies, which, as I then thought, he had properly received into his text, *two hundred and eighty-five* were suggested by some former editor or commentator, and *forty* only by himself. But on a second and more rigorous examination I now find, that of the emendations *properly* adopted, (the number of which appears to be much smaller than that above-mentioned,) he has a claim to not more than fifteen. The innovations and arbitrary alterations, either adopted from others, or first introduced by this editor, from ignorance of our ancient customs and phraseology, amount to no less a number than NINE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY TWO!! It is highly probable that many have yet escaped my notice. MALONE.

³ Companion, hence.] *Companion* is used as a term of reproach in many of the old plays; as we say at present—*fellow*. So, in *K. Henry IV.* Part II. Dol Tearsheet says to Pistol:

"—I scorn you, scurvy companion," &c. STEEVENS.

And

And grief, that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong;—for with her death
That tidings came;—With this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire⁴.

Cas. And dy'd so?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal gods!

Enter LUCIUS, *with wine, and tapers.*

Bru. Speak no more of her.—Give me a bowl of wine:—

In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [*drinks.*]

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge:—

Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'er-swell the cup;

I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. [*drinks.*]

Re-enter TITINIUS, *with* MESSALA.

Bru. Come in, Titinius:—Welcome, good Messala.—
Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.

⁴ *And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.*] This circumstance is taken from *Plutarch*. It is also mentioned by *Val. Maximus*.

It may not, however be amiss to remark, that the death of Portia wants that foundation which has hitherto entitled her to a place in poetry, as a pattern of Roman fortitude. She is reported, by Pliny, I think, to have died at Rome in a lingering illness while Brutus was abroad; but some writers seem to look on a natural death as a derogation from a distinguished character. STEEVENS.

Valerius Maximus says that Portia *survived* Brutus, and killed herself on hearing that her husband was defeated and slain at Philippi. Plutarch's account in the *Life of Brutus* is as follows: "And for Portia, Brutus' wife, Nicolaus the philosopher, and Valerius Maximus, doe wryte, that she determining to kill her selfe, (her parents and frends carefullie looking to her to kepe her from it,) tooke hottie burning coles, and cast them into her mouth and kept her mouth so close, that she choked her selfe.—There was a letter of Brutus found, wrytten to his frendes, complaining of *their negligence*; that his wife being sicke, they would not helpe her, but suffered her to kill her selfe, choosing to dye rather than to languish in paine. Thus it appeareth that Nicolaus knew not well *that time*, sith the letter (at least if it were Brutus' letter,) doth plainly declare the disease and love of this lady, and the maner of her death." North's *Translation*.

See also Martial, l. i. ep. 42. Valerius Maximus, and Nicolaus, and Plutarch, all agree in saying that she put an end to her life; and the letter, if authentick, ascertains that she did so in the life-time of Brutus.

Our authour therefore, we see, had sufficient authority for his representation. MALONE.

Cas. Portia! art thou gone?

Bru. No more, I pray you.—

Messala, I have here received letters,

That young Octavius, and Mark Antony,

Come down upon us with a mighty power,

Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

Mes. Myself have letters of the self-same tenour.

Bru. With what addition?

Mes. That by proscription, and bills of outlawry,

Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,

Have put to death an hundred senators.

Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;

Mine speak of seventy senators, that dy'd

By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

Cas. Cicero one?

Mes. Cicero is dead,

And by that order of proscription.—

Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

Bru. No, Messala.

Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

Bru. Nothing, Messala.

Mes. That, methinks, is strange.

Bru. Why ask you? Hear you aught of her in yours?

Mes. No, my lord.

Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

Mes. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell:

For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

Bru. Why, farewell, Portia.—We must die, Messala;

With meditating that she must die once,

I have the patience to endure it now.

Mes. Even so great men great losses should endure.

Cas. I have as much of this in art^s as you,

But yet my nature could not bear it so.

Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you think

Of marching to Philippi presently?

Cas. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your reason?

Cas. This it is:

'Tis better, that the enemy seek us:

So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,

Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still,

^s — in art—] That is, in theory. MALONE.

Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

Bru. Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.
The people, 'twixt Philippi and this ground,
Do stand but in a forc'd affection;
For they have grudg'd us contribution:
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new-added, and encourag'd;
From which advantage shall we cut him off,
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.

Cas. Hear me, good brother.

Bru. Under your pardon.—You must note beside,
That we have try'd the utmost of our friends,
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe:
The enemy increaseth every day,
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men^c,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

Cas. Then, with your will, go on;
We'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity;
Which we will niggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say?

Cas. No more. Good night;
Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.

Bru. Lucius, my gown. [*Exit Lucius.*] Farewel, good
Messala;—

^c *There is a tide, &c.*] This passage is poorly imitated by B. and Fletcher, in the *Custom of the Country*:

“*There is an hour in each man's life appointed*

“*To make his happiness, if then he seize it,*” &c. STEEVENS.

A similar sentiment is found in Chapman's *Buffy d'Ambois*, 1607:

“*There is a deep nick in time's restless wheel,*

“*For each man's good; when which nick comes, it strikes.*

“*So no one riseth by his real merit,*

“*But when it cries click in his raiser's spirit.*” MALONE.

Good night, Titinius :—Noble, noble Cassius,
Good night, and good repose.

Cas. O my dear brother !

This was an ill beginning of the night :
Never come such division 'tween our souls !
Let it not, Brutus.

Bru. Every thing is well,

Cas. Good night, my lord.

Bru. Good night, good brother.

Tit. Mes. Good night, lord Brutus.

Bru. Farewel, every one. [*Exeunt CAS. TIT. and MES.*]

Re-enter LUCIUS, with the gown.

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument ?

Luc. Here in the tent.

Bru. What, thou speak'st drowsily ?

Poor knave, I blame thee not ; thou art o'er-watch'd.

Call Claudius, and some other of my men ;

I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

Luc. Varro, and Claudius !

Enter VARRO, and CLAUDIUS.

Var. Calls my lord ?

Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent, and sleep ;

It may be, I shall raise you by and by

On business to my brother Cassius.

Var. So please you, we will stand, and watch your pleasure.

Bru. I will not have it so : lie down, good sirs ;

It may be, I shall otherwise bethink me.

Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so ;

I put it in the pocket of my gown. [*Serv. lie down.*]

Luc. I was sure, your lordship did not give it me.

Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.

Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes a while,

And touch thy instrument a strain or two ?

Luc. Ay, my lord, an't please you.

Bru. It does, my boy :

I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty, sir.

Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might ;

I know, young bloods look for a time of rest.

Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.

Bru. It is well done ; and thou shalt sleep again ;

I will

I will not hold thee long : if I do live,
 I will be good to thee. [Musick, and a song.
 This is a sleepy tune :—O murd'rous slumber !
 Lay'st thou thy leaden mace⁷ upon my boy,
 That plays thee musick ?—Gentle knave, good night ;
 I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.
 If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument ;
 I'll take it from thee ; and, good boy, good night.
 Let me see, let me see ;—Is not the leaf turn'd down,
 Where I left reading ? Here it is, I think. [He sits down.

Enter the Ghost of Cæsar.

How ill this taper burns !—Ha ! who comes here ?
 I think, it is the weakness of mine eyes,
 That shapes this monstrous apparition.
 It comes upon me :—Art thou any thing ?
 Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
 That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare ?
 Speak to me, what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Bru. Why com'st thou ?

Ghost. To tell thee, thou shalt see me at Philippi.

Bru. Well ; Then I shall see thee again⁸ ?

Ghost. Ay, at Philippi. [Ghost vanishes.

Bru.

⁷ — thy leaden mace—] A mace is the ancient term for a scepter.
 So, in the *Arraignment of Paris*, 1584 :

“ — look upon my stately grace,

“ Because the pomp that longs to Juno's mace, &c.”

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. I. c. x :

“ Who mightily upheld that royal mace.” STEEVENS.

⁸ Well ; Then I shall see thee again ?] Shakspeare has on this occasion deserted his original. It does not appear from *Plutarch* that the *Ghost of Cæsar* appeared to Brutus, but “ a wonderful strange and monstrous shape of a body.” This apparition could not be at once the *shade of Cæsar*, and the *evil genius of Brutus*.

“ Brutus boldly asked what he was, a god, or a man, and what cause brought him thither. The spirit answered him, I am thy evil spirit, Brutus : and thou shalt see me by the citie of Philippes. Brutus being no otherwise affrayd, replyed againe vnto it : well, then I shall see thee agayne. The spirit presently vanished away ; and Brutus called his men vnto him, who tolde him that they heard no noyse, nor sawe any thinge at all.”

See the story of *Cassius Parmensis* in *Valerius Maximus*, Lib. I. c. 7.

STEEVENS.

The

Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.—
Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest :
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.—
Boy ! Lucius !—Varro ! Claudius ! Sirs, awake !—
Claudius !

Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.

Bru. He thinks, he still is at his instrument.—

Lucius, awake.

Luc. My lord !

Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so cry'dst out ?

Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou didst : Didst thou see any thing ?

Luc. Nothing, my lord.

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius.—Sirrah, Claudius !

Fellow thou ! awake.

Var. My lord.

Clau. My lord.

Bru. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep ?

Var. Clau. Did we, my lord ?

Bru. Ay ; Saw you any thing ?

Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Clau. Nor I, my lord.

Bru. Go, and commend me to my brother Cassius ;

Bid him set on his powers betimes before,

And we will follow.

Var. Clau. It shall be done, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*

The words which Mr. Steevens has quoted, are from Plutarch's life of *Brutus*. Shakspeare had also certainly read Plutarch's account of this vision in the life of *Cæsar* : " Above all, the *ghost* that appeared unto Brutus, shewed plainly that the goddess were offended with the murder of *Cæsar*. The vision was thus. Brutus being ready to pass over his army from the citie of Abydos to the other coast lying directly against it, slept every night (as his manner was,) in his tent ; and being yet awake, thinking of his affaires,—he thought he heard a noyse at his tent-dore, and looking towards *the light of the lampe that waxed very dimme*, he saw a horrible vision of a man, of a wonderfull greatnes and dreadful looke, which at the first made him marvelously afraid. But when he saw that it did him no hurt, but stood by his bedde-side, and said nothing, at length he asked him what he was. The image answered him, I am thy ill angel, Brutus, and thou shalt see me by the citie of Philippes. Then Brutus replied agayne, and said, Well, I shall see thee then. Therewithall the spirit presently vanished from him."

It is manifest from the words above printed in Italicks, that Shakspeare had this passage in his thoughts as well as the other. MALONE.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

*The Plains of Philippi.**Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.*

Oct. Now, Antony, our hopes are answered :
 You said, the enemy would not come down,
 But keep the hills and upper regions ;
 It proves not so : their battles are at hand ;
 They mean to warn us ⁹ at Philippi here,
 Answering before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
 Wherefore they do it : they could be content
 To visit other places ; and come down
 With fearful bravery ¹, thinking, by this face,
 To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage ;
 But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Prepare you, generals :
 The enemy comes on in gallant shew ;
 Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
 And something to be done immediately.

Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
 Upon the left hand of the even field.

Oct. Upon the right hand I, keep thou the left.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent ?

Oct. I do not cross you ; but I will do so. [March.

⁹ — warn us—] To warn is to summon. So, in *K. John*.

“ Who is it that hath warn'd us to the walls ? ”

Shakspeare uses the word yet more intelligibly in *K. Richard III.*

“ And sent to warn them to his royal presence.”

Throughout the books of the Stationers Company, the word is always used in this sense. “ Receyved of Raufe Newbery for his fyne, that he came not to the hall when he was warned, according to the orders of the house.” STEVENS.

¹ *With fearful bravery,*] That is, *with a gallant shew of courage, carrying with it terror and dismay.* Fearful is used here, as in many other places, in an active sense ;—producing fear,—intimidating. MALONE.

Drum.

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and their Army; LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, and Others.

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.

Cas. Stand fast, Titinius: We must out and talk.

Oct. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?

Ant. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.

Make forth, the generals would have some words.

Oct. Stir not until the signal.

Bru. Words before blows: Is it so, countrymen?

Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.

Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words:

Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,

Crying, *Long live! hail, Cæsar!*

Cas. Antony,

The posture of your blows are yet unknown²;

But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,

And leave them honeyless.

Ant. Not stingless too.

Bru. O, yes, and soundless too;

For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,

And, very wisely, threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains, you did not so, when your vile daggers

Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar:

You shew'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,

And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;

Whilst damned Casca³, like a cur, behind,

Struck Cæsar on the neck. O you flatterers!

Cas. Flatterers!—Now, Brutus, thank yourself:

This tongue had not offended so to-day,

If Cassius might have rul'd.

Oct. Come, come, the cause: If arguing make us sweat,

The proof of it will turn to redder drops.

Look, I draw a sword against conspirators;

When think you that the sword goes up again?—

Never, till Cæsar's three and twenty wounds⁴

² *The posture of your blows are yet unknown;*] It should be—is yet unknown. But the error was certainly Shakspeare's. MALONE.

³ —*Casca.*—] Casca struck Cæsar on the neck, coming like a degenerate cur behind him. JOHNSON.

⁴ —*three and twenty wounds.*—] Old Copy—three and thirty. Corrected from Plutarch, by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

Be well aveng'd ; or till another Cæsar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

Bru. Cæsar, thou can'st not die by traitors' hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

Oct. So I hope ;

I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

Bru. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou could'st not die more honourable.

Cas. A peevish school-boy, worthless of such honour,
Join'd with a masker and a reveller.

Ant. Old Cassius still !

Oct. Come, Antony ; away.—

Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth :
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field ;
If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exeunt OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.*]

Ca. Why now, blow, wind ; swell, billow ; and swim,
bark !

The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

Bru. Ho, Lucilius ; hark, a word with you.

Luc. My lord. [Brutus and Lucilius converse apart.]

Cas. Messala,—

Mes. What says my general ?

Cas. Messala^s,

This is my birth-day : as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala :
Be thou my witness, that, against my will,
As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set
Upon one battle all our liberties.

^s *Messala, &c.*] Almost every circumstance in this speech is taken from sir Thomas North's Translation of *Plutarch*.

“ But touching Cassius, Messala reporteth that he supped by himselfe in his tent with a few of his friendes, and that all supper tyme he looked very sadly, and was full of thoughts, although it was against his nature : and that after supper he tooke him by the hande, and holding him fast (in token of kindnes as his manner was) told him in Greeke, Messala, I protest vnto thee, and make thee my witnes, that I am compelled against my minde and will (as Pompey the Great was) to ieopard the libertie of our contry, to the hazard of a battel. And yet we must be liuely, and of good corage, considering our good fortune, whom we should wronge too muche to mistrust her, although we followe euill counsell. Messala writeth, that Cassius hauing spoken these last wordes vnto him, he bad him farewell, and willed him to come to supper to him the next night following, bicause it was his birth-day.” STEEVENS.

You

You know, that I held Epicurus strong,
 And his opinion : now I change my mind,
 And partly credit things that do presage.
 Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign⁶
 Two mighty eagles fell ; and there they perch'd,
 Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands ;
 Who to Philippi here consorted us :
 This morning are they fled away, and gone ;
 And, in their steads, do ravens, crows, and kites,
 Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,
 As we were sickly prey ; their shadows seem
 A canopy most fatal, under which
 Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

Meſ. Believe not so.

Cæs. I but believe it partly ;
 For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd
 To meet all perils very constantly.

Bru. Even so, Lucilius.

Cæs. Now, most noble Brutus,
 The gods to-day stand friendly ; that we may,
 Lovers, in peace, lead on our days to age !
 But since the affairs of men rest still uncertain,
 Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
 If we do lose this battle, then is this
 The very last time we shall speak together :
 What are you then determined to do ?

Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy⁷,

By

⁶ — *our former ensign*—] The old copy reads *former*, which may be right, as Shakspeare sometimes uses the *comparative* instead of the *positive* and superlative. See *K. Lear*, Act IV. sc. ii. Either word [*former* and *foremost*] has the same origin ; nor do I perceive why *former* should be less applicable to *place* than *time*. STEEVENS.

I once thought that for the sake of distinction the word should be spelt *foremer*, but as it is derived from the Saxon *forma*, *first*, I have adhered to the common spelling. MALONE.

⁷ *The very last time we shall speak together :*

What are you then determined to do ?] i. e. I am resolved in such a case to kill myself. What are you determined of? WARBURTON.

⁸ — *of that philosophy*,] There is an apparent contradiction between the sentiments contained in this and the following speech which Shakspeare has put into the mouth of Brutus. In this, Brutus declares his resolution to wait patiently for the determinations of Providence ; and in the next, he intimates, that though he should survive the battle, he would never submit to be led in chains to Rome.

By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself;—I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life⁹:—arming myself with patience¹,
To stay the providence of some high powers,
That govern us below.

This sentence in fir Thomas North's *Translation*, is perplexed, and might be easily misunderstood. Shakspeare, in the first speech, makes that to be the present opinion of Brutus, which in *Plutarch*, is mentioned only as one he formerly entertained, though now he condemned it.

So, in fir Thomas North:—"There Cassius beganne to speake first, and sayd: the gods graunt vs, O Brutus, that this day we may winne the field, and euer after to liue all the rest of our life quietly, one with another. But sith the gods haue so ordeyned it, that the greatest & chiefeest things amongst men are most vncertayne, and that if the battell fall out otherwise to daye then we wishe or looke for, we shall hardely meete againe, what art thou then determined to doe?, to fly, or dye? Brutus answered him, being yet but a young man, and not ouer greatly experienced in the world: I trust (I know not how) a certaine rule of philosophie, by the which I did greatly blame and reprove Cato for killing of him selfe, as being no lawfull nor godly acte, touching the gods, nor concerning men, valiant; not to giue place and yeld to diuine prouidence, and not constantly and patiently to take whatsoeuer it pleaseth him to send vs, but to drawe backe, and flie: but being nowe in the middest of the daunger, I am of a contrarie mind. For if it be not the will of God, that this battell fall out fortunate for vs, I will look no more for hope, neither seeke to make any new supply for war againe, but will rid me of this miserable world, and content me with my fortune. For, I gaue vp my life for my contry in the ides of Marche, for the which I shall liue in another more glorious worlde." STEEVENS.

I see no contradiction in the sentiments of Brutus. He would not determine to kill himself merely for the loss of *one* battle; but as he expresses himself, (page 410.) would try his fortune in a second fight. Yet he would not submit to be a captive. BLACKSTONE.

I concur with Mr. Steevens. The words of the text by no means justify Sir W. Blackstone's solution. The question of Cassius relates solely to the event of *this* battle. MALONE.

⁹ — *so to prevent*

The time of life:] To prevent is here used in a French sense—to anticipate. By *time* is meant the full and complete time; the period.

MALONE.

¹ — *arming myself with patience, &c.]* Dr. Warburton thinks, that in this speech something is lost; but there needed only a parenthesis to clear it. The construction is this: I am determined to act according to that philosophy which directed me to blame the suicide of Cato; arming myself with patience, &c. JOHNSON.

Cas.

Cas. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Thorough the streets of Rome?

Bru. No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work, the ides of March begun*;
And whether we shall meet again, I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take:—
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why we shall smile;
If not, why then this parting was well made.

Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

Bru. Why then, lead on.—O, that a man might know
The end of this day's business, ere it come!
But it sufficeth, that the day will end,
And then the end is known.—Come, ho! away! [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

The same. The field of battle.

Alarum. Enter BRUTUS, and MESSALA.

Bru. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills²
Unto the legions on the other side: [*Loud alarum.*]
Let them set on at once; for I perceive
But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing,
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, Messala; let them all come down. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

The same. Another part of the field.

Alarum. Enter CASSIUS, and TITINIUS.

Cas. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy:

* — *the ides of March begun;*] Our authour ought to have written
—*began.* For this error, I have no doubt, he is himself answerable.
MALONE.

² — *give these bills*] So, in the old translation of *Plutarch*: "In
the meane tyme Brutus that led the right winge, sent litle *billes* to
the collonels and captaines of private bandes, in which he wrote the
wordes of the battell," &c. STEEVENS.

This

This ensign here of mine was turning back ;
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

Tit. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early :
Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly ; his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all enclos'd.

Enter PINDARUS.

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off ;
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord :
Fly therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

Cas. This hill is far enough³.—Look, look, Titinius ;
Are those my tents, where I perceive the fire ?

Tit. They are, my lord.

Cas. Titinius, if thou lov'st me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here again ; that I may rest assur'd,
Whether yond' troops are friend or enemy.

Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought. [*Exit.*]

³ *This hill is far enough, &c.*] Thus, in the old translation of *Plutarch* : “ So, Cassius him selfe was at length compelled to flie, with a few about him, vnto a little hill, from whence they might easely see what was done in all the plaine : howbeit Cassius him self sawe nothing, for his sight was verie bad, sauing that he saw (and yet with much a doe) how the enemies spoiled his campe before his eyes. He sawe also a great troupe of horsmen, whom Brutus sent to aide him, and thought that they were his enemies that followed him : but yet he sent Titinius, one of them that was with him, to goe and know what they were. Brutus' horsmen sawe him coming a farre of, whom when they knewe that he was one of Cassius' chiefeest frendes, they shewted out for joy : and they that were familiarly acquainted with him, lighted from their horses, and went and imbraced him. The rest compassed him in rounde about a horsebacke, with songs of victorie and great rushing of their harnes, so that they made all the field ring againe for joy. But this marred all. For Cassius thinking in deed that Titinius was taken of the enemies, he then spake these wordes : desiring too much to liue, I haue liued to see one of my best frendes taken, for my sake, before my face. After that, he gotte into a tent where no bodye was, and tooke Pyndarus with him, one of his freed bondmen, whom he reserved ever for suche a pinche, since the cursed battell of the Parthians, where Crassus was slaine, though he notwithstanding scaped from that ouerthrow ; but then casting his cloke ouer his head, & holding out his bare neck vnto Pyndarus, he gaue him his head to be striken off. So the head was found seuered from the bodie ; but after that time Pyndarus was neuer seene more.” STEEVENS.

Cas.

Cas. Go, Pindarus⁴, get higher on that hill⁵;
My fight was ever thick; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.—

[*Exit PINDARUS.*]

This day I breathed first: time is come round⁶,
And, where I did begin, there shall I end;
My life is run his compass.—Sirrah, what news?⁷

Pin. [*above.*] O my lord!

Cas. What news?

Pin. Titinius is

Enclosed round about with horsemen, that
Make to him on the spur;—yet he spurs on.—
Now they are almost on him; now, Titinius!—
Now some 'light:—O, he 'lights too:—he's ta'en;—and,
hark!

[*Shout.*]

They shout for joy.

Cas. Come down, behold no more.—
O, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

Re-enter PINDARUS.

Come hither, sirrah:
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou should'st attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath!
Now be a freeman; and, with this good sword,
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer: Here, take thou the hilts;

⁴ *Go, Pindarus*] This dialogue between Cassius and Pindarus, is beautifully imitated by B. and Fletcher in their tragedy of *Bonduca*, Act III. sc. v. STEEVENS.

⁵ — *get higher on that hill* —] Our authour perhaps wrote on *this* hill; for Cassius is now on a hill. But there is no need of change. He means a hillock somewhat higher than that on which he now is.

The editor of the second folio arbitrarily reads—*thither* for *higher*, and all the subsequent editors adopted his alteration. MALONE.

⁶ — *time is come round*,] So, in *K. Lear*, the Bastard, dying says:

"The wheel is come full circle." STEEVENS.

⁷ — *Sirrah, what news?*] *Sirrah*, as appears from many of our old plays, was the usual address in speaking to servants, and children. Mr. Pope, not adverting to this, reads—*Now*, what news?

MALONE.

And,

And, when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword.—Cæsar, thou art reveng'd,
Even with the sword that kill'd thee.

[Dies.]

Pin. So, I am free; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will. O Cassius!
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him.

[Exit.]

Re-enter TITINIUS, *with* MESSALA.

Mes. It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius
Is overthrow'n by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

Mes. Where did you leave him?

Tit. All disconsolate,
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

Mes. Is not that he, that lies upon the ground?

Tit. He lies not like the living. O my heart!

Mes. Is not that he?

Tit. No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more.—O setting sun!
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set;
The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done!
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
O hateful error, melancholy's child!
Why dost thou shew to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O error, soon conceiv'd,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

Tit. What, Pindarus! Where art thou, Pindarus?

Mes. Seek him, Titinius; whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears: I may say, thrusting it;
For piercing steel, and darts envenomed,
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus,
As tidings of this sight.

Tit. Hie you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while. [Exit MESSALA.]
Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their shouts?

Alas,

Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing.
 But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow ;
 Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
 Will do his bidding.—Brutus, come apace,
 And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.—
 By your leave, gods ;—This is a Roman's part :
 Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart. [dies.]

Alarum. Re-enter MESSALA, with BRUTUS, young CATO,
 STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, and LUCILIUS.

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie ?

Mes. Lo, yonder ; and Titinius mourning it.

Bru. Titinius' face is upward.

Cato. He is slain.

Bru. O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet !
 Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
 In our own proper entrails. [Low alarums.]

Cato. Brave Titinius !—

Look, wher he have not crown'd dead Cassius !

Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as these !—

The last of all the Romans⁸, fare thee well !

It is impossible, that ever Rome

Should breed thy fellow.—Friends, I owe more tears

To this dead man, than you shall see me pay.—

I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.—

Come, therefore, and to Thassos⁹ send his body ;

⁸ *The last of all the Romans;* From the old translation of Plutarch :
 “ So, when he [Brutus] was come thither, after he had lamented the
 death of Cassius, calling him *the last of all the Romans, being impossi-*
ble that Rome should ever breede againe so noble and valliant a man as he, he
caused his bodie to be buried.” &c.

Mr. Rowe and all the subsequent editors read, as we should now
 write,—*Thou last*, &c. But this was not the phraseology of Shak-
 speare's age : See the letter of Posthumus to Imogen, in *Cymbeline*,
 Act III. sc. ii. “ —as you, *O the dearest of creatures*, would not even
 renew me with thine eyes.”

Again, in *K. Lear* :

“ *The jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes—*

“ *Cordelia leaves you.*”

not, *ye jewels*,—as we should now write. MALONE.

Objectum est Historico (*Cremutio Cordo*. Tacit. Ann. l. iv. 34.) quod
 Brutum Cassiumque ultimos Romanorum dixisset. Suet. Tiber. Lib. III.
 c. 61. STEEVENS.

⁹ — *and to Thassos*—] Old Copy—*Tharsus*. Corrected by Mr.
 Theobald. MALONE.

It is *Thassos* in sir Thomas North's Translation. STEEVENS.

His funerals shall not be in our camp,
 Left it discomfort us.—Lucilius, come ;—
 And come, young Cato ; let us to the field.—
 Labeo, and Flavius¹, set our battles on :
 'Tis three o'clock ; and, Romans, yet ere night
 We shall try fortune in a second fight. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Another Part of the Field.

Alarum. Enter fighting, soldiers of both armies ; then BRUTUS, CATO, LUCILIUS, and Others.

Bru. Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads !

Cato. What bastard doth not ? Who will go with me ?

I will proclaim my name about the field :—

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho !

A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend ;

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho² ! [*charges the enemy.*]

Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I ;

Brutus, my country's friend ; know me for Brutus.

[*Exit, charging the enemy. CATO is overpowered, and falls.*]

Luc. O young and noble Cato, art thou down ?

Why, now thou dy'st as bravely as Titinius ;

And may'st be honour'd being Cato's son³.

1. Sold. Yield, or thou die'st.

Luc. Only I yield to die :

There is so much, that thou wilt kill me straight⁴ ;

Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death. [*Offering money.*]

¹ *Labeo and Flavius*—] Old Copy—*Flavio*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

² *I am the son of Marcus Cato*—] So, in the old translation of *Plutarch*: "There was the sonne of Marcus Cato slaine valiantly fighting, &c. telling aloud his name and his father's name," &c. STEEVENS.

³ —*being Cato's son.*] i. e. worthy of him. WARBURTON.

⁴ *Luc.* Only I yield to die :

There is so much, that thou wilt kill me straight ;] Dr. Warburton has been much inclined to find *lacunæ*, or passages broken by omission, throughout this play. I think he has been always mistaken. The soldier here says, *Yield, or thou die'st*. Lucilius replies, I yield only on this condition, that I may die ; here is so much gold as thou seest in my hand, which I offer thee as a reward for speedy death. What now is there wanting ? JOHNSON.

1. *Sold.* We must not.—A noble prisoner!

2. *Sold.* Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

1. *Sold.* I'll tell the news⁵.—Here comes the general:—

Enter ANTONY.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

Ant. Where is he?

Luc. Safe, Antony⁶; Brutus is safe enough:

I dare assure thee, that no enemy

Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:

The gods defend him from so great a shame!

When you do find him, or alive, or dead,

He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

Ant. This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure you,

A prize no less in worth: keep this man safe,

Give him all kindness: I had rather have

Such men my friends, than enemies. Go on,

And see whe'r Brutus be alive, or dead:

And bring us word, unto Octavius' tent,

How every thing is chanc'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Another part of the field.

Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, and
VOLUMNIUS.

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

Cl. Statilius shew'd the torch-light⁷; but, my lord,

He

⁵ *I'll tell the news.*] The old copy reads: *I'll tell thee news.*—

JOHNSON.

Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

⁶ *Safe, Antony.*] So in the old translation of *Plutarch*: "In the mean time Lucilius was brought to him, who stowly with a bold countenance sayd, Antonius, I dare assure thee, that no enemy hath taken, nor shall take Marcus Brutus aliue: and I beseech God keepe him from that fortune. For wheresoeuer he be found, aliue or dead, he will be founde like himselfe. And now for my selfe, I am come vnto thee, hauing deceiued these men of armes here, bearing them downe that I was Brutus: and doe not refuse to suffer any torment thou wilt put me to. Lucilius wordes made them all amazed that heard him. Antonius on the other side, looking vpon all them that had brought him, sayd vnto them: my companions, I thinke ye are sorie you have failed of your purpose, & that you thinke this man hath done great wrong: but I doe assure you, you have taken a better bootie, then that you followed. For, instead of an enemy, you have brought me a friend," &c. STEEVENS.

⁷ *Statilius shew'd the torch-light, &c.*] So, in the old translation of
Plutarch:

He came not back, he is or ta'en or slain.

Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus : Slaying is the word ;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.—

Cli. What, I, my lord ? No, not for all the world. [*whispering.*]

Bru. Peace then, no words.

Cli. I'll rather kill myself.

Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius !

[*whispers him.*]

Dar. Shall I do such a deed ?

Cli. O, Dardanius !

Dar. O, Clitus !

Cli. What ill request did Brutus make to thee ?

Dar. To kill him, Clitus : Look, he meditates.

Cli. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.

Plutarch : " Furthermore, Brutus thought that there was no great number of men slain in battell, and to know the trueth of it, there was one called Statilius, that promised to goe through his enemies (for otherwise it was impossible to goe see their campe,) and from thence if all were well, that he woulde lift vp a torch-light in the ayer, and then returne againe with speed to him. The torch-light was lift vp as he had promised, for Statilius went thither. Nowe Brutus seeing Statilius tarie long after that, and that he came not again, he say'd : if Statilius be aliue, he will come againe. But his euill fortune was suche, that as he came backe, he lighted in his enemies hands, and was slain. Now, the night being farre spent, Brutus as he fate, bowed towards Clitus one of his men, and told him somewhat in his eare; the other aunswered him not, but fell a weeping. Thereupon he proued Dardanius, and sayd somewhat also to him : at length he came to Volumnius him selfe, and speaking to him in Græke, prayed him for the studies sake which brought them acquainted together, that he woulde helpe him to put his hande to his sword, to thrust it in him to kill him. Volumnius denied his request, and so did many others : and amongst the rest, one of them sayd, there was no tarrying for them there, but that they must needes flie. Then Brutus rising vp, we must flie in deede, sayd he, but it must be with our hands, not with our secte. Then taking euery man by the hand, he sayd these words vnto them with a chearfull countenance. It rejoyceth my hart that not one of my frends hath failed me at my neede, and I do not complaine of my fortune, but only for my contries sake : for, as for me, I thinke my selfe happier than they that haue ouercome, considering that I leaue a perpetuall fame of our corage and manhoode, the which our enemies the conquerors shall neuer attaine vnto by force nor money, neither can let their posteritie to say, that they being naughtie and unjust men, haue slain good men, to vsurpe tyrannical power not pertaining to them. Hauing sayd so, he prayed euery man to shift for them selues, and then he went a litle aside," &c. STEEVENS.

Bru.

Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius; list a word.

Vol. What says my lord?

Bru. Why, this, Volumnius:

The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me
Two several times by night: at Sardis, once;
And, this last night, here in Philippi' fields.
I know, my hour is come.

Vol. Not so, my lord.

Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.

Thou see'st the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit: [Alarum.
It is more worthy, to leap in ourselves,
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st, that we two went to school together;
Even for that our love of old, I pray thee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts^a, whilst I run on it.

Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my lord.

[Alarum still.

Cl. Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here.

Bru. Farewel to you;—and you;—and you, Volumnius:—

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;
Farewel to thee too, Strato.—Countrymen,
My heart doth joy, that yet, in all my life,
I found no man, but he was true to me.
I shall have glory by this losing day,
More than Octavius, and Mark Antony,
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.
So, fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue
Hath almost ended his life's history:
Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bores would rest,

^a — *my sword-hilts*—] So the old copy, and rightly.

“ — with this good *sword*,”

“ That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.

“ Stand not to answer; here take thou the *hilts*.”

Again, in the *Mirroure for Magistrates*, 1587:

“ — a naked sword he had,

“ That to the *hilts* was all with blood imbrued.”

Mr. Rowe and the other modern editors read, agreeably to the language of the present time, — *my sword's hilt*. MALONE.

⁹ *Farewel to thee too, Strato.*] Thus the modern editions: I think, rightly. The old folio reads:

Farewell to thee, to Strato, countrymen. JOHNSON.

The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

That

That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

[*Alarum. Cry within; Fly, fly, fly.*

Cl. Fly, my lord, fly.

Bru. Hence; I will follow.

[*Exeunt CLIVS, DARDANIUS, and VOLUMNIUS.*

I pr'ythee, Strato, stay thou by the lord:

Thou art a fellow of a good respect;

Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it:

Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,

While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

Stra. Give me your hand first: Fare you well, my lord.

Bru. Farewel, good Strato.—Cæsar, now be still;

I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

[*He runs on his sword, and dies.*

Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA, LUCILIUS, and their Army.

Oct. What man is that?

Mes. My master's man.—Strato, where is thy master?

Stra. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala;

The conquerors can but make a fire of him;

For Brutus only overcame himself,

And no man else hath honour by his death.

Luc. So Brutus should be found.—I thank thee Brutus, That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.

Oct. All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain them.

Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

Stra. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

Oct. Do so, good Messala.

Mes. How died my master, Strato?

Stra. I held the sword, and he did run on it.

Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee, That did the latest service to my master.

Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all:

All the conspirators, save only he¹,

Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;

¹ — *save only he, &c.*] So, in the old translation of *Plutarch*: "For it was sayd that Antonius spake it openly diuers tymes, that he thought, that all of them that had slayne Cæsar, there was none but Brutus only that was moued to do it, as thinking the acte commendable of it selfe: but that all the other conspirators did conspire his death, for some priuate malice or enuy, that they otherwise did beare vnto him." STEEVENS.

He, only, in a general honest thought,
 And common good to all, made one of them.
 His life was gentle; and the elements
 So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,
 And say to all the world, *This was a man*!²

[² — the elements

So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,

And say to all the world, This was a man.] So, in the *Barons' Wars*,
 by Drayton, Canto III:

"He was a man (then boldly dare to say)

"In whose rich soul the virtues well did suit;

"In whom so mix'd the elements all lay,

"That none to one could sovereignty impute;

"As all did govern, so did all obey:

"He of a temper was so absolute,

"As that it seem'd, when nature him began,

"She meant to shew all that might be in man."

This poem was published in the year 1598. The play of our author did not appear before 1623. STEEVENS.

Drayton originally published his poem on the subject of the *Barons' Wars*, under the title of *MORTIMERIADOS, the lamentable civill warres of Edward the Second and the Barrons*: Printed by J. R. for Humfry Lownes, and are to be solde at his shop at the west end of Paules Church. It is in seven-line stanzas, and was, I believe, published before 1598. The quarto copy before me has no date. But he afterwards new-modelled the piece entirely, and threw it into stanzas of eight lines, making some retrenchments and many additions and alterations throughout. An edition of his poems was published in 8vo in 1602; but it did not contain the *Barons' Wars* in any form. They first appeared with that name in the edition of 1608, in the preface to which he speaks of the change of his title, and of his having new-modelled his poem. There, the stanza quoted by Mr. Steevens appears thus:

"Such one he was, (of him we boldly say,)

"In whose rich soule all soveraigne powres did sute,

"In whom in peace the elements all lay

"So mixt, as none could soveraigntie impute;

"As all did govern, yet all did obey;

"His lively temper was so absolute,

"That 't seem'd, when heaven his modell first began,

"In him it shew'd perfection in a man."

In the same form is this stanza exhibited in an edition of Drayton's pieces, printed in 8vo, 1610, and in that of 1613. The lines quoted by Mr. Steevens are from the edition in folio printed in 1619, after Shakespeare's death. In the original poem, entitled *Mortimeriados*, there is no trace of this stanza; so that I am inclined to think that Drayton was the copyist, as his verses originally stood. In the altered stanza he certainly was. He probably had seen this play when it was first exhibited, and perhaps between 1613 and 1619 had perused the MS. MALONE.

Oct. According to his virtue let us use him,
 With all respect, and rites of burial.
 Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
 Most like a foldier, order'd honourably.—
 So, call the field to rest : and let's away,
 To part the glories of this happy day³.

[*Exeunt.*]

³ Of this tragedy many particular passages deserve regard, and the contention and reconciliation of Brutus and Cassius is universally celebrated; but I have never been strongly agitated in perusing it, and think it somewhat cold and unaffecting, compared with some other of Shakspeare's plays: his adherence to the real story, and to Roman manners, seems to have impeded the natural vigour of his genius. JOHNSON.

Gildon has justly observed, that this tragedy ought to have been called *Marcus Brutus*, Cæsar being a very inconsiderable personage in the scene, and being killed in the third act. MALONE.

* * The substance of Dr. Warburton's long and erroneous comment on a passage in the second act of this play, is contained in a letter written by him in the year 1726-7, of which the first notice was given to the publick in the following note on Dr. Akenlide's *Ode to Mr. Edwards*, which has, I know not why, been omitted in the late editions of that poet's works :

" During Mr. Pope's war with Theobald, Concanen, and the rest of their tribe, Mr. Warburton, the present lord bishop of Gloucester, did with great zeal cultivate their friendship; having been introduced, forsooth, at the meetings of that respectable confederacy : a favour which he afterwards spoke of in very high terms of complacency and thankfulness. At the same time, in his intercourse with them he treated Mr. Pope in a most contemptuous manner, and as a writer without genius. Of the truth of these assertions his lordship can have no doubt, if he recollects his own correspondence with Concanen; a part of which is still in being, and will probably be remembered as long as any of this prelate's writings."

If the letter here alluded to, contained any thing that might affect the moral character of the writer, tenderness for the dead would forbid its publication. But that not being the case, and the learned prelate being now beyond the reach of criticism, there is no reason why this literary curiosity should be longer withheld from the publick :

" —Duncan is in his grave;

" After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;

" Treason has done his worst : nor steel, nor poison,

" Malice domestick, foreign levy, nothing

" Can touch him further."

Letter from Mr. W. Warburton to Mr. M. Concanen.

" Dear Sir,

" having had no more regard for those papers which I spoke of and promis'd to Mr. Theobald, than just what they deserv'd, I in vain sought for them thro' a number of loose papers that had the same

same kind of abortive birth. I used to make it one good part of my amusement in reading the English poets, those of them I mean whose vein flows regularly and constantly, as well as clearly, to trace them to their sources; and observe what oar, as well as what slime and gravel they brought down with them. Dryden I observe borrows for want of leisure, and Pope for want of genius: Milton out of pride, and Addison out of modesty. And now I speak of this latter, that you and Mr. Theobald may see of what kind these idle collections are, and likewise to give you my notion of what we may safely pronounce an imitation, for it is not I presume the same train of ideas that follow in the same description of an ancient and a modern, where nature when attended to, always supplies the same stores, which will autorise us to pronounce the latter an imitation, for the most judicious of all poets, Terence, has observed of his own science *Nil est dictum, quod non sit dictum prius*: For these reasons I say I give myself the pleasure of setting down some imitations I observed in the Cato of Addison.

Addison. A day an hour of virtuous liberty

Is worth a whole eternity in bondage. *Act 2. Sc. 1.*

Tully. Quod si immortalitas consequeretur presentis periculi fugam, tamen eo magis ea fugienda esse videretur, quo diuturnior esset servitus. *Philipp. Or. 10(a).*

Addison. Bid him disband his legions

Restore the commonwealth to liberty

Submit his actions to the public censure,

And stand the judgement of a Roman senate,

Bid him do this and Cato is his friend.

Tully. Pacem vult? arma deponat, roget, deprecetur. Neminem equiorem reperiet quam me. *Philipp. 5(a).*

Addison. ——— But what is life?

'Tis not to stalk about and draw fresh air

From time to time——

'Tis to be free. When Liberty is gone,

Life grows insipid and has lost its relish. *Sc. 3.*

Tully. Non enim in spiritu vita est: sed ea nulla est omnino servienti. *Philipp. 10(a).*

Addison. Remember O my friends the laws the rights

The gen'rous plan of power deliver'd down

From age to age by your renowned forefathers.

O never let it perish in your hands. *Act 3. Sc. 5.*

Tully. ——— Hanc [libertatem scilicet] retinete, quaeso, Quirites, quam vobis, tanquam hereditatem, majores nostri reliquerunt. *Philippi. 4(a).*

Addison. The mistress of the world, the seat of Empire,

The nurse of Heroes the Delight of Gods.

Tully. Roma domus virtutis, imperii dignitatis, domicilium gloriæ, lux orbis terrarum. *de Oratore.*

"The first half of the 5 Sc. 3. Act. is nothing but a transcript from the 9 book of Lucan between the 300 and the 700 line. You see by this specimen the exactness of Mr. Addison's judgement who wanting sentiments worthy the Roman Cato sought for them in Tully and Lucan. When he wou'd give his subject those terrible graces which Dion. Hallicar: complains he could find no where but

but in Homer, he takes the assistance of our Shakespear, who in his *Julius Cæsar* has painted the conspirators with a pomp and terror that perfectly astonishes. hear our British Homer.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the Int'rim is

Like a phantasma or a hideous dream

The Genius and the mortal Instruments

Are then in council, and the state of Man

like to a little Kingdom, suffers then

The nature of an insurrection:

Mr. Addison has thus imitated it :

O think what anxious moments pass between

The birth of plots, and their last fatal periods

O 'tis a dreadful interval of time,

Filled up with horror all, & big with death.

I have two things to observe on this imitation. I. the decorum this exact Mr. of propriety has observed. In the Conspiracy of Shakespear's description, the fortunes of Cæsar, and the roman Empire were concerned. And the magnificent circumstances of

" The genius and the mortal instruments

" are then in council.

is exactly proportioned to the dignity of the subject. But this wou'd have been too great an apparatus to the desertion of Syphax and the rape of Sempronius, and therefore Mr. Addison omits it. II. The other thing more worthy our notice is, that Mr. A. was so greatly moved and affected with the pomp of Sh: (s) description, *that instead of copying his author's sentiments, he has before he was aware given us only the marks of his own impressions on the reading him.* For,

" O 'tis a dreadful interval of time

" Filled up with horror all, and big with death.

are but the affections raised by such lively images as these

" —all the Int'rim is

" Like a phantasma or a hideous dream.

&,

" The state of man—like to a little kingdom suffers then

" The nature of an insurrection.

Again when Mr. Addison would paint the softer passions he has recourse to Lee who certainly had a peculiar genius that way. thus his Juba

" True she is fair. O how divinely fair!
coldly imitates Lee in his Alex :

" Then he wou'd talk : Good Gods how he wou'd talk !

I pronounce the more boldly of this, because Mr. A. in his 39 Spec. expresses his admiration of it. My paper fails me, or I shou'd now offer to Mr. Theobald an objection agt. Shakspeare's acquaintance with the ancients. As it appears to me of great weight, and as it is necessary he shou'd be prepared to obviate all that occur on that head. But some other opportunity will present itself. You may now, S(r), justly complain of my ill manners in deferring till now, what shou'd have been first of all acknowledged due to you. which is my thanks for all your favours when in town, particularly for introducing me to the knowledge of those worthy and ingeni-

ous

JULIUS CÆSAR.

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ous Gentlemen that made up our last night's conversation. I am,
Sir, with all esteem your most obliged friend and humble
servant

W. Warburton.

Newarke Jan. 2. 1726.

[The superscription is thus.]

For

Mr. M. Concanen at
Mr. Woodward's at the
half moon in fleetstreet
London.

The foregoing Letter was found about the year 1750, by Dr.
Gawin Knight, first librarian to the British Museum, in sitting up a
house which he had taken in Crane-court, Fleet-street. The house
had, for a long time before, been let in lodgings, and in all proba-
bility, Concanen had lodged there. The original letter has been
many years in my possession, and is here most exactly copied, with
its several little peculiarities in grammar, spelling, and punctuation.
April 30. 1766.

M. A.

The above is copied from an indorsement of Dr. Mark Akenfide,
as is the preceding letter from a copy given by him to ———
Esq. I have carefully retained all the peculiarities above-men-
tioned. MALONE.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Persons Represented.

M. Antony,	}	<i>Triumvirs.</i>
Octavius Cæsar,		
M. Æmil. Lepidus,		
Sextus Pompeius.		
Domitius Enobarbus,	}	<i>Friends of Antony.</i>
Ventidius,		
Eros,		
Scarus,		
Dercetas,		
Demetrius,		
Philo,		
Mecænas,	}	<i>Friends to Cæsar.</i>
Agrippa,		
Dolabella,		
Proculeius,		
Thyreus,		
Gallus,	}	<i>Friends of Pompey.</i>
Menas,		
Menæcrates,		
Varrius,		
Taurus, <i>Lieutenant-General to Cæsar.</i>		
Canidius, <i>Lieutenant-General to Antony.</i>		
Silius, <i>an officer in Ventidius's army.</i>		
<i>An Ambassador from Antony to Cæsar.</i>		
Alexas, Mardian, Seleucus, and Diomedes; <i>Attendants on Cleopatra.</i>		
<i>A Soothsayer. A Clown.</i>		
Cleopatra, <i>Queen of Egypt.</i>		
Octavia, <i>Sister to Cæsar, and Wife to Antony.</i>		
Charmian,	}	<i>Attendants on Cleopatra.</i>
Iras,		

Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, dispersed; in several parts of the Roman Empire.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Alexandria. *A Room in Cleopatra's Palace.*

Enter DEMETRIUS, and PHILO.

Phi. Nay; but this dotage of our general's²
O'erflows the measure: those his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and musters of the war
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn,
The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front: his captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The buckles on his breast, reneges³ all temper;
And is become the bellows, and the fan,
To cool a gypsie's lust⁴. Look, where they come!

Flourish.

¹ *Antony and Cleopatra* was written, I imagine, in the year 1608.
See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's plays*, Vol. I.

MALONE.

² — *of our general's*—] It has already been observed that this phraseology (not, of our *general*,) was the common phraseology of Shakspeare's time. MALONE.

³ — *reneges*—] Renounces. POPE.

So, in *K. Lear*: "*Renega, affirm*," &c. This word is likewise used by Stanyhurst in his version of the second book of Virgil's *Æneid*:

"To live now longer, Troy burnt, he flatly *renegeth*."

STEEVENS.

⁴ *And is become the bellows, and the fan,*

To cool a gypsie's lust.] In this passage something seems to be wanting. The *bellows* and *fan* being commonly used for contrary purposes, were probably opposed by the authour, who might perhaps have written:

— *is become the bellows and the fan,*

To kindle and to cool a gypsie's lust. JOHNSON.

In Lyly's *Midas*, 1592, the *bellows* is used both to *cool* and to *kindle*: "*Methinks Venus and Nature stand with each of them a pair of bellows, one cooling my low birth, the other kindling my lofty affections.*" STEEVENS.

The text is undoubtedly right. The *bellows*, as well as the *fan*, cools the air by ventilation; and Shakspeare considered it here merely as an instrument of *wind*, without attending to the domestick use to which

Flourish. Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA, with their trains;
Eunuchs fanning her.

Take good note, and you shall see in him
The tripple pillar³ of the world transform'd
Into a strumpet's fool: behold and see.

Cleo. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

Ant. There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd⁶.

Cleo. I'll set a bourn⁷ how far to be belov'd.

Ant. Then must thou needs find out new heaven, new
earth⁸.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. News, my good lord, from Rome.

Ant. Grates me:—The sum⁹.

which it is commonly applied. We meet with a similar phraseology
in his *Venus and Adonis*:

"Then, with her windy sighs, and golden hairs,

"To fan and blow them dry again, she seeks."

The following lines in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. II. c. ix. at once
support and explain the text:

"But to delay the heat, lest by mischaunce

"It might breake out, and set the whole on fyre,

"There added was, by goodly ordinaunce,

"A huge great payre of bellowes, which did styre

"Continually, and cooling breath inspyre." MALONE.

— *gypsies's lust*.—] *Gypsies* is here used both in the original meaning
for an *Egyptian*, and in its accidental sense for a *bad woman*. JOHNSON.

⁵ The tripple pillar—] *Tripple* is here used improperly for *third*, or
one of three. One of the *triumvirs*, one of the three masters of the
world. WARBURTON.

So, in *All's Well that Ends Well*:

"Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,

"He bade me store up as a tripple eye." MALONE.

⁶ There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.] So, in *Romeo and
Juliet*:

"They are but beggars that can count their worth."

"*Basia pauca cupit, qui numerare potest.*"

Mart. l. vi. ep. 36. STEEVENS.

Again, in *Much ado about nothing*:

"I were but little happy, If I could say how much."

MALONE.

⁷ — bourn—] Bound or limit. POPE.

⁸ Then must thou needs find out new heaven, &c.] Thou must set the
boundary of my love at a greater distance than the present visible
universe affords. JOHNSON.

⁹ — The sum.] Be brief, sum thy business in a few words. JOHNSON.

Cleo.

Cleo. Nay, hear them*, Antony:

Fulvia, perchance, is angry; Or, who knows
If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent
His powerful mandate to you, *Do this, or this;*
Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that;
Perform't, or else we damn thee.

Ant. How, my love!

Cleo. Perchance,—nay, and most like,
You must not stay here longer, your dismissal
Is come from Cæsar; therefore hear it, Antony.—
Where's Fulvia's process²? Cæsar's, I would say?—
Both?—

Call in the messengers.—As I am Egypt's queen,
Thou blushest, Antony; and that blood of thine
Is Cæsar's homager: else so thy cheek pays shame,
When shrill-tongu'd Fulvia scolds.—The messengers,

Ant. Let Rome in Tyber melt! and the wide arch
Of the rang'd empire fall³! Here is my space;
Kingdoms are clay: our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man: the nobleness of life

* *Nay, hear them,*] i. e. the *newes*. This word in Shakspeare's time was considered as plural. So, in Plutarch's *Life of Antony*: "Antony hearing *these newes*," &c. MALONE.

¹ *Take in that kingdom,*] i. e. Subdue that kingdom. MALONE.

² *Where's Fulvia's process?*] *Process* here means *summons*. MASON.

³ "The writings of our common lawyers sometimes call that the *process*, by which a man is called into the court and no more." Minshew's *Dict.* 1617, in v. *Process*.—"To serve with *process*. Vide to cite, to summon." *Ibid.* MALONE.

³ — and the wide arch

Of the rang'd empire fall!] Taken from the Roman custom of raising triumphal arches to perpetuate their victories. Extremely noble. WARBURTON.

I am in doubt whether Shakspeare had any idea but of a fabric standing on pillars. The later editions have all printed the *raised* empire, for the *ranged* empire, as it was first given. JOHNSON.

The *rang'd empire* is certainly right. Shakspeare uses the same expression in *Coriolanus*:

"—bury all which yet distinctly *ranges*,

"In heaps and piles of ruin."

Again, in *Much ado about Nothing*, Act II. sc. ii: "Whatsoever comes athwart his affection, *ranges* evenly with mine." STEEVENS.

The term *range* seems to have been applied in a peculiar sense to mason-work in our authour's time. So, in Spenser's *F.* 2. B. II. c. 12.

"It was a vault-ybuilt for great dispence,

"With many *raunges* rear'd along the wall." MALONE.

Is, to do thus; when such a mutual pair, [embracing.
And such a twain can do't, in which, I bind
On pain of punishment, the world to weep⁴,
We stand up peerless.

Cleo. Excellent falsehood!

Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?—
I'll seem the fool I am not; Antony
Will be himself.

Ant. But stirr'd by Cleopatra⁵.—

Now, for the love of Love, and her soft hours⁶,
Let's not confound the time⁷ with conference harsh:
There's not a minute of our lives should stretch
Without some pleasure now: What sport to-night?

Cleo. Hear the ambassadors.

Ant. Fye, wrangling queen!

Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep⁸; whose every passion fully strives⁹
To make itself, in thee, fair and admir'd!
No messenger; but thine and all alone;
To-night, we'll wander through the streets, and note

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The

⁴ — to weep,] To know. POPE.

⁵ But stirr'd by Cleopatra.] But, in this passage, seems to have the old Saxon signification of *without, unless, except*. Antony, says the queen, will recollect his thoughts. Unless kept, he replies, in communion by Cleopatra. JOHNSON.

⁶ Now, for the love of Love, and her soft hours.] For the love of Love, means, for the sake of the queen of love. So, in the *Comedy of Errors*:

"Let Love, being light, be drowned if she sink."

Mr. Rowe substituted *his* for *her*, and this unjustifiable alteration was adopted by all the subsequent editors. MALONE.

⁷ Let's not confound the time—] i. e. let us not consume the time. So, in *Coriolanus*:

"How could'st thou in a mile confound an hour,

"And bring thy news so late?" MALONE.

⁸ Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,

To weep;—] So, in our authour's 150th Sonnet:

"Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,

"That in the very refuse of thy deeds

"There is such strength and warrantise of skill,

"That in any mind thy worst all best exceeds?" MALONE.

⁹ — whose every passion fully strives.] The folio reads—*who*. It was corrected by Mr. Rowe; but "*whose every passion*" was not, I suspect, the phraseology of Shakspeare's time. The text however is undoubtedly corrupt. MALONE.

¹ No messenger; but thine and all alone.] Cleopatra has said, "Call in the messengers;" and afterwards, "Hear the ambassadors." Talk not

The qualities of people? Come, my queen;
Last night you did desire it:—Speak not to us,

[*Exeunt ANT. and CLEOP. with their train;*

Dem. Is Cæsar with Antonius priz'd so slight?

Phi. Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,
He comes too short of that great property
Which still should go with Antony.

Dem. I am full sorry,
That he approves the common liar³, who
Thus speaks of him at Rome: But I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same. Another Room.

Enter CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, and a Soothsayer⁴.

Char. Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any thing
Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, where's the sooth-
sayer that you praised so to the queen? O, that I knew
this husband, which, you say, must charge his horns with
garlands⁵

Alex.

not to me, says Antony, of messengers; I am now wholly thine, and
you and I unattended will to-night wander through the streets. The
subsequent words which he utters as he goes out, "Speak not to us,"
confirm this interpretation. MALONE.

² *To-night, we'll wander through the streets, &c.]* So, in Sir Thomas
North's *Translation of the Life of Antonius*: "—Sometime also when
he would goe up and downe the citie disguised like a slave in the
night, and would peere into poore men's windowes and their shops,
and scold and brawl with them within the house; Cleopatra would
be also in a chamber-maides array, and amble up and down the
streets with him," &c. STEEVENS.

³ *That he approves the common liar,—] That he proves the common
liar, same, in his case to be a true reporter. MALONE.*

⁴ *Enter Charmian, Iras, Alexas, and a Soothsayer.]* The old copy
reads: "Enter Enobarbus, *Lamprius*, a Southsayer, *Rannius*, *Luci-
lius*, Charmian, Iras, Mardian the Eunuch, and Alexas."

Plutarch mentions his grandfather *Lamprias*, as his author for
some of the stories he relates of the profuseness and luxury of An-
tony's entertainments at Alexandria. Shakspeare appears to have been
very anxious in this play to introduce every incident and every per-
sonage he met with in his historian. In the multitude of his cha-
racters, however, *Lamprias* is entirely overlook'd; together with
the others whose names we find in this stage-direction. STEEVENS.

⁵ — charge his horns with garlands! } Charge his horns is corrupt; the

Alex. Soothsayer,

Sooth. Your will?

Char. Is this the man?—Is't you, fir, that know things?

Sooth. In nature's infinite book of secrecy,

A little I can read.

Alex. Shew him your hand.

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough,
Cleopatra's health to drink.

F 2.

Char.

the true reading evidently is:—*must charge his horns with garlands* i. e. make him a rich and honourable cuckold, having his horns hung about with garlands. WARBURTON.

Sir Thomas Hanmer reads, not improbably, *change for horns his garlands*. I am in doubt, whether to *change* is not merely to *dress*, or to *dress with changes of garlands*. JOHNSON.

So, Taylor the water-poet, describing the habit of a coachman:—*with a cloak of some py'd colour, with two or three change of laces about.* *Change* of clothes in the time of Shakspeare signified variety of them. *Coriolanus* says that he has received "*change of honours*" from the Patricians. ACT II. sc. i. STEEVENS.

I once thought that these two words might have been often confounded, by their being both abbreviated, and written *chāge*. But an *n*, as the Bishop of Dromore observes to me, was sometimes omitted both in Ms. and print, and the omission thus marked, but an *r* never. This therefore might account for a compositor inadvertently printing *charge* instead of *change*, but not *change* instead of *charge*; which word was never abbreviated. I also doubted the phraseology—*change with*, and do not at present recollect any example of it in Shakspeare's plays or in his time; whilst in *The Taming of the Shrew*, we have the modern phraseology—*change for*:

To *change* true rules for odd inventions.

But a careful revision of these plays has taught me to place no confidence in such observations; for from some book or other of that age, I have no doubt almost every combination of words that may be found in our authour, however uncouth it may appear to our ears, or however different from modern phraseology, will at some time or other be justified. In the present edition, many which were considered as undoubtedly corrupt, have been incontrovertibly supported.

Still, however, I think that the reading originally introduced by Mr. Theobald, and adopted by Dr. Warburton, is the true one, because it affords a clear sense; whilst on the other hand, the reading of the old copy affords none; for supposing *change with* to mean *exchange for*, what idea is conveyed by this passage? and what other sense can these words bear? The substantive *change* being formerly used to signify variety, (as *change* of cloathes, of honours, &c.) proves nothing: *change of cloaths or linen* necessarily imports more than one; but the thing sought for is the meaning of the verb

Char. Good sir, give me good fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foresee.

Char. Pray then, foresee me one.

Sooth. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

Char. He means, in flesh.

Iras. No, you shall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid!

Alex. Vex not his prescience; be attentive.

Char. Hush!

Sooth. You shall be more loving, than belov'd.

Char. I had rather heat my liver with drinking.

Alex.

to *change*, and no proof is produced to shew that it signified to *dress*; or that it had any other meaning than to *exchange*.

Charmian is talking of her *future* husband, who certainly could not change his horns, at *present*, for garlands or any thing else, having not yet obtained them; nor could she mean, that when he did get them, he should *change* or part with them, for garlands: but he might *charge* his horns, when he should marry Charmian, with garlands: for having once got them, we may suppose, that he should wear them *contentedly* for life. Horns *charg'd* with garlands is an expression of a similar import with one which is found in *Characterismi*, or *Lenton's Leasures*, 8vo, 1631. In the description of a contented cuckold, he is said to "hold his *velvet horns* as high as the best of them."

Let it also be remembered that *garlands* are usually wreathed round the *head*; a circumstance which adds great support to the emendation now made. So Sidney:

"A garland made, on temples for to wear."

It is observable that the same mistake has happened in *Coriolanus*, where the same correction was made by Dr. Warburton, and adopted by all the subsequent editors:

"And yet to *charge* thy sulphur with a bolt,

"That should but rive an oak."

The old copy there, as here, has *change*. MALONE.

Since this note was written, I have met with an example of the phrase—to *change* with, in Lily's *Myrtes Metamorphosis*, 1600:

"The sweetness of that banquet must forego,

"Whose pleasant taste is *chang'd* with bitter woe."

I am still, however of opinion that *charge*, and not *change*, is the true reading, for the reasons assigned in my original note.

MALONE.

⁶ *I had rather beat my liver*—] To know why the lady is so averse from *beating* her *liver*, it must be remembered, that a heated liver is supposed to make a pimpled face. JOHNSON.

The following passage in an ancient satirical poem, entitled *Notes from Black-fryars*, 1617, confirms Dr. Johnson's observation,

"He'll not approach a tavern, no, nor drink ye,

"To save his life, hot water; wherefore think ye?

"For heating's *liver*; which some may suppose

"Scalding hot, by the *bubbles on his nose*." MALONE.

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Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now, some excellent fortune! Let me be married to three kings in a forenoon, and widow them all! let me have a child at fifty, to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage⁷: find me to marry with Octavius Caesar, and companion me with my mistress!

Sooth. You shall out-live the lady whom you serve.

Char. O excellent! I love long life better than figs⁸.

Sooth. You have seen and prov'd a fairer former fortune Than that which is to approach.

Char. Then, belike, my children shall have no names⁹: Pr'ythee, how many boys and wenches must I have?

Sooth. If every of your wishes had a womb,
And fertile every wish, a million¹.

Char.

⁷ — to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage! Herod paid homage to the Romans, to procure the grant of the kingdom of Judea; but I believe there is an allusion here to the theatrical character of this monarch, and to a proverbial expression founded on it. Herod was always one of the personages in the mysteries of our early stage, on which he was constantly represented as a fierce, haughty, blustering tyrant, so that Herod of Jewry became a common proverb, expressive of turbulence and rage. Thus, Hamlet says of a ranting player, that, he “out-herods Herod.” And in this tragedy Alexas tells Cleopatra that “not even Herod of Jewry dare look upon her when she is angry;” i. e. not even a man as fierce as Herod. According to this explanation, the sense of the present passage will be—Char-mian wishes for a son who may arrive to such power and dominion that the proudest and fiercest monarchs of the earth may be brought under his yoke. STEEVENS.

⁸ — I love long life better than figs.] This is a proverbial expression. STEEVENS.

⁹ Then, belike, my children shall have no names:] If I have already had the best of my fortune, then I suppose I shall never name children, that is, I am never to be married. However, tell me the truth, tell me, how many boys and wenches? JOHNSON.

A fairer fortune, I believe, means—a more reputable one. Her answer then implies, that belike all her children will be bastards, who have no right to the name of their father's family. Thus says I auncie in the third act of the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*: “That's as much as to say, bastard virtues, that indeed know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.” STEEVENS.

A line in our authour's *Rape of Lucrece* confirms Mr. Steevens's interpretation:

“Thy issue blur'd with nameless bastardy.” MALONE.

¹ If every of your wishes had a womb,
And fertile every wish, a million.] The old copy reads—And foretell. The emendation was made by Dr. Warburton. I have not hesitated to receive it, the change being so slight, and being so strongly supported by the context. If every one of your wishes,
says

Char. Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.

Alex. You think, none but your sheets are privy to your wishes.

Char. Nay, come, tell Iras hers.

Alex. We'll know all our fortunes.

Eno. Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-night, shall be—drunk to bed.

Iras. There's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.

Char. Even as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth famine.

Iras. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear.—Pr'ythee, tell her but a worky-day fortune.

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how, but how? give me particulars.

Sooth. I have said.

Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you choose it?

Iras. Not in my husband's nose.

Char. Our worse thoughts heavens mend! Alexas,—
come

says the soothsayer, had a womb, and each womb-invested with were likewise fertile, you then would have a million of children.—The merely supposing each of her wishes to have a womb, would not warrant the soothsayer to pronounce that she should have any children, much less a million; for, like Calphurnia, each of these wombs might be subject to "the sterile curse." The word *fertile* therefore is absolutely requisite to the sense. MALONE.

For *foretell*, in ancient editions, the later copies have *foretold*. *Foretell* favours the emendation, which is made with great acuteness; yet the original reading may, I think, stand. *If you had as many wombs as you will have wishes, and I should foretell all those wishes, I should foretell a million of children.* It is an ellipsis very frequent in conversation; *I should shame you, and tell all*; that is, *and if I should tell all.* And is for *and if*, which was anciently, and is still provincially used for *if*. JOHNSON.

In the instance given by Dr. Johnson, "I should shame you and tell all," *I* occurs in the former part of the sentence, and therefore may be well omitted afterwards; but here no personal pronoun has been introduced. MALONE.

² *Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, &c.]* So, in *Osello*:

" — This hand is moist, my lady: —

" This argues fruitfulness and liberal heart." MALONE.

³ Alexas,

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come, his fortune ³, his fortune.—O, let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I beseech thee! And let her die too, and give him a worse! and let worse follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold! Good Isis, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight; good Isis, I beseech thee!

Iras. Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose wiv'd, so it is deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded; Therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly!

Char. Amen.

Alex. Lo, now! if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores, but they'd do't.

Eno. Hush! here comes Antony.

Char. Not he, the queen.

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Cleo. Saw you my lord ⁴?

Eno. No, lady.

Cleo. Was he not here?

Char. No, Madam.

Cleo. He was dispos'd to mirth; but on the sudden
A Roman thought hath struck him,—Enobarbus,—

Eno. Madam.

Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither. Where's Alexas?

Alex. Here, at your service.—My lord approaches.

Enter ANTONY, with a Messenger, and Attendants.

Cleo. We will not look upon him: Go with us.

[*Exeunt CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, ALEXAS,*

IRAS, CHARMIAN, Soothsayer and Attendants.

Mes. Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.

Ant. Against my brother Lucius?

Mes.

³ *Alexas.*—*come, his fortune.*] In the old copy, to the speeches of Alexas, *Alex.* is regularly prefixed. The word here, though written at length, happening to be the first word of a line, two of the modern editors supposed that the remainder of this speech belonged to him, as probably the editor of the folio did, having placed a full point after *Alexas*. The proper regulation was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

⁴ Saw you my lord? Old Copy—*Save* you. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. *Saw* was formerly written *save*.

MALONE.

Mef. Ay :

But soon that war had end, and the time's state
Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst Cæsar;
Whose better issue in the war, from Italy,
Upon the first encounter, drave them.

Ant. Well, what worst?

Mef. The nature of bad news infects the teller.

Ant. When it concerns the fool or coward.—On :
Things, that are past, are done, with me.—'Tis thus :
Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,
I hear him as he flatter'd.

Mef. Labienus (this is stiff news) ⁵
Hath, with his Parthian force, extended Asia ⁶,
From Euphrates his conquering banner shook,
From Syria, to Lydia, and to Ionia :
Whilst—

Ant. Antony, thou wouldst say,—

Mef. O my lord !

Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the general tongue ;
Name Cleopatra as she's call'd in Rome :
Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase ; and taunt my faults
With such full licence, as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth weeds,

When

⁵ *this is stiff news,*] So, in the *Rape of Lucrece* :

"Fearing some hard news from the warlike band."

MALONE.

⁶ — *extended Asia* ;] To *extend*, is a term used for to *seize* ; I know not whether that be not the sense here. JOHNSON.

I believe Dr. Johnson's explanation right. So, in *Twelfth Night* :

"—this uncivil and unjust extent

"Against thy peace."

Again, in Massinger's *New Way to pay old Debts*, the Extortioner says :

"This manor is *extended* to my use."

Mr. Tollet has likewise no doubt but that Dr. Johnson's explanation is just ; "for (says he) Plutarch informs us that Labienus was by the Parthian king made general of his troops, and had over-run Asia from Euphrates and Syria to Lydia and Ionia." To *extend* is a law term used for to seize lands and tenements. In support of his assertion he adds the following instance : "Those wasteful companions had neither lands to *extend* nor goods to be seized. *Savile's Translation of Tacitus, dedicated to Q. Elizabeth* : " and then observes, that "Shakspeare knew the legal signification of the term, as appears from a passage in *As you like it* :

"And let my officers of such a nature

"Make an *extent* upon his house and lands." STEEVENS.

When our quick minds lie still ? ; and our ills told us,
Is as our earing. Fare thee well a while.

Mef. At your noble pleasure. [Exit.]

Ant. From Sicyon how the news ? Speak there.

1. *Att.* The man from Sicyon.—Is there such an one ?

2. *Att.* He stays upon your will.

Ant. Let him appear.—

These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,

Enter another Messenger.

Or lose myself in dotage.—What are you ?

2. *Mef.* Fulvia thy wife is dead.

5 *Ant.* Where died she ?

2. *Mef.*

1 *When our quick minds lie still ;*] The old copy reads—when our quick *winds* lie still ; which Dr. Johnson thus explains : “ The sense is, that man, not agitated by censure, like soil not ventilated by quick winds, produces more evil than good.” This certainly is true of *soil*, but where did Dr. Johnson find the word *soil* in this passage ? He found only *winds*, and was forced to substitute *soil ventilated by winds* in the room of the word in the old copy ; as Mr. Steevens, in order to extract a meaning from it, supposes *winds* to mean *fallowes*, because “ the ridges left in lands turned up by the plough, are termed *wind-rows* ;” though surely the obvious explanation of the latter word, *rows exposed to the wind*, is the true one. Hence the rows of new-mown grass laid in heaps to dry, are also called *wind-rows*.

The emendation which I have adopted, and which was made by Dr. Warburton, makes all perfectly clear ; for if in Dr. Johnson's note we substitute, *not cultivated*, instead of—“ not ventilated by quick winds,” we have a true interpretation of Antony's words as now exhibited.—Our *quick minds*, means, our lively, apprehensive minds. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II. “ It ascends me into the brain ;—makes it apprehensive, *quick*, forgetive. Again, in this play : “ The *quick* comedians.”—&c.

It is however proper to add Dr. Warburton's own interpretation, “ While the active principle within us lies immersed in sloth and luxury, we bring forth vices, instead of virtues, weeds instead of flowers and fruits ; but the laying before us our ill condition plainly and honestly, is, as it were, the first culture of the mind, which gives hope of a future harvest.”

Being at all times very unwilling to depart from the old copy, I should not have done it in this instance, but that the word *winds* in the only sense in which it has yet been proved to be used, affords no meaning ; and I had the less scruple on the present occasion, because the same error is found in *King John*, Act V. sc. vii. where we have in the only authentick copy—

“ Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,

“ Leaves them invisible ; and his siege is now

“ Against the *wind*.” MALONE.

2. *Mef.* In Sicily :

Her length of sickness, with what else more serious
Importeth thee to know, this bears.

[gives a Letter.

Ant. Forbear me.—

[Exit Messenger.

There's a great spirit gone ! Thus did I desire it :

What our contempts do often hurl from us,

We wish it ours again ; the present pleasure,

By revolution lowering, does become

The opposite of itself : she's good, being gone ;

The

The words *lie still* are opposed to *earing* ; *quick* means pregnant ; and the sense of the passage is : When our pregnant minds lie idle and untill'd, they bring forth weeds ; but the telling us of our faults is a kind of culture to them." The pronoun *our* before *quick*, shews that the substantive to which it refers must be something belonging to us, not merely an external object, as the *wind* is. To talk of *quick winds lying still*, is little better than nonsense.

MASON.

I suspect that *quick winds* is, or is a corruption of, some provincial word signifying either *arable lands*, or the *instruments of husbandry* used in tilling them. *Earing* signifies *plowing* both here and in sc. iv. So, in *Genesis*, c. 45. " Yet there are five years, in the which there shall neither be *earing* nor harvest." BLACKSTONE.

This conjecture is well founded. The ridges left in lands turned up by the plough, that they may sweeten during their fallow state, are still called *wind-rows*. *Quick winds*, I suppose to be the same as *teeming-fallows* ; for such *fallows* are always fruitful in weeds.

Wind-rows likewise signify heaps of manure, consisting of dung or lime mixed up with virgin earth, and distributed in long rows under hedges. If these *wind-rows* are suffered to *lie still*, in two senses, the farmer must fare the worse for his want of activity. First, if this compost be not frequently turned over, it will bring forth weeds spontaneously ; secondly, if it be suffered to continue where it is made, the fields receive no benefit from it, being fit only in their turn to produce a crop of useless and obnoxious herbage. STEEVENS.

— the present pleasure,

By revolution lowering, does become

The opposite of itself :—} The allusion is to the sun's diurnal course ; which rising in the *east*, and by *revolution lowering*, or setting in the *west*, becomes the opposite of itself. WARBURTON.

This is an obscure passage. The explanation which Dr. Warburton has offered is such, that I can add nothing to it ; yet, perhaps Shakspeare, who was less learned than his commentator, meant only, that our pleasures, as they are *revolved* in the mind, turn to pain. JOHNSON.

I rather understand the passage thus : " What we often cast from us in contempt we wish again for, and what is at present our greatest pleasure, lowers in our estimation by the revolution of time ; or, by a frequent return of possession becomes undesirable and disagreeable. TOLLET.

The hand could pluck her back⁹, that shov'd her on.
I must from this enchanting queen break off;
Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,
My idleness doth hatch.—How now! Enobarbus!

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. What's your pleasure, sir?

Ant. I must with haste from hence.

Eno. Why, then, we kill all our women: We see how mortal an unkindness is to them; if they suffer our departure, death's the word.

Ant. I must be gone.

Eno. Under a compelling occasion, let women die: It were pity to cast them away for nothing; though, between them and a great cause, they should be esteem'd nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of this, dies instantly; I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment¹: I do think, there is mettle in death, which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning past man's thought.

Eno. Alack, sir, no; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love: We cannot call her winds and waters, sighs and tears²; they are greater storms and tempests

I believe *revolution* means change of circumstances. This sense appears to remove every difficulty from the passage. *The pleasure of to-day, by revolution of events and change of circumstances, often loses all its value to us, and becomes to-morrow a pain.* STEEVENS.

⁹ *The hand could pluck her back, &c.*] The verb *could* has a peculiar signification in this place; it does not denote power but inclination. The sense is, *the hand that drove her off would now willingly pluck her back again.* HEATH.

Could, wou'd and shou'd, are a thousand times indiscriminately used in the old plays, and yet appear to have been so employed rather by choice than by chance. STEEVENS.

¹ —poorer moment: For less reason; upon meaner motives.

JOHNSON.

² *We cannot call her winds and waters, sighs and tears;*] I once idly supposed that Shakspeare wrote—"We cannot call her sighs and tears, winds and waters:"—which is certainly the phraseology we should now use. I mention such idle conjectures, however plausible, only to put all future commentators on their guard against suspecting a passage to be corrupt, because the diction is different from that of the present day. The arrangement of the text was the phraseology of Shakspeare, and probably of his time. So, in *King Henry VIII.*

"—You

tempests than almanacks can report : this cannot be cunning in her ; if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.

Ant. 'Would I had never seen her!

Eno. O, sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work : which not to have been blest withal, would have discredited your travel.

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Sir?

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Fulvia?

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shews to man the tailors of the earth ; comforting therein³, that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there are no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented : this grief is crown'd with consolation ; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat :—and, indeed, the tears live

“ — You must be well contented,

“ To make your house our Tower.”

We should certainly now write—to make our Tower your house. Again, in *Coriolanus* :

“ What good condition can a treaty find,

“ I' the part that is at mercy ?”

i. e. how can the party that is at mercy or in the power of another, expect to obtain in a treaty terms favourable to them?—

The passage, however, may be understood without any inversion. “ We cannot call the clamorous heavings of her breast, and the copious streams which flow from her eyes, by the ordinary name of sighs and tears ; they are greater storms,” &c. MALONE.

³ —it shews to man the tailors of the earth, comforting therein, &c.]

When the deities are pleased to take a man's wife from him, this act of theirs makes them appear to man like the tailors of the earth : affording this comfortable reflection, that the deities have made other women to supply the place of his former wife ; as the tailor, when one robe is worn out, supplies him with another. MALONE.

The meaning is this. *As the gods have been pleased to take away your wife Fulvia, so they have provided you with a new one in Cleopatra ; in like manner as the tailors of the earth, when your old garments are worn out, accommodate you with new ones.* ANONYMUS.

life in an onion⁴, that should water this sorrow.

Ant. The business she hath broached in the state,
Cannot endure my absence.

Eno. And the business you have broach'd here cannot be
without you; especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly
depends on your abode.

Ant. No more light answers. Let our officers

Have notice what we purpose. I shall break

The cause of our expedience⁵ to the queen,

And get her love to part⁶. For not alone

The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches⁷,

Do strongly speak to us; but the letters too

Of many our contriving friends in Rome

Petition us at home⁸: Sextus Pompeius

Hath given the dare to Cæsar, and commands

The

⁴ —the tears live in an onion, &c.] So, in *The noble Soldier*, 1634:
"So much water as you might squeeze out of an onion had been
tears enough," &c. STEEVENS.

⁵ The cause of our expedience—] *Expedience* for expedition. WARB.

⁶ And get her love, to part—] I suspect the author wrote: And
get her leave to part. So, afterwards:

"Would, she had never given you leave to come!"

The greater part of the succeeding scene is employed by Antony,
in an endeavour to obtain Cleopatra's permission to depart, and in
vows of everlasting constancy, not in persuading her to forget him,
or love him no longer.

"——— I go from hence,

"Thy soldier, servant; making peace, or war,

"As thou affect'st."

I have lately observed, that this emendation had been made by
Mr. Pope.—If the old copy be right, the words must mean, I will
get her love to permit and endure our separation. But the word
get connects much more naturally with the word *leave* than with
love.

The same error has happened in *Titus Andronicus*, and therefore
I have no doubt that *leave* was Shakspeare's word. In that play
we find—

"He loves his pledges dearer than his life,"

instead of—He leaves, &c. MALONE.

⁷ —more urgent touches,] Things that touch me more sensibly, more
pressing motives. JOHNSON.

So, in *Cymbeline*:

"—a touch more rare

"Subdues all pangs, all fears." MALONE.

⁸ Petition us at home:—] With us at home call for us to reside
at home. JOHNSON.

The empire of the sea : our slippery people
 (Whose love is never link'd to the deserver,
 'Till his deserts are past) begin to throw
 Pompey the great, and all his dignities,
 Upon his son ; who, high in name and power,
 Higher than both in blood and life, stands up
 For the main foldier ; whose quality, going on,
 The sides o'the world may danger : Much is breeding,
 Which, like the courser's hair⁹, hath yet but life,
 And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure,
 To such whose place is under us, requires
 Our quick remove from hence^r.

Eno. I shall do't.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Cleo. Where is he ?

Char. I did not see him since.

Cleo. See where he is, who's with him, what he does :—
 I did not send you² ;—If you find him sad,
 Say, I am dancing ; if in mirth, report
 That I am sudden sick : Quick, and return. [*Exit Alex.*]

Char.

⁹ —the courser's hair, &c.] Alludes to an old idle notion that the hair of a horse, dropt into corrupted water, will turn to an animal. POPE.

So, in Holinshed's *Description of England*, p. 224: "—A horse's hair laid in a pale full of the like water will in a short time stirre and become a living creature. But sith the certaintie of these things is rather proved by few," &c. STEEVENS.

Dr. Hister, in the *Philosophical Transactions*, showed that what were vulgarly thought animated horse-hairs, are real insects. It was also affirmed, that they moved like serpents, and were poisonous to swallow. TOLLET.

¹ Say, our pleasure,

To such whose place is under us, requires

Our quick remove from hence.] Say to those whose place is under us, i. e. to our attendants, that our pleasure requires us to remove in haste from hence. The old copy has—"whose places under us," and "require." The correction, which is certainly right, was made by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

² I did not send you ;—] You must go as if you came without my order or knowledge. JOHNSON.

So, in *Troilus and Cressida* :

"We met by chance ; you did not find me here." MALONE.

Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,
You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.

Cleo. What should I do, I do not?

Char. In each thing give him way, cross him in nothing.

Cleo. Thou teachest like a fool : the way to lose him.

Cleo. Tempt him not so too far : I wish, forbear ;
In time we hate that which we often fear.

Enter ANTONY.

But here comes Antony.

Cleo. I am sick, and sullen.

Ant. I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose.—

Cleo. Help me away, dear Charmian, I shall fall ;
It cannot be thus long, the fides of nature
Will not sustain it.

Ant. Now my dearest queen,—

Cleo. Pray you, stand farther from me.

Ant. What's the matter?

Cleo. I know, by that same eye, there's some good news.
What says the marry'd woman?—You may go ;
'Would, she had never given you leave to come !
Let her not say, 'tis I that keep you here,
I have no power upon you ; hers you are.

Ant. The gods best know,—

Cleo. O, never was there queen
So mightily betray'd ! Yet, at the first,
I saw the treasons planted.

Ant. Cleopatra,—

Cleo. Why should I think, you can be mine, and true,
Though you in swearing shake the throned gods,
Who have been false to Fulvia ? Riotous madness,
To be entangled with those mouth-made vows,
Which break themselves in swearing !

Ant. Most sweet queen,—

Cleo. Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going,
But bid farewell, and go : when you sh'd stay,
Then was the time for words : No going then ;—
Eternity was in our lips, and eyes ;
Bliss in our brows' bent³ ; none our parts so poor,

But

³ in our brow's bent ;—i. e. in the arch of our eye-brows.

STEEVENS.

But was a race of heaven⁴ : They are so still,
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greatest liar.

Ant. How now, lady !

Cleo. I would, I had thy inches ; thou should'st know,
There were a heart in Egypt.

Ant. Hear me, queen :

The strong necessity of time commands
Our services a while ; but my full heart
Remains in use with you. Our Italy
Shines o'er with civil swords : Sextus Pompeius
Makes his approaches to the port of Rome :
Equality of two domestick powers
Breeds scrupulous faction : The hated, grown to strength,
Are newly grown to love : the condemn'd Pompey,
Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace
Into the hearts of such as have not thriv'd
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten ;
And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge
By any desperate change : My more particular,
And that which most with you should save my going⁷
Is Fulvia's death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me freedom,
It does from childishness :—Can Fulvia die⁶ ?

Ant.

⁴ —a race of heaven :] i. e. had a smack or flavour of heaven.

WARBURTON.

This word is well explained by Dr. Warburton ; the *race* of wine is the taste of the soil. Sir T. Hammer, not understanding the word, reads, *ray*. JOHNSON.

I am not sure that the poet did not mean, was of heavenly origin.

MALONE.

⁵ *Remains in use*—] The poet seems to allude to the legal distinction between the *use* and *absolute possession*. JOHNSON.

⁶ —*should save my going*,] i. e. should render my going not dangerous, not likely to produce any mischief to you. Mr. Theobald instead of *save*, the reading of the old copy, unnecessarily reads *save*.

MALONE.

⁷ *It does from childishness : can Fulvia die ?*] Though age has not exempted me from folly, I am not so childish, as to have apprehensions from a rival that is no more. And is Fulvia dead indeed ? Such, I think, is the meaning. MALONE.

That Fulvia was mortal, Cleopatra could have no reason to doubt ; the meaning therefore of her question seems to be :—*Will there ever be an end of your excuses ? As often as you want to leave me, will not some Fulvia, some new pretext be found for your departure ?* She has already said that though age could not exempt her from some follies, at least it frees her from a childish belief all he says. SIEVEN.

Ant. She's dead, my queen :
Look here, and, at thy sovereign leisure, read
The garboils she awak'd^a; at the last, best:
See, when, and where she died.

Cleo. O most false love !
Where be the sacred vials thou should'st fill
With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see,
In Fulvia's death, how mine receiv'd shall be.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know
The purposes I bear ; which are, or cease,
As you shall give the advice : By the fire,
That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence,
Thy foldier, servant ; making peace, or war,
As thou affect'st.

Cleo. Cut my lace, Charmian, come ;—
But let it be.—I am quickly ill, and well :
So Antony loves¹.

Ant. My precious queen, forbear ;
And give true evidence to his love, which stands
An honourable trial.

Cleo.

^a *The garboils she awak'd ;—*] i. e. the commotion she occasioned.
The word is used by Heywood in the *Rape of Lucrece*, 1616 :

“—thou Tarquin, dost alone survive,

“The head of all those garboils.”

The word is derived from the old French *garboul*, which Cotgrave explains by *hurlyburly*, *great stir*. STEEVENS.

In Cawdrey's *Alphabetical Table of hard Words*, 8vo. 1604, *garboile* is explained by the word *hurlyburly*. MALONE.

¹ *O most false love !*

Where be the sacred vials thou should'st fill

With sorrowful water ?— Alluding to the lachrymatory vials, or bottles of tears, which the Romans sometimes put into the urn of a friend. JOHNSON.

So, in the first Act of *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, written by Fletcher in conjunction with Shakspeare :

“Balms and gums, and heavy cheers,

“*Sacred vials fill'd with tears.*” STEEVENS.

¹ *So Antony loves.*] i. e. uncertain as the state of my health is the love of Antony. STEEVENS.

I believe Mr. Steevens is right : yet before I read his note, I thought the meaning to be,—“My fears quickly render me ill ; and I am as quickly well again, when I am convinced that Antony has an affection for me.” So, for *so that*. If this be the true sense of the passage, it ought to be regulated thus :

I am quickly ill,—and well again,

So Antony loves.

So, in a subsequent scene :

“——I would, thou didst ;

“So half my Egypt were submerg'd.”

MALONE.

Cleo. So Fulvia told me.

I pr'ythee, turn aside, and weep for her ;
Then bid adieu to me, and say, the tears
Belong to Egypt² : Good now, play one scene
Of excellent dissembling ; and let it look
Like perfect honour.

Ant. You'll heat my blood ; no more.

Cleo. You can do better yet ; but this is meetly.

Ant. Now, by my sword,—

Cleo. And target,—Still he mends ;

But this is not the best : Look, pr'ythee, Charmian,
How this Herculean Roman³ does become
The carriage of his chafe.

Ant. I'll leave you, lady.

Cleo. Courteous lord, one word.

Sir, you and I must part,—but that's not it :
Sir, you and I have lov'd,—but there's not it ;
That you know well : Something it is I would,—
O, my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten⁴.

Ant. But that your royalty
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself.

Cleo.

² —to Egypt :—] To me, the queen of Egypt. JOHNSON.

“ ———I would, thou didst ;

“ So half my Egypt were submerg'd.” MALONE.

³ —Herculean Roman—] Antony traced his descent from Antea, a son of Hercules. STEEVENS.

⁴ O, my oblivion is a very Antony,

And I am all forgotten.] Cleopatra has something to say, which seems to be suppress'd by sorrow, and after many attempts to produce her meaning, she cries out : O, this oblivious memory of mine is as false and treacherous to me as Antony is, and I forget every thing. Oblivion, I believe, is boldly used for a memory apt to be deceitful. STEEVENS.

I have not the smallest doubt that Mr. Steevens's explanation of this passage is just, and therefore have not encumbered the page with any conjectures upon it. Dr. Johnson says, that “ it was her memory, not her oblivion, that like Antony, was forgetting and deserting her.” It certainly was ; it was her oblivious memory, as Mr. Steevens has well interpreted it ; and the licence is much in our authour's manner. MALONE.

⁵ But that your royalty

Holds idleness your subject, I should take you

For idleness itself.] The sense may be :—But that your queenship abuses idleness for the subject of your conversation, I should take you for idleness itself.

Cleo. 'Tis sweating labour,
To bear such idleness so near the heart
As Cleopatra this. But sir, forgive me;
Since my becoming kill me⁶, when they do not
Eye well to you: Your honour calls you hence;
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the gods go with you! upon your sword
Sit laurel victory! and smooth success
Be strew'd before your feet!

Ant. Let us go. Come;
Our separation so abides, and flies,
That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,
And I, hence fleeing, here remain with thee.
Away. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

Rome. *An Apartment in Cæsar's house.*

Enter OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, and Attendants.

Cæs. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know,
It is not Cæsar's natural vice to have
One great competitor⁷: From Alexandria

This

Myself. So Webster (who was often a very close imitator of Shakespeare) in his *Vittoria Corombona*, 1612:

"—how idle am I

"To question my own idleness!"

Or an antithesis may be designed between *royalty* and *subject*.—But that I know you to be a queen, and that your royalty holds idleness in subjection to you, exalting you far above its influence, I should suppose you to be the very genius of idleness itself. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens's latter interpretation is, I think, nearer the truth: But perhaps your *subject* rather means, whom being in subjection to you can command at pleasure, "to do your bidding," to assume the airs of coquetry, &c. Were not this coquet one of your attendants, I should suppose you yourself were this capricious being.

MALONE.

⁶ Since my becoming kill me,—] There is somewhat of obscurity in this expression. In the first scene of the play Antony had called her:

"—wrangling queen,

"Whom every thing becomes."

It is to this, perhaps, that she alludes. STEEVENS.

⁷ One great competitor:—] Perhaps, *Our great competitor.*

JOHNSON.

Competitor

This is the news ; He fishes, drinks, and wastes
The lamps of night in revel : is not more manlike
Than Cleopatra ; nor the queen of Ptolemy
More womanly than he : hardly gave audience, or
Vouchsaf'd to think he had partners : You shall find there
A man, who is the abstract of all faults
That all men follow.

Lep. I must not think, there are
Evils enough to darken all his goodness :
His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness ; hereditary,

Rather

Competitor means here, as it does wherever the word occurs in
Shakspeare, *associate*, or *partner*. MASON.

⁸ *His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heav'n,*

More fiery by night's blackness ;] If by spots are meant stars, as
night has no other fiery spots, the comparison is forced and harsh,
stars having been always supposed to beautify the night ; nor do I
comprehend what there is in the counter-part of this simile, which
answers to night's blackness. Hammer reads :

—spots on ermine,

Or fires, by night's blackness. JOHNSON.

The meaning seems to be—As the stars or spots of heaven are
not obscured, but rather rendered more bright, by the blackness of
the night, so neither is the goodness of Antony eclipsed by his evil
qualities, but, on the contrary, his faults seem enlarged and aggra-
vated by his virtues.

That which answers to the *blackness of the night*, in the counterpart
of the simile, is *Antony's goodness*. His goodness is a ground which
gives a relief to his faults, and makes them stand out more promi-
nent and conspicuous.

It is objected, that stars rather beautify than deform the night.
But the poet considers them here only with respect to their *promi-
nence and splendour*. It is sufficient for him that their scintillations ap-
pear stronger in consequence of darkness, as jewels are more re-
splendent on a black ground than on any other.—That the *promi-
nence and splendour* of the stars were alone in Shakspeare's contempla-
tion, appears from a passage in *Hamlet*, where a similar thought is
less equivocally express'd :

" Your skill shall, like a star i' the darkest night,

" Stick fiery off indeed."

A kindred thought occurs in *K. Henry V.*

" —though the truth of it stands off as gross

" As black from white, my eye will scarcely see it."

Again, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I.

" And like bright metal on a fullen ground,

" My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,

" Shall shew more goodly, and attract more eyes,

" Than that which hath no foil to set it off." MALONE.

Rather than purchas'd^o; what he cannot change,
Than what he chooses.

Cas. You are too indulgent: Let us grant, it is not
Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy;
To give a kingdom for a mirth; to sit
And keep the turn of tipling with a slave;
To reel the streets at noon and stand the buffet
With knaves that smell of sweat: say, this becomes him,
(As his composure must be rare indeed,
Whom these things cannot blemish¹;) yet must Antony
No way excuse his soils², when we do bear

So

^o —*purchas'd*;] Procured by his own fault or endeavour.

JOHNSON.

¹ —*say, this becomes him*;

(*As his composure must be rare, indeed,*

Whom these things cannot blemish;) This seems inconsequent.

I read:

And his composure, &c.

Grant that this becomes him, and if it can become him, he must have in him
something very uncommon; yet, &c. JOHNSON.

Though the construction of this passage, as Dr. Johnson observes,
appears harsh, there is, I believe, no corruption. In *As you Like it*,
we meet with the same kind of phraseology:

"—what though you have more beauty,

"(*As by my faith I see no more in you*

"Than without candle may go dark to bed,)

"Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?"

² *No way excuse his soils*,] The old copy has—*soils*. For the
emendation now made the present editor is answerable. In the Mss
of our author's time *f* and *s* are often undistinguishable, and no two
letters are so often confounded at the press. Shakspeare has so regu-
larly used this word in the sense required here, that there cannot,
I imagine, be the smallest doubt of the justness of this emendation.

So, in *Hamlet*:

"—and no *soil*, nor cautel, doth besmirch

"The virtue of his will."

Again, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

"The only *soil* of his fair virtue's gloss."

Again, in *Measure for Measure*:

"Who is as free from couch or *soil* with her,

"As she from one ungot."

Again, *ibid.*

"My *unsoil'd* name, the austereness of my life."

Again,

So great weight in his lightness³. If he fill'd
 His vacancy with his voluptuousness,
 Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,
 Call on him for't: but, to confound such time,
 That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud
 As his own state, and ours,—'tis to be chid
 As we rate boys; who, being mature in knowledge,
 Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
 And so rebel to judgment.

Enter a Messenger.

Lep. Here's more news.

Mes. Thy biddings have been done; and every hour,
 Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report
 How 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at sea;
 And it appears, he is belov'd of those

That

Again, in *K. Henry IV. P. II.*

"For all the *fool* of the achievements goes

"With me into the earth."

In the last act of the play before us we find an expression nearly synonymous:

"—His *taints* and honours

Wag'd equal in him"

Again, in Act II. sc. iii.

"Read not my *blemishes* in the world's reports." MALONE.

³ *So great weight in his lightness.*] The word *light* is one of Shakespeare's favourite play-things. The sense is, His trifling levity throws so much burden upon us. JOHNSON.

⁴ *Call on him for't:—*] *Call on him*, is, *visit him*. Says Cæsar, *If Antony followed his debauches at a time of leisure, I should leave him to be punished by their natural consequences; by surfeits, and dry bones.*

JOHNSON.

⁶ —*boys; who, being mature in knowledge.*] For this Hammer, who thought the maturity of a boy an inconsistent idea, has put:

—*who, immature in knowledge:*

but the words *experience* and *judgment* require that we read *mature*: though Dr. Warburton has received the emendation. By *boys mature in knowledge*, are meant, *boys old enough to know their duty.*

JOHNSON.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, 119

That only have fear'd Cæsar⁷ : to the ports
The discontents repair⁸, and men's reports
Give him much wrong'd.

Cæs. I should have known no less :—
It hath been taught us from the primal state,
That he, which is, was wish'd, until he were ;
And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd, till ne'er worth love,
Comes dear'd, by being lack'd⁹. This common body,
Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,
Goes to, and back, lacking the varying tide,
To rot itself with motion¹.

Meſ. Cæsar, I bring thee word,
Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,

Make

⁷ *That only have fear'd Cæsar :—*] Those whom not love but fear
made adherents to Cæsar, now shew their affection for Pompey.

JOHNSON.

⁸ *The discontents repair,—*] That is, the malecontents. So, in *K.*
Henry IV. P. I.

“ — that may please the eye

“ Of fickle changelings and poor discontents.”

⁹ — *be, which is, was wish'd, until he were ;*

And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd, till ne'er worth love,

Comes dear'd, by being lack'd.] The old copy reads—*Comes*
fear'd, by being lack'd. The correction was made in Theobald's
edition, to whom it was communicated by Dr. Warburton. Some-
thing, however, is yet wanting. What is the meaning of—
“ ne'er lov'd till ne'er worth love ? I suppose that the second *ne'er*
was inadvertently repeated at the press, and that we should read—
till not worth love. MALONE.

Let us examine the sense of the old copy in plain prose. *The*
earliest histories inform us, that the man in supreme command was always
wish'd to gain that command, till he had obtain'd it. And he, whom the
multitude has contentedly seen in a low condition, when he begins to be wanted
by them, becomes to be fear'd by them. But do the multitude fear a man,
because they want him ? Certainly, we must read :

Comes dear'd, by being lack'd.

i. e. endear'd, a favourite to them. Besides, the context requires
this reading ; for it was not fear, but love, that made the people
flock to young Pompey, and what occasioned this reflection. So,
in Coriolanus :

“ I shall be lov'd, when I am lack'd.” WARBURTON.

¹ *Goes to, and back, lacking the varying tide,*

To rot itself with motion.] The old copy reads—*lacking. Lacking*
was introduced by Mr. Theobald : i. c. says he, “ floating
backward

Make the sea serve them ; which they ear 2 and wound
 With keels of every kind : Many hot inroads
 They make in Italy : the borders maritime
 Lack blood to think on't 3, and flush youth 4 revolt :
 No vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon
 Taken as seen ; for Pompey's name strikes more,
 Than could his war resisted.

Cæs. Antony,

Leave thy lascivious wassels 5. When thou once
 Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st
 Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
 Did famine follow ; whom thou fought'st against,
 Though daintily brought up, with patience more
 Than savages could suffer : Thou didst drink
 The stale of horses 6, and the gilded puddle
 Which beasts would cough at : thy palate then did deign
 The roughest berry on the rudest hedge ;

Yea,

backward and forward with the variation of the tide, like a page
 or lacky at his master's heels." MALONE.

Theobald's conjecture may be supported by a passage in the fifth
 book of Chapman's translation of Homer's *Odyssey* :

" — who would willingly

" *Lackay* along so vast a lake of brine ?"

Again, in the Prologue to *Antonio and Mellida*, P. II. 1602 :

" — O that our power

" Could *lackey* or keep peace with our desires !"

Again, in the *robust magnificent* entertainment given to King James,
 Queen Anne his wife, &c. March 35, 1609, by Thomas Decker,
 1609 : " The minutes that *lackey* the heels of time, run not faster
 away than do our joys."

Perhaps another *messenger* should be noted here, as entering with
 fresh news. STEEVENS.

2 — *which they ear* —] To ear is to plow ; a common metaphor.

JOHNSON.

3 *Lack blood to think on't*,] Turn pale at the thought of it.

JOHNSON.

4 — *and flush youth* —] *Flush youth* is youth ripened to manhood ;
youth whose blood is at the flow. STEEVENS.

5 — *thy lascivious wassels* —] *Wassel* is here put for intemperance
 in general. So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*

" At wakes and *wassels*, meetings, markets, fairs."

For a more particular account of the word, see *Macbeth*, Act I.
 sc. ult. The old copy, however, reads *vassilles*. STEEVENS.

6 — *Thou dost drink*

The stale of horses, &c.] All the circumstances of Antony's dis-
 tress, are taken literally from Plutarch. STEEVENS.

Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
The barks of trees thou browsed'st; on the Alps,
It is reported, thou didst eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on: And all this
(It wounds thine honour, that I speak it now)
Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.

Lep. It is pity of him.

Cæs. Let his shames quickly
Drive him to Rome: 'Tis time we twain
Did shew ourselves i' the field; and, to that end,
Assemble me immediate council: Pompey
Thrives in our idleness.

Lep. To-morrow, Cæsar,
I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly
Both what by sea and land I can be able,
To 'front this present time.

Cæs. Till which encounter,
It is my business too. Farewel.

Lep. Farewel, my lord: What you shall know mean
time
Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,
To let me be partaker.

Cæs. Doubt not, sir; I knew it for my bond*. [*Exeunt.*]

* *Drive him to Rome: 'Tis time we twain, &c.*] The defect of the metre induces me to believe that some word has been inadvertently omitted. Perhaps our author wrote:

Drive him to Rome *disgrac'd*: 'Tis time we twain, &c.

So, in Act III. sc. xi:

"—So she

"From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friend." MALONE.

* *Assemble me immediate council:*] Shakspeare frequently uses this kind of phraseology, but I do not recollect any instance where he has introduced it in solemn dialogue, where one equal is speaking to another, Perhaps therefore the correction made by the editor of the second folio is right: *Assemble we, &c.* So afterwards:

"—Haste *we* for it:

"Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, dispatch *we*," &c.

MALONE.

Since this note was written, I have observed the same Phraseology used by our poet in grave dialogue. See *Troilus and Cressida*, Act III. sc. iii.

"—A strange fellow here

"Writes me, that man, however dearly parted," &c.

MALONE.

* *—I knew it for my bond.*] That is, to be my bounden duty.

MASON.

S C E N E V.

Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and MARDIAN.

Cleo. Charamian,—

Char. Madam.

Cleo. Ha, ha,—Give me to drink mandragora⁹.

Char. Why, madam?

Cleo. That I might sleep out this great gap of time,
My Antony is away.

Char. You think of him too much.

Cleo. O, 'tis treason!

Char. Madam, I trust, not so.

Cleo. Thou, eunuch! Mardian!

Mar. What's your highness' pleasure?

Cleo. Not now to hear thee sing; I take no pleasure
In aught an eunuch has: 'Tis well for thee,
That, being unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affections?

Mar. Yes, gracious madam.

Cleo. Indeed?

Mar. Not in deed, madam; for I can do nothing
But what in deed is honest to be done;
Yet have I fierce affections, and think,
What Venus did with Mars.

Cleo. O Charamian,

Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?
Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?
O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!
Do bravely, horse! for wot'st thou whom thou mov'st?
The demy Atlas of this earth, the arm

⁹ —*mandragora*.] A plant of which the infusion was supposed to procure sleep. Shakspeare mentions it in *Othello*:

"—Not poppy, nor *mandragora*,

"Can ever med'cine thee to that sweet sleep." JOHNSON.

So, in Webster's *Dutchess of Malfy*, 1623:

"—Come violent death,

"Serve for *mandragora*, and make me sleep." STEEVENS.

In Adlington's—*Apuleius* (of which the epistle is dated 1566) reprinted 1639, 4to. bl. l. p. 187. lib. 10: "I gave him no poison, but a doling drink of *mandragoras*, which is of such force that it will cause any man to sleepe, as though he were dead." PERCY.

And

And burgonet of men¹.—He's speaking now,
 Or murmuring, *Where's my serpent of old Nile?*
 For so he calls me; Now I feed myself
 With most delicious poison:—Think on me
 That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,
 And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted Cæsar²,
 When thou wast here above the ground, I was
 A morsel for a monarch: and great Pompey
 Would stand, and make his eyes grow in my brow;
 There would he anchor his aspect, and die

Enter ALEXAS.

Alex. Sovereign of Egypt, hail!

Cleo. How much unlike art thou Mark Antony!
 Yet, coming from him, that great medicine bath
 With his tinct gilded thee³.—

How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?

Alex. Last thing he did, dear queen,
 He kiss'd,—the last of many doubled kisses,—
 This orient pearl;—His speech sticks in my heart.

Cleo. Mine ear must pluck it thence.

Alex. Good friend, quoth he,
 Say, the firm Roman to great Egypt sends
 This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot,
 To mend the pretty present, I will piece
 Her opulent throne with kingdoms; All the east,
 Say thou, shall call her mistress. So he nodded,

¹ And burgonet of men.—] A burgonet is a kind of helmet. So, in King Henry VI:

"This day I'll wear aloft my burgonet."

So, in Heywood's *Iron Age*, 1632:

"I'll hammer on thy proof steel'd burgonet." STEEVENS.

² —Broad fronted Cæsar,] Mr. Seward is of opinion, that the poet wrote—*bald-fronted Cæsar*. STEEVENS.

³ —that great medicine bath

With his tinct gilded thee.] Alluding to the philosopher's stone, which, by its touch, converts base metal into gold. The alchemists call the matter, whatever it be, by which they perform transmutation, a medicine. JOHNSON.

Thus Chapman, in his *Shadow of Night*, 1594:

"O then, thou great elixir of all treasures,"

And on this passage he has the following note: "The Philosopher's stone, or *philosophica medicina* is called the great Elixir, to which he here alludes." Thus, in the *Canones Temann's Tale of Chaucer*, late edit. v. 16330:

"—the philosophres stone,

"Elixir cleped, we seken fast eche on." STEEVENS.

And soberly did mount an arm-gaunt steed⁴,
 Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke
 Was beastly dumb'd by him⁵.

Cleo. What, was he sad, or merry?

Alex. Like to the time o'the year between the extremes
 Of hot and cold; he was nor sad, nor merry.

Cleo. O well divided disposition!—Note him,
 Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man; but note him:

⁴ —arm-gaunt *steed*,] i. e. his steed worn lean and thin by much service in war. So, Fairfax:

"His *stall worn* steed the champion stout bestrode." WARR.

On this note Mr. Edwards has been very lavish of his pleasantry, and indeed has justly censured the misquotation of *stall-worn*, for *stall-worth*, which means *strong*, but makes no attempt to explain the word in the play. Mr. Steward, in his preface to Beaumont, has very elaborately endeavoured to prove, that an *arm-gaunt* steed is a steed with *lean-shoulders*. *Arm* is the Teutonic word for *want*, or *poverty*. *Arm-gaunt* may be therefore an old word, signifying, *lean for want*, ill fed. Edwards's observation, that a worn-out horse is not proper for Atlas to mount in battle, is impertinent; the horse here mentioned seems to be a post-horse, rather than a war-horse. Yet as *arm-gaunt* seems not intended to imply any defect, it perhaps means, a horse so slender that a man might clasp him, and therefore formed for expedition. Hammer reads:—*arm-girt steed*.

JOHNSON,

On this passage, which I believe to be corrupt, I have nothing satisfactory to propose. It is clear, that whatever epithet was used, it was intended as descriptive of a beautiful horse, such (we may presume) as our author has described in his *Venus and Adonis*.

Dr. Johnson must have look'd into some early edition of Mr. Edwards's book, for in his *seventh* edition he has this note: "I have sometimes thought, that the meaning may possibly be, *thin-shoulder'd*, by a strange composition of Latin and English:—*gaunt* quoad *armos*." Mr. Mason justly remarks on the preceding notes, that he "cannot conceive why the joint-sovereign of the world should be mounted on a little worn-out starved post-horse, or why such a post-horse should be called by the pompous appellation of a *steed*, (which he observes, is appropriated to horses for state or war,) and neigh so loudly as to dumb-found the spectators." Mr. Steevens observes, that "in Chaucer (Tyrwhitt's edit. v. 1247.) *arm-girt* is used in the sense of *as big as the arm*;" but the difficulty still remains; for *arm gaunt* must in this way be interpreted *as thin as the arm*, no very favourable description of a horse. MALONE.

⁵ *Was beastly dumb'd by him.*] The old copy has *dumb*. The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. "Alexas means (says he,) the horse made such a neighing, that if he had spoke, he could not have been heard." MALONE.

The verb which Theobald would introduce, is found in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, 1609:

"Deep clerks the *dumbs*," &c. STEEVENS.

He

He was not sad ; for he would shine on those
That make their looks by his : he was not merry ;
Which seem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay
In Egypt with his joy : but between both :
O heavenly mingle !—Be'tt thou sad, or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes ;
So does it no man else.—Met'tt thou my posts ?

Alex. My, madam, twenty several messengers :
Why do you send so thick ?

Cleo. Who's born that day
When I forget to send to Antony,
Shall die a beggar.—Ink and paper, Charmian.—
Welcome, my good Alexas.—Did I, Charmian,
Ever love Cæsar so ?

Char. O that brave Cæsar !

Cleo. Be chok'd with such another emphasis t
Say, the brave Antony.

Char. The valiant Cæsar !

Cleo. By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,
If thou with Cæsar paragon again
My man of men.

Char. By your most gracious pardon,
I sing but after you.

Cleo. My fallad days ;
When I was green in judgment :—Cold in blood,
To say, as I said then !—But, come, away ;
Get me ink and paper : he shall have every day
A several greeting, or I'll unpeople Egypt⁷.

⁶ *My fallad days ;*

When I was green in judgment :—Cold in blood,

To say, as I said then !] *Cold in blood*, is an upbraiding exposition to her maid. *Those*, says she, *were my fallad days ; when I was green in judgment ; but your blood is as cold as my judgment, if you have the same opinion of things now as I had then.* WARBURTON.

⁷ *—unpeople Egypt.]* By sending out messengers. JOHNSON.

A C T

ACT II. SCENE I.

Messina. *A Room in Pompey's House.*

Enter POMPEY, MENEKRATES, and MENAS.

Pom. If the great gods be just, they shall assist
The deeds of justest men.

Mene. Know, worthy Pompey,
That what they do delay, they not deny.

Pom. Whiles we are suitors to their throne, decays
The thing we sue for^a.

Mene. We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good; so find we profit,
By losing of our prayers.

Pom. I shall do well:
The people love me, and the sea is mine;
My power's a crescent, and my auguring hope
Says, it will come to the full^b. Mark Antony
In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make
No wars without doors: Cæsar gets money, where
He loses hearts: Lepidus flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd; but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.

^a All the speeches in this scene that are not spoken by Pompey and Varius, are marked in the old copy, *Mene*, which must stand for *Menecrates*. The course of the dialogue shews that some of them at least belong to Menas; and accordingly they are to him attributed in the modern editions: or rather, a syllable [*Men*] has been prefixed, that will serve equally to denote the one or the other of these personages. I have given the first two speeches to Menecrates, and the rest to Menas. It is a matter of little consequence.

MALONE.

^b *Whiles we are suitors to their throne, decays
The thing we sue for.* The meaning is, *While we are praying, the
thing for which we pray is losing its value.* JOHNSON.

^c *My power's a crescent, &c.* In the old editions:

*My powers are crescent, and my auguring hope,
Says it will come to the full.*

What does the relative *it* belong to? It cannot in *sense* relate to *hope*, nor in *concord* to *powers*. The poet's allusion is to the moon, or *crescent*; but his hopes tell him, that *crescent* will come to a *full orb*. THEOBALD.

Mene.

Men. Cæsar and Lepidus are in the field ;
A mighty strength they carry.

Pom. Where have you this ? 'tis false.

Men. From Silvius, fir.

Pom. He dreams ; I know, they are in Rome together,
Looking for Antõny : But all the charms of love,
Salt Cleopatra, soften thy wan'd lip² !
Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both !
Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,
Keep his brain fuming ; Epicurean cooks,
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite ;
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour,
Even till a Lethe'd dulness³.—How now Varrius ?

Enter

² —thy wan'd lip !] In the old edition it is—thy wand lip ! Perhaps, for *fond* lip, or *warm* lip, says Dr. Johnson. *Wand*, if it stand, is either a corruption of *wan*, the adjective, or a contraction of *wanned*, or *made wan*, a participle. So, in *Hamlet* :

“ That, from her working, all his visage wan'd.”

Again, in Marston's *Antonio and Meliida* :

“ —a cheek

“ Not as yet wan'd.”

Or perhaps *waned* lip, i. e. decreased, like the moon, in its beauty. So, in the *Tragedy of Mariam*, 1613 :

“ And, Cleopatra then to seek had been

“ So firm a lover of her *wained* face.”

Yet this expression of Pompey's perhaps, after all, implies a wish only, that every charm of love may confer additional softness on the lips of Cleopatra : i. e. that her beauty may improve to the ruin of her lover. The epithet *wan* might have been added, only to shew the speaker's private contempt of it. It may be remarked, that the lips of Africans and Asiatics are paler than those of European nations. STEEVENS.

Shakspeare's orthography often adds a *d* at the end of a word. Thus, *vile* is (in the old editions) every where spelt *villd*. *Laund* is given instead of *lawn* : why not therefore *wand* for *wan* here ?

If this however should not be accepted, suppose we read with the addition only of an apostrophe, *wan'd* : i. e. *waned*, declined, gone off from its perfection ; comparing Cleopatra's beauty to the moon past the full. PERCY.

³ That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour,

Even till a Lethe'd dulness.] I suspect our author wrote :

That sleep and feeding may prorogue his *hour*, &c.

So, in *Timon of Athens* :

“ —let not that part of nature,

“ Which my lord pay'd for, be of any power

“ To expel sickness, but *prolong his hour*.”

The

Enter VARRIUS.

Var. This is most certain that I shall deliver :
Mark Antony is every hour in Rome
Expected ; since he went from Egypt, 'tis
A space for farther travel⁴.

Pom. I could have given less matter
A better ear.—Menas, I did not think,
This amorous surfeiter would have don'd his helms
For such a petty war : his soldiership
Is twice the other twain : But let us rear
The higher our opinion, that our stirring
Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck
The ne'er lust-wearied Antony.

Men. I cannot hope⁶,
Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together :
His wife, that's dead, did trespasses to Cæsar ;
His brother warr'd upon him⁷ ; although, I think,
Not mov'd by Antony.

The words *honour* and *hour* have been more than once confounded in these plays. What Pompey seems to wish is, that Antony should still remain with Cleopatra, totally forgetful of every other object.

"To prorogue his *honour*," does not convey to me at least, any precise notion. If, however, there be no corruption, I suppose Pompey means to wish, that sleep and feasting may prorogue to so distant a day all thoughts of fame and military achievement, that they may totally slide from Antony's mind. MALONE.

⁴ —since he went from Egypt, 'tis

A space for farther travel.] i. e. since he quitted Egypt, a space of time has elapsed in which a longer journey might have been performed than from Egypt to Rome. STEEVENS.

⁵ —would have don'd his helm] To *don* is to *do on*, to put on. So, in Webster's *Dutchess of Malfy*, 1623 :

"Call upon our dame aloud,

"Bid her quickly *don* her shroud." STEEVENS.

⁶ *I cannot hope, &c.*] The judicious editor of the *Canterbury Tales* of Chaucer in four vols, 8vo, 1775. observes that to *hope* on this occasion means to *expect*. So, in the *Reves Tale*, v. 4027 :

"Our manciple I *hope* he wol be ded." STEEVENS.

⁷ —warr'd upon him ;] The old copy has *wan'd*. The emendation, which was made by the editor of the second folio, is supported by a passage in the next scene, in which Cæsar says to Antony,

"—your wife and brother

"Made wars upon me." MALONE.

Pom.

Pom. I know not, Menas,
 How lesser enmities may give way to greater.
 Were't not that we stand up against them all,
 'Twere pregnant they should square⁸ between themselves;
 For they have entertained cause enough
 To draw their swords: but how the fear of us
 May cement their divisions, and bind up
 The petty difference, we yet not know.
 Be it as our gods will have it! It only stands
 Our lives upon⁹, to use our strongest hands.
 Come, Menas. [Exit.]

S C E N E II.

Rome. *A Room in the House of Lepidus.*

Enter ENOBARBUS, and LEPIDUS.

Lep. Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,
 And shall become you well, to entreat your captain
 To soft and gentle speech.

Eno. I shall entreat him
 To answer like himself: if Cæsar move him,
 Let Antony look over Cæsar's head,
 And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
 Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
 I would not shav't to-day¹.

⁸ —square—] That is, quarrel. So, in the *Shoemaker's Holiday*,
 or the gentle Craft, 1600:

"What? square they, master Scott?—

"—Sir, no doubt:

"Lovers are quickly in, and quickly out," STEEVENS.

⁹ *Our lives upon,*—] This play is not divided into acts by the au-
 thor or first editors, and therefore the present division may be al-
 tered at pleasure. I think the first act may be commodiously con-
 tinued to this place, and the second act opened with the interview
 of the chief persons, and a change of the state of action. Yet it
 must be confessed, that it is of small importance, where these un-
 connected and desultory scenes are interrupted. JOHNSON.

¹ *Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,*

I would not shave't to-day.] I believe he means, *I would meet him*
undressed, without shew of respect. JOHNSON.

Plutarch mentions that Antony "after the overthrow he had at
 Modena, suffered his beard to grow at length, and never clipt it,
 that it was marvelous long." Perhaps this circumstance was in
 Shakspeare's thoughts. MALONE.

Lep.

Lep. 'Tis not a time for private stomaching.

Eno. Every time

Serves for the matter that is then-born in it:

Lep. But small to greater matters must give way.

Eno. Not if the small come first.

Lep. Your speech is passion:

But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes
The noble Antony.

Enter ANTONY, and VENTIDIUS.

Eno. And yonder, Cæsar.

Enter CÆSAR, MECÆNAS, and AGRIPPA.

Ant. If we compose well here, to Parthia:

Hark you, Ventidius.

Cæs. I do not know,

Mecænas; ask Agrippa.

Lep. Noble friends,

That which combin'd us was most great, and let not

A leaner action rend us. What's amiss,

May it be gently heard: When we debate

Our trivial difference loud, we do commit

Murder in healing wounds: Then, noble partners,

(The rather, for I earnestly beseech,)

Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,

Nor curstness grow to the matter².

Ant. 'Tis spoken well:

Were we before our armies, and to fight,

I should do thus.

Cæs. Welcome to Rome.

Ant. Thank you.

Cæs. Sit.

Ant. Sit, sir!

Cæs.

² *Nor curstness grow to the matter.*] Let not ill-humour be added to the real subject of our difference. JOHNSON.

³ *Cæs. Sit.*

Ant. Sit sir!] Antony appears to be jealous of a circumstance which seemed to indicate a consciousness of superiority in his too successful partner in power, and accordingly resents the invitation of Cæsar to be seated: Cæsar answers, *Nay, then*—i. e. if you are

Cæs. Nay, then—

Ant. I learn, you take things ill, which are not so ;
Or, being, concern you not.

Cæs. I must be laugh'd at,
If, or for nothing, or a little, I
Should say myself offended ; and with you
Chiefly i' the world : more laugh'd at, that I should
Once name you derogately, when to found your name
It not concern'd me.

Ant. My being in Egypt, Cæsar,
What was't to you ?

Cæs. No more than my residing here at Rome
Might be to you in Egypt : Yet, if you there
Did practise on my state, your being in Egypt
Might be my questions.

Ant. How intend you, practise'd ?

Cæs. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,
By what did here befall me. Your wife, and brother,

are so ready to resent what I meant an act of civility, there can be no reason to suppose you have temper enough for the business on which at present we are met. The former editors leave a full point at the end of this as well as the preceding speech.

STEEVENS.

The following circumstance may serve to strengthen Mr. Steevens's opinion : When the fictitious Sebastian made his appearance in Europe, he came to a conference with the Conde de Lemos ; to whom, after the first exchange of civilities, he said, *Conde de Lemos, be covered.* And being asked by that nobleman, by what pretences he laid claim to the superiority expressed by such permission, he replied, I do it by right of my birth ; I am Sebastian. JOHNSON.

I believe, the authour meant no more than that Cæsar should desire Antony to be seated : "*Sit,*" To this Antony replies, Be you, sir, seated first : "*Sit, sir.*" "*Nay, then*" rejoins Cæsar, if you stand on ceremony, to put an end to farther talk on a matter of so little moment, I will take my seat.—However, I have too much respect for the two preceding editors, to set my judgment above their concurring opinions, and therefore have left the note of admiration placed by Mr. Steevens at the end of Antony's speech, undisturbed. MALONE.

⁴ *Did practise on my state,—*] To *practise* means to employ unwarrantable arts or stratagems. So, in the *Tragedie of Antonie*, done into English by the countess of Pembroke, 1595 :

" —nothing kills me so

" As that I do my Cleopatra see

" *Practise* with Cæsar." STEEVENS.

⁵ *—my question.*] i. e. my theme or subject of conversation. So again, in this scene : " Out of our question wipe him."

Made:

Made wars upon me? and their contestation
Was theme for you, you were the word of war⁶.

Ant.

⁶ —*their contestation*

Was theme for you, you were the word of war] The only meaning of this can be, that the war, which Antony's wife and brother made upon Cæsar, was theme for Antony too to make war; or was the occasion why he did make war. But this is directly contrary to the context, which shews, Antony did neither encourage them to it, nor second them in it. We cannot doubt then, but the poet wrote:

—*and their contestation*

Was them'd for you.

i. e. The pretence of war was on your account, they took up arms in your name, and you were made the theme and subject of their insurrection, WARBURTON.

I am neither satisfied with the reading nor the emendation: *them'd* is, I think, a word unauthorised, and very harsh. Perhaps we may read:

—*their contestation*

Had theme from you, you were the word of war.

The dispute derived its subject from you. It may be corrected by mere transposition:

—*their contestation*

You were theme for, you were the word— JOHNSON.

Was theme for you, I believe means only, *was proposed as an example for you to follow on a yet more extensive plan*; as themes are given for a writer to dilate upon. Shakspeare, however, may prove the best commentator on himself. Thus, in *Coriolanus*, Act I. sc. i:

“—throw forth greater themes

“For insurrection's arguing.”

Sicinius calls Coriolanus, “the theme of our assembly.” STEEV.

Mr. Steevens's interpretation is certainly a just one, as the words now stand; but the sense of the words thus interpreted, being directly repugnant to the remaining words, which are evidently put in apposition with what has preceded, shews that there must be some corruption. If their contestation was a theme for Antony to dilate upon, an example for him to follow, what congruity is there between these words and the conclusion of the passage—“you were the word of war: i. e. your name was employed by them to draw troops to their standard? On the other hand, “their contestation derived its theme or subject from you; you were their word of war,” affords a clear and consistent sense. Dr. Warburton's emendation, however, does not go far enough. To obtain the sense desired, we should read—

Was them'd from you,—

So, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

“She is a theme of honour and renown,

“A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds.”

So, in *Hamlet*:

“—So

Ant. You do mistake your business; my brother never
Did urge me in his act⁷: I did enquire it;
And have my learning from some true reports⁸,
That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather
Discredit my authority with yours;
And make the wars alike against my stomach,
Having alike your cause⁹? Of this, my letters
Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,
As matter whole you have not to make it with¹,

"—So like the king.

"That was and is the question of these wars."

In almost every one of Shakspeare's plays, substantives are used as verbs. That he must have written *from*, appears by Antony's answer.

"You do mistake your business; my brother never

"Did urge me in his act."

i. e. never made me the theme for "insurrection's arguing."

MALONE.

⁷ —my brother never

Did urge me in his act:] i. e. never did make use of my name as pretence for the war. WARBURTON.

⁸ —true reports.] Reports for reporters. Mr. Tollet observes that Holinshed, p. 1181, uses records for vouchers. STEEVENS.

⁹ Having alike your cause?] That is, I having alike your cause. The meaning is the same as if, instead of "against my stomach," our author had written—against the stomach of me. Did he not (says Antony,) make wars against the inclination of me also, of me, who was engaged in the same cause with yourself? Dr. Johnson supposed that *having* meant, *be* having, and hence has suggested an unnecessary emendation. MALONE.

The meaning seems to be, *having the same cause as you to be offended with me*. But why, because he was offended with Antony, should he make war upon Cæsar? May it not be read thus:

—Did he not rather

Discredit my authority with yours,

And make the wars alike against my stomach,

Hating alike our cause? JOHNSON.

The old reading is immediately explained by Antony's being the partner with Octavius in the cause against which his brother fought. STEEVENS.

¹ As matter whole you have not to make it with,] The original copy reads:

As matter whole you have to make it with.

Without doubt erroneously, I therefore only observe it, that the reader may more readily admit the liberties which the editors of this author's works have necessarily taken. JOHNSON.

I have not the smallest doubt that the correction, which was made

It must not be with this.

Cas. You praise yourself
By laying defects of judgment to me; but
You patch'd up your excuses.

Ant. Not so, not so:

I know you could not lack, I am certain on't,
Very necessity of this thought, that I,
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars
Which fronted³ mine own peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit in such another:
The third o' the world is yours; which with a snaffle
You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

Eno. 'Would, we had all such wives, that the men
might go to wars with the women!

Ant. So much uncurbable, her garboils, Cæsar,
Made out of her impatience, (which not wanted
Shrewdness of policy too,) I grieving grant,
Did you too much disquiet: for that, you must
But say, I could not help it.

Cas. I wrote to you,
When rioting in Alexandria; you

made by Mr. Rowe, is right. The structure of the sentence;
"As matter," &c. proves decisively that *not* was omitted. Of all
the errors that happen at the press, omission is the most frequent.

MALONE.

The old reading may be right. It seems to allude to Antony's
acknowledged neglect in aiding Cæsar; but yet Antony does not
allow himself to be faulty upon the present cause alledged against
him. STEEVENS.

² —with graceful eyes] Thus the old copy reads, and I believe,
rightly. We still say, *I could not look handsomely on* such or such an
proceeding. The modern editors read—*grateful*. STEEVENS.

³ —fronted—] i. e. opposed. JOHNSON.

⁴ *I would you had her spirit in such another:]* Antony means to say,
I wish you had the spirit of Fulvia, embodied in such another wo-
man as her; I wish you were married to such another spirited wo-
man; and then would find, that though you can govern the third
part of the world, yet the management of such a woman is not an
easy matter.

By the words, *you had her spirit*, &c. Shakspeare, I apprehend,
meant, you were *united to*, or possessed of, a woman with her spirit.

Having formerly misapprehended this passage, and supposed that
Antony wished Augustus to be actuated by a spirit similar to Fulvia's,
I proposed to read—*'en* such another, in being frequently printed
for *'en* in these plays. But there is no need of change. MALONE.

Did

Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts
Did gibe my missive out of audience.

Ant. Sir,

He fell upon me, ere admitted; then
Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want
Of what I was i' the morning: but, next day,
I told him of myself⁵; which was as much
As to have ask'd him pardon: Let this fellow
Be nothing of our strife; if we contend,
Out of our question wipe him.

Cæs. You have broken
The article of your oath; which you shall never
Have tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft, Cæsar.

Ant. No, Lepidus, let him speak;
The honour's sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lack'd it⁶: But on, Cæsar;
The article of my oath,—

Cæs. To lend me arms, and aid, when I requir'd them;
The which you both deny'd.

Ant. Neglected, rather;
And then, when poison'd hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
I'll play the penitent to you: but mine honesty
Shall not make poor my gratefulness, nor my power
Work without it⁷: Truth is, that Fulvia,
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here;
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do
So far ask pardon, as befits mine honour

⁵ *I told him of myself;—*] i. e. told him the condition I was in, when he had his last audience. *WARBURTON.*

⁶ *The honour's sacred which he talks on now;*

Supposing that I lack'd it:] Lepidus interrupts Cæsar, on the supposition that what he is about to say will be too harsh to be endured by Antony; to which Antony replies, *No, Lepidus, let him speak;* the security of honour on which he now speaks, on which this conference is held now, is sacred, even supposing that I lacked honour before.

JOHNSON.

Antony, in my opinion, means to say,—The theme of honour which he now speaks of, namely, the religion of an oath, for which he supposes me not to have a due regard, is sacred; it is a tender point, and touches my character nearly. Let him therefore urge his charge, that I may vindicate myself. *MALONE.*

⁷ *—nor my power*

Work without it:] Nor my greatness work without mine honesty.

MALONE.

To

To stoop in such a case.

Lep. 'Tis noble spoken.

Mec. If it might please you, to enforce no further
The griefs^a between ye : to forget them quite,
Were to remember that the present need
Speaks to atone you.

Lep. Worthily spoken, Mécænas.

Eno. Or, if you borrow one another's love for the instant, you may, when you hear no more words of Pompey, return it again : you shall have time to wrangle in, when you have nothing else to do.

Ant. Thou art a soldier only ; speak no more.

Eno. That truth should be silent, I had almost forgot.

Ant. You wrong this presence, therefore speak no more.

Eno. Go to then : your considerate stone^b.

Cas.

^a *The griefs*—] i. e. grievances. MALONE.

^b —your *considerate stone*.] This line is passed by all the editors, as if they understood it, and believed it universally intelligible. I cannot find in it any very obvious, and hardly any possible meaning. I would therefore read :

Go to then, you considerate ones.

You who dislike my frankness and temerity of speech, and are so considerate and discreet, go to, do your own business. JOHNSON.

I believe, *Go to then your considerate stone*, means only this : *If I must be chidden, henceforward I will be mute as a marble statue, which seems to think, though it can say nothing.* As *silent as a stone*, however, might have been once a common phrase. So, in the Interlude of *Jacob and Esau*, 1568 :

“ Bring thou in thine, Mido, and see thou be a stone.

“ Mido] *A stone !* how should that be, &c.

“ Rebecca.] I meant thou shouldst nothing say.”

Again, in the old metrical romance of *Syr Guy of Warwick*, bl. l. no date :

“ Guy let it passe as still as stone,

“ And to the steward word spake none.

Again, in *Titus Andronicus*, Act III. sc. i :

“ A stone is silent, and offendeth not.”

Again, Chaucer :

“ To riden by the way, *donke as the stone.*”

Mr. Tollet explains the passage in question, thus : “ I will henceforth seem senseless as a stone, however I may observe and consider your words and actions.” STEEVENS.

The metre of this line is deficient. It will be perfect, and the sense rather clearer, if we read (without altering a letter) :

“ ———your *considerateft one.*”

I doubt

Cæs. I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech¹: for it cannot be,
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
What hoop should hold us staunch, from edge to edge
O' the world I would pursue it.

Agr. Give me leave, Cæsar,—

Cæs. Speak, Agrippa.

Agr. Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,
Admir'd Octavia : great Mark Antony
Is now a widower.

Cæs. Say not so, Agrippa² ;
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
Were well deserv'd³ of rashness.

Ant. I am not married, Cæsar : let me hear
Agrippa further speak.

Agr. To hold you in perpetual amity,
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an unslipping knot, take Antony
Octavia to his wife : whose beauty claims
No worse a husband than the best of men ;
Whose virtue, and whose general graces, speak

I doubt indeed whether this adjective is ever used in the superlative degree ; but in the mouth of Enobarbus it might be pardoned.

BLACKSTONE.

Your, like hour, &c. is used as a dissyllable ; the metre therefore is not defective. MALONE.

¹ *I do not much dislike the matter, but*

The manner of his speech :—] I do not, says Cæsar, think the man wrong, but too free of his interposition ; for it cannot be, we shall remain in friendship : yet if it were possible, I would endeavour it. JOHNSON.

² *Say not so, Agrippa ;*] The old copy has—*Say not say.* Mr. Rowe made this necessary correction. MALONE.

³ *—your reproof*

Were well deserv'd—] In the old edition :

—your proof

Were well deserv'd—

which Mr. Theobald, with his usual triumph, changes to *approve*, which he explains, *allowance*. Dr. Warburton inserted *reproof* very properly into Hanmer's edition, but forgot it in his own. JOHNSON.

The emendation is certainly right. The error was one of many which are found in the old copy, in consequence of the transcriber's ear deceiving him. So, in another scene of this play, we find in the first copy—*mine* nightingale, instead of *my* nightingale ; in *Coriolanus*, *news is coming*, for *news is come in* ; in the same play, *higher* for *bire*, &c. &c. MALONE.

That

That which none else can utter. By this marriage,
 All little jealousies, which now seem great,
 And all great fears, which now import their dangers,
 Would then be nothing : truths would be tales,
 Where now half tales be truths : her love to both,
 Would, each to other, and all loves to both,
 Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke ;
 For 'tis a studied, not a present thought,
 By duty ruminated.

Ant. Will Cæsar speak ?

Cæs. Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd
 With what is spoke already.

Ant. What power is in Agrippa,
 If I would say, *Agrippa, be it so,*
 To make this good ?

Cæs. The power of Cæsar, and
 His power unto Octavia.

Ant. May I never
 To this good purpose, that so fairly shews,
 Dream of impediment !—Let me have thy hand :
 Further this act of grace ; and, from this hour,
 The heart of brothers govern in our loves,
 And sway our great designs !

Cæs. There is my hand.
 A sifter I bequeath you, whom no brother
 Did ever love so dearly : Let her live
 To join our kingdoms, and our hearts ; and never
 Fly off our loves again !

Lep. Happily, amen !

Ant. I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst Pompey
 For he hath laid strange courtesies, and great,
 Of late upon me : I must thank him only,
 Lest my remembrance suffer ill report⁴ ;
 At heel of that, defy him.

Lep. Time calls upon us :
 Of us must Pompey presently be fought,
 Or else he seeks out us.

⁴ *Lest my remembrance suffer ill report :*] Lest I be thought too willing to forget benefits, I must barely return him thanks, and then I will defy him. JOHNSON.

⁵ *Of us, &c.]* in the language of Shakspeare's time, means—by us. MALONE.

Ant. Where lies he?

Cæs. About the Mount Misenum.

Ant. What is his strength by land?

Cæs. Great, and increasing: but by sea
He is an absolute master.

Ant. So is the fame.

*Would, we had spoke together! Haste we for it:
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, dispatch we
The business we have talk'd of.

Cæs. With most gladness;
And do invite you to my sister's view,
Whither straight I will lead you.

Ant. Let us, Lepidus,
Not lack your company.

Lep. Noble Antony,
Not sickness should detain me.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt CÆSAR, ANTONY, and LEPIDUS.*]

Mec. Welcome from Egypt, sir.

Eno. Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Mæcenas!—my
honourable friend, Agrippa!

Agr. Good Enobarbus!

Mec. We have cause to be glad, that matters are so well
digested. You stay'd well by it in Egypt.

Eno. Ay, sir; we did sleep day out of countenance,
and made the night light with drinking.

Mec. Eight wild boars roasted whole at a breakfast, and
but twelve persons there; Is this true?

Eno. This was but as a fly by an eagle: we had much
more monstrous matter of feast, which worthily deserved
nothing.

Mec. She's a most triumphant lady, if report be square
to her.

Eno. When she first met Mark Antony, she purfed up
his heart, upon the river of Cydnus.

Agr. There she appear'd indeed; or my reporter de-
vis'd well for her.

Eno. I will tell you:

*—be square to her.] i. e. if report quadrates with her, or suits
with her merits. STEEVENS.

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
 Burn'd on the water : the poop was beaten gold ;
 Purple the sails, and so perfum'd, that
 The winds were love-sick with them : the oars we resilver ;
 Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
 The water, which they beat, to follow faster,
 As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
 It beggar'd all description : she did lie
 In her pavilion, (cloth of gold, of tissue,)
 O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see⁷
 The fancy out-work nature : on each side her,
 Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
 With diverse-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
 To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
 And what they undid, did⁸.

Agr. O, rare for Antony !

Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
 So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes⁹,
 And made their bends adornings¹ : at the helm

A seeming

⁷ *O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see, &c.]* Meaning the Venus of Protogenes mentioned by Pliny, l. 35, c. 10. WARBURTON.

⁸ *And what they undid, did.]* It might be read less harshly :

And what they did, undid. JOHNSON.

The reading of the old copy is, I believe, right. The wind of the fans seemed to give a new colour to Cleopatra's cheeks, which they were employed to cool; and *what they undid*, i. e. that warmth which they were intended to diminish or allay, *they did*, i. e. they seem'd to produce. MALONE.

⁹ *—tended her i' the eyes,]* Perhaps *tended her by the eyes*, discovered her will by her eyes. JOHNSON.

So, Spenser, *Faery Queen*, B. l. C. III.

“ —he wayted diligent,

“ With humble service to her will prepar'd;

“ From her fayre eyes he tooke commandement,

“ And by her looks conceited her intent.”

Again, in our authour's 149th Sonnet,

“ Comanded by the motion of thine eyes.”

The words of the text *may*, however, only mean, they performed their duty in the sight of their mistress. So, (as Mr. Steevens, if I recollect right, once observed to me,) in *Hamlet* :

“ We shall express our duty in his eye;

“ And let him know so.” MALONE.

¹ *And made their bends adornings:]* “ This may mean,” (says Dr. Warburton,) “ her maids bowed with so good an air, that it added new graces to them.” —Not choosing to encumber my page with fanciful

A seeming mermaid steers, the silken tackle
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,

That

fanciful conjectures, where there is no difficulty, I have omitted the remainder of his idle note.

A passage in Drayton's *Mortimeriados*, quarto, no date, may serve to illustrate that before us:

"The naked nymphes, some up, some downe descending,

"Small scattering flowres one at another flung,

"With pretty turns their lymber bodies bending,"—

I once thought, *their bends* referred to Cleopatra's eyes, and not to her gentlewomen. *Her attendants, in order to learn their mistress's will, watched the motion of her eyes, the bends or movements of which added new lustre to her beauty.* See the quotation from Shakspeare's 149th Sonnet, above.

In our authour we frequently find the word *bend* applied to the eye. Thus, in the first Act of this play:

"—those his goodly eyes

"—now bend, now turn," &c.

Again, in *Cymbeline*:

"Although they wear their faces to the bent

"Of the king's looks."

Again, more appositely in *Julius Caesar*:

"And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world."

Mr. Mason, remarking on this interpretation, acknowledges that "*their bends* may refer to Cleopatra's eyes, but the word *made* must refer to her gentlewomen, and it would be absurd to say that *they* made the bends of *her* eyes adornings." Assertion is much easier than proof. In what does the absurdity consist? They thus standing near Cleopatra, and discovering her will by the eyes, *were* the cause of her appearing more beautiful, in consequence of the frequent motion of her eyes; i. e. (in Shakspeare's language,) this their situation and office was the cause, &c. We have in every page of this authour such diction.—But I shall not detain the reader any longer on so clear a point; especially as I now think that the interpretation of these words given originally by Dr. Warburton is the true one.

Bend being formerly sometimes used for a *band* or *troop*, Mr. Tollet very idly supposes that the word has that meaning here.

MALONE.

The whole passage is taken from the following in Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch: "She disdained to set forward otherwise, but to take her barge in the river of Cydnus, the poop whereof was of gold, the sailes of purple, and the oars of silver, which kept stroke in rowing after the sounde of the musicke of flutes, howboyes, citherns, violls, and such other instruments as they played vpon in the barge. And now for the person of her selfe: she was layed vnder a pauillion of cloth of gold of tissue, apparelled and attired like the Goddesse Venus, commonly drawn in picture; and hard by her, on either hand of her, pretie faire boyes apparelled

That yarely frame the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her; and Antony,
Enthron'd i' the market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy³,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.

Agr. Rare Egyptian!

Eno. Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,
Invited her to supper: she reply'd,
It should be better, he became her guest;
Which she entreated: Our courteous Antony,
Whom ne'er the word of *no* woman heard speak,
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast;
And, for his ordinary, pays his heart,
For what his eyes eat only.

Agr. Royal wench!

She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed;
He plough'd her, and she cropt.

Eno. I saw her once

Hop forty paces through the publick street:
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,
That she did make defect, perfection,
And, breathless, power breathe forth.

Mec. Now Antony must leave her utterly.

Eno. Never; he will not;

apparelled as painters do set forth God Cupide, with little fannes
in their hands, with the which they fanned upon her. Her ladies
and gentlewomen also, the fairest of them were apparelled like the
nymphes Nereides (which are the mermaides of the waters,) and
like the Graces, some steering the helme, others tending the tackle
and ropes of the barge, out of the which there came a wonderfull
passing sweete saavor of perfumes, that perfumed the wharfes side,
pestered with innumerable multitudes of people, Some of them fol-
lowed the barge all alongst the riuer side: others also ranne out of
the citie to see her coming in. So that in thend, there ranne such
multitudes of people one after another to see her, that Antonius was
left post alone in the market place, in his imperiall seate to geve au-
dience:" &c. STEEVENS.

³ —which, but for vacancy,] Alluding to an axiom in the peripa-
tetic philosophy then in vogue, that *Nature abhors a vacuum*.

WARBURTON.

For vacancy, means, for fear of a vacuum. MALONE.

Age

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale⁴
 Her infinite variety: Other women cloy
 The appetites they feed; but she makes hungry,
 Where most she satisfies⁵. For vilest things
 Become themselves in her⁶; that the holy priests
 Bless her, when she is riggish⁷.

Mec. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle
 The heart of Antony, Octavia is
 A blessed lottery to him⁸.

Agr. Let us go.—
 Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest,
 Whilst you abide here.

Eno. Humbly, sir, I thank you.

[*Exeunt.*]

⁴ —nor custom stale] This verb is used by Heywood in the *Iron age*, 1632: "One that hath stal'd his courtly tricks at home." STEEVENS.

⁵ —Other women cloy

The appetites they feed: but she makes hungry,

Where most she satisfies.] Almost the same thought, clothed nearly in the same expressions, is found in the old play of *Pericles*:

"Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry,

"The more she gives them speech."

Again, in our authour's *Venus and Adonis*:

"And yet not cloy thy lips with loath'd satiety,

"But rather famish them amid their plenty." MALONE.

—for vilest things

Become themselves in her;] So, in our authour's 150th Sonnet:

"Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill?" MALONE.

⁷ —when she is riggish.] *Rigg* is an ancient word meaning a strumpet. So, in Whetstone's *Castle of Delight*, 1576:

"Immodest rigg, I Ovid's counsel use." STEEVENS.

Again, in J. Davies's *Scourge of Folly*, printed about the year 1611:

"When wanton rig, or lecher dissolute,

"Do stand at Paules Cross in 2—suite." MALONE.

⁸ —Octavia is

A blessed lottery to him.] Dr. Warburton says, the poet wrote *al-*
lottery: but there is no reason for this assertion. The ghost of
 Andrea in the *Spanish Tragedy*, says:

"Minos in graven leaves of lottery

"Drew forth the manner of my life and death." FARMER.

So, in Stanyhurst's translation of *Virgil*, 1582:

"By this hap escaping the filth of lottarye carnal."

Again, in the *Honest Man's Fortune*, By B. and Fletcher:

"—fainting under

"Fortune's false lottery."— STEEVENS.

SCENE

S C E N E III.

The same. A Room in Cæsar's House.

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, OCTAVIA between them; Attendants, and a Soothsayer.

Ant. The world, and my great office, will sometimes
Divide me from your bosom.

Ota. All which time,
Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers?
To them for you.

Ant. Good night, sir.—My Octavia,
Read not my blemishes in the world's report:
I have not kept my square; but that to come
Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear lady.—
Good night, sir:

Cæs. Good night. [*Exeunt CÆSAR, and OCTAVIA.*]

Ant. Now, firrah! you do wish yourself in Egypt?

Sooth. 'Would I had never come from thence, nor you
Thither!

Ant. If you can, your reason?

Sooth. I see it in
My motion², have it not in my tongue: But yet
Hie you to Egypt again.

Ant. Say to me,
Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's, or mine?

Sooth. Cæsar's.
Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side:

¹ —*shall bow my prayers*] The same construction is in *Coriolanus*,
Act I. sc. i:

"Shouting their emulation."

Again, in *K. Lear*, Act II. sc. ii:

"Smile you my speeches?" STEEVENS.

² *Good night, dear lady.*—

Good night, Sir.] These last words, which in the only authentic copy of this play are given to Antony, the modern editors have assigned to Octavia. I see no need of change. He addresses himself to Cæsar, who immediately replies, *Good night.* MALONE.

² *I see it in*

My motion,] i. e. the divinatory agitation. WARBURTON.
Mr. Theobald reads, with some probability, I see it in my *visions*.
MALONE.

Thy dæmon, that's thy spirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where Cæsar's is not ; but, near him, thy angel
Becomes a Fear³, as being o'erpower'd ; therefore
Make space enough between you.

Ant. Speak this no more.

Sooth. To none but thee ; no more, but when to thee.

If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou art sure to lose ; and, of that natural luck,
He beats thee 'gainst the odds ; thy lustre thickens,
When he shines by : I say again, thy spirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him ;
But, he away⁴, 'tis noble.

Ant. Get thee gone :

³ *Becomes a Fear*,—] Our authour has a little lower expressed his meaning more plainly :

“ —I say again, *thy spirit*

“ Is all afraid to govern thee near him.

We have this sentiment again in *Macbeth* :

“ —near him,

“ My genius is rebuk'd ; as, it is said,

“ Mark Antony's was by Cæsar's.” MALONE.,

Mr. Upton reads :

Becomes afear'd,—

The common reading is more poetical. JOHNSON.

A *Fear* was a personage in some of the old moralities. Fletcher alludes to it in the *Maid's Tragedy*, where Aspasia is instructing her servants how to describe her situation in needle-work :

“ —and then a *Fear* :

“ Do that *Fear* bravely, wench.”—

The whole thought is borrowed from sir T. North's translation of Plutarch : “ With Antonius there was a soothsayer or astronomer of Egypt, that could cast a figure, and judge of mens natiuities, to tell them that should happen to them. He, either to please Cleopatra, or else that he founde it so by his art, told Antonius plainly, that his fortune (which of it selfe was excellent good, and very great) was altogether blemished, and obscured by Cæsar's fortune : and therefore he counselled him vtterly to leave his company, and to get him as farre from him as he could. For thy Dæmon said he, (that is to say, the good angell and spirit that keepeth thee) is affraied of his : and being coragious and high when he is alone, becometh fearfull and timorous when he commeth neere vnto the other.” STEEVENS.

The old copy reads—*that thy spirit*. The correction, which was made in the second folio, is supported by the foregoing passage in Plutarch, but I doubt whether it is necessary. MALONE.

⁴ —But, be away.] Old Copy—*alway*. Corrected by Mr. POPE.

MALONE.

VOL. XI.

H

Say

Say to Ventidius, I would speak with him :—

[*Exit* Soothsayer.

He shall to Parthia.—Be it art, or hap,
He hath spoken true : The very dice obey him ;
And, in our sports, my better cunning faints
Under his chance : if we draw lots, he speed :
His cocks do win the battle still of mine,
When it is all to nought : and his quails^s ever
Beat mine, in hoop'd, at odds^s. I will to Egypt :
And though I make this marriage for my peace,

Enter VENTIDIUS.

I' the east my pleasure lies.—O, come, Ventidius,
You must to Parthia ; your commission's ready :
Follow me, and receive it.

[*Exeunt*.

S C E N E IV.

The same. A Street.

Enter LEPIDUS, MECÆNAS, and AGRIPPA.

Lep. Trouble yourselves no farther : pray you, hasten
Your generals after.

Agr. Sir, Mark Antony

^s —his quails—] The ancients used to match quails as we match
cocks. JOHNSON.

So, in the old translation of Plutarch : " For, it is said, that as
often as they drew cuts for pastime, who should have any thing,
or whether they played at dice, Antonius alway lost. Oftentimes
when they were disposed to see cockfight, or quails that were
taught to fight one with another, Cæsars cockes or quailles did ever
ouercome." STEEVENS.

^s —in hoop'd, at odds.] Thus the old copy, *In hoop'd* is inclosed, confined,
that they may fight. The modern editors read :

Beat mine in whoop'd at odds. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare gives us the practice of his own time : and there is
no occasion for *in whoop'd at*, or any other alteration. John Davies
begins one of his epigrams upon *proverbs* :

" He sets cocke on the hoope, *in*, you would say,

" For cocking *in whoopes* is now all the play." FARMER.

At odds was the phraseology of Shakspeare's time. So, in *Marti-*
mesiad, by Michael Drayton, no date :

" She straight begins to bandy him about,

" *At thousand odds*, before the set goes out." MALONE.

Will

Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow.

Lep. Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress,
Which will become you both, farewell.

Mec. We shall,

As I conceive the journey, be at mount
Before you, Lepidus.

Lep. Your way is shorter,
My purposes do draw me much about;
You'll win two days upon me.

Mec. Agr. Sir, good success!

Lep. Farewel.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Cleo. Give me some musick; musick, moody food⁸
Of us that trade in love.

Attend. The musick, ho!

Enter MARDIAN.

Cleo. Let it alone; let us to billiards⁹: come, Charmian.

Char. My arm is sore, best play with Mardian.

Cleo. As well a woman with an eunuch play'd,
As with a woman;—Come, you'll play with me, sir?

Mar. As well as I can, madam.

Cleo. And when good will is shew'd, though it come too
short,

⁷ —at mount] i. e. Mount Misenum. STEEVENS.

Our authour probably wrote—a the mount. MALONE.

⁸ —musick, moody food—] The mood is the mind, or mental disposition, Van Haaren's panegyrick on the English begins, *Grootmoedig Volk* [great-minded nation]. Perhaps here is a poor jest intended between mood the mind and moods of musick. JOHNSON.

Moody, in this instance, means melancholy. Cotgrave explains moody, by the French words, *moine* and *triste*. STEEVENS.

So, in the *Comedy of Errors*:

"Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue,

"But moody and dull melancholy?" MALONE.

⁹ —let us to billiards:] This is one of the numerous anachronisms that are found in these plays. This game was not known in ancient times. MALONE.

The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now :—
 Give me mine angle,—We'll to the river : there,
 My musick playing far off, I will betray
 Tawny-finn'd fishes¹; my bended hook shall pierce
 Their slimy jaws ; and, as I draw them up,
 I'll think them every one an Antony,
 And say, Ah ! ha ! you're caught.

Char. 'Twas merry, when
 You wager'd on your angling ; when your diver
 Did hang a salt-fish on his hook², which he
 With fervency drew up.

Cleo. That time !—O times !—
 I laugh'd him out of patience ; and that night
 I laugh'd him into patience : and next morn,
 Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed ;
 Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
 I swore his sword Philippan³. O ! from Italy ;—

Enter a Messenger.

Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,

That

¹ *Tawny-finn'd fishes* ;] Old Copy.—*Tawny-fine-fishes*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

² *Did hang a salt-fish*, &c.] This circumstance is likewise taken from sir Thomas North's translation of the life of Antony in *Pharab.* STEEVENS.

³ ——— *whilst*

I swore his sword Philippan.—] We are not to suppose, nor is there any warrant from history, that Antony had any particular sword so called. The dignifying weapons, in this sort, is a custom of much more recent date. This therefore seems a compliment a posteriori. We find Antony, afterwards, in this play, boasting of his own prowess at Philippi.

Ant. *Yes, my lord, yes ; he at Philippi kept
 His sword e'en like a dancer ; while I struck
 The lean and wrinkled Cassius ; &c.*

That was the greatest action of Antony's life ; and therefore this seems a fine piece of flattery, intimating, that his sword ought to be denominated from that illustrious battle, in the same manner as modern heroes in romance are made to give their swords pompous names. THEOBALD.

⁴ *Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears*.] Shakspeare probably wrote, (as sir T. Hanmer observes) *Rain thou*, &c. *Rain* agrees better with the epithets *fruitful* and *barren*. So, in *Timon* :

" *Rain* sacrificial whisp' rings in thine ear."
 Again, in the *Tempest* :

" —Heavens

That long time have been barren.

Mef. Madam, madam,—

Cleo. Antony's dead?—

If thou say so, villain, thou kill'st thy mistress :

But well and free;

If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here

My bluest veins to kiss ; a hand, that kings

Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.

Mef. First, madam, he is well.

Cleo. Why, there's more gold. But, sirrah, mark ; We
use

To say, the dead are well : bring it to that,

The gold I give thee, will I melt, and pour

Down thy ill-uttering throat.

Mef. Good madam, hear me.

Cleo. Well, go to, I will ;

But there's no goodness in thy face : If Antony

Be free, and healthful,—so tart a favour

To trumpet such good tidings ? If not well,

Thou should'st come like a fury crown'd with snakes,

"—Heavens rain grace !" STEEVENS.

I suspect no corruption. The term employed in the text is much in the style of the speaker ; and is supported incontestably by a passage in *Julius Caesar* :

"—I go to meet

" The noble Brutus, thrusting this report

" Into his ears."

Again, in *Cymbeline* :

"—say, and speak thick,

" I love's counsellor should fill the bones of bearing,

" To the smothering of the sense, how far," &c.

Again, in *The Tempest* :

" You cram these words into my ears, against

" The stomach of my sense." MALONE.

⁵ But well and free, &c.] This speech is but coldly imitated by B. and Fletcher in *The False One* :

" Cleop. What of him ? speak of ill, Apollodorus,

" It is my happiness : and for thy news

" Receive a favour kings have kneel'd in vain for,

" And kiss my hand." STEEVENS.

⁶—If Antony

Be free and healthful,—so tart a favour

To trumpet such good tidings ?] I suspect a word was omitted at the press, and that Shakspeare wrote,

—If Antony

Be free, and healthful, needs so tart a favour, &c. MALONE.

Not

Not like a formal man?

Mef. Will't please you hear me?

Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee, ere thou speak'st:
Yet, if thou say, Antony lives, is well,
Or friends with Cæsar^s, or not captive to him,
I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.

Mef. Madam, he's well.

Cleo. Well said.

Mef. And friends with Cæsar.

Cleo. Thou art an honest man.

Mef. Cæsar and he are greater friends than ever.

Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.

Mef. But yet, madam,—

Cleo. I do not like *but yet*, it does allay
The good precedence ; fye upon *but yet* ;
But yet is as a gaoler to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor. Pr'ythee, friend,
Pour out the pack^o of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together : He's friends with Cæsar ;
In state of health, thou say'st ; and, thou say'st, free.

Mef. Free, madam ! no ; I made no such report ;
He's bound unto Octavia.

Cleo. For what good turn ?

Mef. For the best turn i' the bed.

Cleo. I am pale, Charmian.

⁷ *Not like a formal man.*] Decent, regular. JOHNSON.

By a *formal man*, Shakspeare means, a man *in his senses*. *Informal* women, in *Measure for Measure*, is used for women *beside themselves*.

STEEVEN.

A *formal man*, I believe, only means, a man *in form*, i. e. *shape*. You should come in the *form* of a fury, and not in the *form* of a man. So, in *A mad World my Masters*, by Middleton, 1608 :

"The very devil assum'd thee *formally*."

i. e. *assumed thy form*. MALONE.

⁸ *Yet, if thou say, Antony lives, is well,*

Or friends with Cæsar, &c.] The old copy reads—'*tis well*.

MALONE.

We surely should read—*is well*. The messenger is to have his reward, if he says, that Antony is *alive*, in *health*, and *either friend* with Cæsar, or not captive to him. TYRWHITT.

⁹ *Pour out the pack—*] I believe our authour wrote—*thy pack*. *Thee, thee, and thy*, are frequently confounded in the old copy.

MALONE.

Mef.

Mef. Madam, he's married to Octavia.

Cleo. The most infectious pestilence upon thee!

[*Strikes him down.*]

Mef. Good madam; patience.

Cleo. What say you?—Hence,

[*Strikes him again.*]

Horrible villain! or I'll spurn thine eyes

Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head;

[*She hales him up and down.*]

Thou shalt be whipt with wire, and stew'd in brine,

Smarting in ling'ring pickle.

Mef. Gracious madam,

I, that do bring the news, made not the match.

Cleo. Say, 'tis not so, a province I will give thee,

And make thy fortunes proud: the blow thou hadst

Shall make thy peace, for moving me to rage;

And I will boot thee with what gift beside

Thy modesty can beg.

Mef. He's married, madam.

Cleo. Rogue, thou hast liv'd too long.

[*draws a dagger.*]

Mef. Nay, then I'll run:—

What mean you, madam? I have made no fault.

[*Exit.*]

Char. Good madam, keep yourself within yourself;

The man is innocent.

Cleo. Some innocents 'scape not the thunderbolt.—

Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures

Turn all to serpents!—Call the slave again;

Though I am mad, I will not bite him:—Call.

Char. He is afraid to come.

Cleo. I will not hurt him:—

These hands do lack nobility, that they strike

A meaner than myself; since I myself

Have

¹ —*draws a dagger.*] The old copy—*Draw a knife.* STEEVENS.

² *Melt Egypt into Nile!*—] So, in the first scene of this play:

"Let Rome in Tyber melt," &c. STEEVENS.

³ *These hands do lack nobility, that they strike*

A meaner than myself;—] This thought seems to be borrowed

from the laws of chivalry, which forbade a knight to engage with his inferior. So, in *Albumazar*:

"Stay; understand'st thou well the points of duel?"

"Art born of gentle blood, and pure descent?"

"Was none of all thy lineage hang'd, or cuckold?"

"Bastard,

Have given myself the cause.—Come hither, fir.

Re-enter Messenger.

Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news : Give to a gracious message
An host of tongues ; but let ill tidings tell
Themselves, when they be felt.

Mes. I have done my duty.

Cleo. Is he married ?

I cannot hate thee worser than I do,

If thou again say, Yes.

Mes. He is married, madam.

Cleo. The gods confound thee ! dost thou hold there
still ?

Mes. Should I lie, madam ?

Cleo. O, I would, thou didst ;

So half my Egypt were submerg'd⁴, and made
A cistern for scald'd snakes ! Go, get thee hence :

Had'st thou Narcissus in thy face, to me
Thou would'st appear most ugly. He is married ?

Mes. I crave your highness' pardon.

Cleo. He is married ?

Mes. Take no offence, that I would not offend you :
To punish me for what you make me do,
Seems much unequal : He is married to Octavia.

Cleo. O, that his fault should make a knave of thee,

" Bastard, or bastinado'd ? is thy pedigree

" As long and wide as mine ?—for otherwise

" Thou wert most unworthy, and 'twere loss of honour

" In me to fight." STEEVENS.

Perhaps here was intended an indirect censure of Queen Elizabeth, for her unprincely and unfeminine treatment of the amiable Earl of Essex. The play was probably not produced till after her death, when a stroke at her proud and passionate demeanour to her courtiers and maids of honour (for her Majesty used to chastise them too) might be safely hazarded. In a subsequent part of this scene there is (as Dr. Grey has observed) an evident allusion to Elizabeth's inquiries concerning the person of her rival, Mary, Queen of Scots. MALONE.

⁴ —*were* submerg'd,] *Submerg'd* is whelm'd under water. So, in the *Martial Maid*, by B. and Fletcher :

" —spoil'd, lost, and *submerg'd* in the inundation, &c."

STEEVENS.

That

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. 153

That art not what thou'rt sure of!—Get thee hence :
The merchandise, which thou hast brought from Rome,
Are all too dear for me ; Lie they upon thy hand,
And be undone by 'em ! [Exit Messenger.]

Char. Good your highness, patience.

Cleo. In praising Antony, I have disprais'd Cæsar.

Char. Many times, madam.

Cleo. I am paid for it now, Lead me from hence,
I faint ; O Iras, Charmian,—'Tis no matter :—
Go to the fellow, good Alexas ; bid him
Report the feature of Octavia^c, her years,

Her

⁵ *That art not what thou'rt sure of !*] For this, which is not easily understood, sir Thomas Hanmer has given :

“ *That say'st but what thou'rt sure of !*

I am not satisfied with the change, which, though it affords sense, exhibits little spirit. I fancy the line consists only of abrupt starts.

O that this fault should make a knave of thee,

Thou art—not what ?—Thou'rt sure on't.—Get thee hence :

That his fault should make a knave of thee that art—but what shall I say thou art not ? Thou art then sure of this marriage.—Get thee hence.

JOHNSON.

I suspect, the editors have endeavoured to correct this passage in the wrong place. Cleopatra begins now a little to recollect herself, and to be ashamed of having struck the servant for the fault of his master. She then very naturally exclaims,

“ O, that his fault should make a knave of thee,

“ *That art not what thou'rt sure of !*”

for so I would read, with the change of only one letter.—Alas, is it not strange, that the fault of Antony should make thee appear to me a knave, thee, that art innocent, and art not the cause of that ill news, in consequence of which thou art yet *fore* with my blows !

If it be said; that it is very harsh to suppose that Cleopatra means to say to the messenger, that *he* is not himself that *information* which he brings, and which has now made him smart, let the following passage in *Coriolanus* answer the objection :

“ Left you should chance to whip your *information*,

“ And beat the messenger that bids beware

“ Of what is to be dreaded.”

The Egyptian queen has beaten her *information*.

If the old copy be right, the meaning is, Strange, that his fault should make thee appear a knave, who art not that *information* of which thou bringest such certain assurance. MALONE.

⁶ *—the feature of Octavia,*] By *feature* seems to be meant the cast and make of her face. *Feature*, however, anciently appears to have signified *beauty* in general. So, in Greene's *Farewell to Folly*, 1617 :
“ —rich thou art, *featur'd* thou art, feared thou art.” Spenser uses

feature.

Her inclination, let him not leave out
The colour of her hair :—bring me word quickly—

[Exit Alexas.]

Let him for ever go :—Let him not—Charmian,
Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
The other way he's a Mars :—Bid you Alexas

[To Mardian.]

Bring me word, how tall she is.—Pity me, Charmian,
But do not speak to me.—Lead me to my chamber.

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E VI.

Near Misenum.

Enter POMPEY, and MENAS, at one side, with drum and trumpet ; at another, CESAR, LEPIDUS, ANTONY, ENOBARBUS, MECÆNAS, with soldiers marching.

Pom. Your hostages I have, so have you mine ;
And we shall talk before we fight.

Cæs. Most meet,

That first we come to words ; and therefore have we
Our written purposes before us sent :
Which, if thou hast consider'd, let us know

feature for the whole turn of the body. Faery Queen, b. i. c. 8. :

" Thus when they had the witch disorbed quite,

" And all her filthy *feature* open shown,"

Again, in b. iii. c. 9 :

" She also doth her heavy haberjeon,

" Which the fair *feature* of her limbs did hide." STEEVENS.

Our authour has already in *As you Like it*, used *feature* for the general cast of face.

¹ *Let him for ever go ;—*] She is now talking in broken sentences, not of the messenger, but Antony. JOHNSON.

² *The other way he's a Mars :—* In this passage the sense is clear, but, I think, may be much improved by a very little alteration.

Cleopatra, in her passion upon the news of Antony's marriage, says :

Let him for ever go :—Let him not—Charmian,—

Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,

The other way he's a Mars.—

This, I think, would be more spirited thus :

Let him for ever go :—let him—no ;—Charmian ;

Though he be painted, &c. TYRWHITT.

If 'twill tie up thy discontented sword;
And carry back to Sicily much tall youth,
That else must perish here.

Pom. To you all three,
The senators alone of this great world,
Chief factors for the gods,—I do not know,
Wherefore my father should revengers want,
Having a son, and friends: since Julius Cæsar,
Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,
There saw you labouring for him. What was it,
That mov'd pale Cassius to conspire? And
What made all-honour'd, honest, Roman Brutus,
With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,
To drench the Capitol; but that they would
Have one man but a man? And that is it,
Hath made me rig my navy; at whose burden
The anger'd ocean foams; with which I meant
To scourge the ingratitude that despightful Rome:
Cast on my noble father.

Cæs. Take your time.

Ant. Thou canst not fear us^o, Pompey, with thy sails,
We'll speak with thee at sea: at land, thou know'st
How much we do o'er-count thee.

Pom. At land, indeed,
Thou dost o'er-count me of my father's house¹:

^o *Thou canst not fear us—*] Thou canst not affright us with thy numerous navy. JOHNSON.

¹ *At land, indeed,*

Thou dost o'er-count me of my father's house:] At land indeed thou dost exceed me in possessions, having added to thy own my father's house. O'er-count seems to be used equivocally, and Pompey perhaps meant to insinuate that Antony not only out-numbered, but had over-reached, him. The circumstance here alluded to our authour found in the old translation of Plutarch: "Afterwards, when Pompey's house was put to open sale, Antonius bought it; but when they asked him money for it, he made it very strange, and was offended with them."

Again: "Whereupon Antonius asked him [Sextus Pompeius,] And where shall we sup? There, sayd Pompey; and shewed him his admiral galley, which had six benches of owers: that said he is my father's house they have left me. He spake it to taunt Antonius, because he had his father's house, that was Pompey the great."

MALONE.

But,

But, since the cuckoo builds not for himself²,
Remain in't, as thou may'st.

Lep. Be pleas'd to tell us,
(For this is from the present,) how you take
The offers we have sent you.

Cæs. There's the point.

Ant. Which do not be entreated to, but weigh
What it is worth embrac'd.

Cæs. And what may follow,
To try a larger fortune.

Pom. You have made me offer
Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I must
Rid all the sea of pirates: then, to send
Measures of wheat to Rome: This 'greed upon,
To part with unhack'd edges, and bear back
Our targes undinted.

Cæs. Ant. Lep. That's our offer.

Pom. Know then,
I came before you here, a man prepar'd
To take this offer: But Mark Antony
Put me to some impatience:—Though I lose
The praise of it by telling, You must know,
When Cæsar and your brother were at blows,
Your mother came to Sicily, and did find
Her welcome friendly.

Ant. I have heard it, Pompey;
And am well studied for a liberal thanks,
Which I do owe you.

Pom. Let me have your hand:
I did not think, sir, to have met you here.

Ant. The beds i' the east are soft: and thanks to you,
That call'd me, timelier than my purpose, hither
For I have gain'd by it.

Cæs. Since I saw you last,
There is a change upon you.

² But, since the cuckoo builds not for himself;] Since, like the cuckoo, that seizes the nests of other birds, you have invaded a house which you could not build, keep it while you can. JOHNSON.

So, in P. Holland's translation of *Pliny*, b. x. ch. 9:
"These (cuckows) lay alwaies in other birds' nests."

Pom. Well, I know not,
What counts harsh fortune casts upon my face³;
But in my bosom shall she never come,
To make my heart her vassal.

Lep. Well met here.

Pom. I hope so, Lepidus,—Thus we are agreed :
I crave, our composition may be written,
And seal'd between us.

Cæs. That's the next to do.

Pom. We'll feast each other, ere we part ; and let us
Draw lots, who shall begin.

Ant. That will I, Pompey.

Pom. No, Antony, take the lot : but, first,
Or last, your fine Egyptian cookery
Shall have the fame. I have heard, that Julius Cæsar
Grew fat with feasting there.

Ant. You have heard much.

Pom. I have fair meanings, sir⁴.

Ant. And fair words to them.

Pom. Then so much have I heard :—
And I have heard, Apollodorus carried—

Eno. No more of that :—He did so.

Pom. What, I pray you ?

Eno. A certain queen to Cæsar⁵ in a mattress.

Pom. I know thee now ; How far'st thou, soldier

Eno. Well ;
And well am like to do ; for, I perceive,
Four feasts are toward.

Pom. Let me shake thy hand ;
I never hated thee : I have seen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.

Eno. Sir,
I never lov'd you much ; but I have prais'd you,
When you have well deserv'd ten times as much

³ *What counts hard fortune casts, &c.*] Metaphor from making marks or lines in casting accounts in arithmetick. WARBURTON.

⁴ *I have fair meanings, sir.*] The old copy has *meaning* ; the transcriber's ear being probably deceived, in consequence of the next word beginning with the final letter of this. The correction was suggested by Mr. Heath. MALONE.

⁵ —to Cæsar—i. e. to Julius Cæsar. STEEVENS.

As I have said you did.

Pom. Enjoy thy plainness,

It nothing ill becomes thee.—

Aboard my galley I invite you all:

Will you lead, lords?

Cæs. Ant. Lep. Shew us the way, sir.

Pom. Come. [*Exeunt POMPEY, CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, Soldiers, and Attendants.*]

Men. Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have made this treaty.—[*aside.*—] You and I have known, sir.

Eno. At sea, I think.

Men. We have, sir.

Eno. You have done well by water.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. I will praise any man that will praise me^c: though it cannot be denied what I have done by land.

Men. Nor what I have done by water.

Eno. Yes, something you can deny for your own safety: you have been a great thief by sea.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. There I deny my land service. But give me your hand, Menas: If your eyes had authority, here they might take two thieves kissing.

Men. All men's faces are true, whatsoe'er their hands are.

Eno. But there is never a fair woman has a true face.

Men. No slander; they steal hearts.

Eno. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turn'd to a drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune.

Eno. If he do, sure, he cannot weep it back again.

Men. You have said, sir. We look'd not for Mark Antony here; Pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

Eno. Cæsar's sister is call'd Octavia.

Men. True, sir; she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

^c *I will praise any man that will praise me;* } The poet's art in delivering this humorous sentiment (which gives us so very true and natural a picture of the commerce of the world) can never be sufficiently admired. The confession could come from none but a frank and rough character like the speaker's: and the moral lesson insinuated under it, that flattery can make its way through the most stubborn manners, deserves our serious reflection. WARBURTON.

Eno. But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.

Men. Pray you, sir?

Eno. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is Cæsar, and he, for ever knit together.

Eno. If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not prophesy so.

Men. I think, the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage, than the love of the parties.

Eno. I think so too. But you shall find, the band that seems to tie their friendship together, will be the very strangler of their amity: Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still conversation.

Men. Who would not have his wife so?

Eno. Not he, that himself is not so; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again: then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæsar; and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity, shall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will use his affection where it is; he marry'd but his occasion here.

Men. And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you aboard? I have a health for you.

Eno. I shall take it, sir: we have us'd our throats in Egypt.

Men. Come; let's away. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII.

On board Pompey's Galley, lying near M senum.

M sick. Enter two or three Servants, with a banquet.

1. *Serv.* Here they'll be, man: Some o' their plants⁷ are ill-rooted already, the least wind i' the world will blow them down.

⁷ —with a banquet.] A banquet in our authour's time frequently signified what we now call a desert; and from the following dialogue the word must here be understood in that sense. So, in *Lord Cromwell*, 1602: "Their dinner is our banquet after dinner." Again, in *Heath's Chronicle of the Civil Wars*, 1661: "After dinner, he was served with a banquet, in the conclusion whereof he knighted Alderman Viner." MALONE.

⁸ Some o' their plants—] *Plants*, besides its common meaning, is here used for the foot, from the Latin. JOHNSON.

2. *Serv.*

2. *Serv.* Lepidus is high-colour'd.

1. *Serv.* They have made him drink alms-drink^o.

2. *Serv.* As they pinch one another by the disposition, he cries out, *no more*; reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink.

1. *Serv.* But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

2. *Serv.* Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship: I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service, as a partizan^a I could not heave.

1. *Serv.* To be call'd into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disfigure the cheeks.³

A sennet sounded. Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, POMPEY, LEPIDUS, AGRIPPA, MÆCENAS, ENOBARBUS, MENAS, with other Captains.

Ant. Thus do they, sir: [to Cæsar.] They take the flow o' the Nile⁴

By

^o *They have made him drink alms-drink.*] A phrase amongst good fellows, to signify that liquor of another's share which his companion drinks to ease him. But it satirically alludes to Cæsar and Antony's admitting him into the triumvirate, in order to take off from themselves the load of envy. *WARBURTON.*

¹ *As they pinch one another by the disposition,—*] A phrase equivalent to that now in use, of *Touching one in a sore place.* *WARBURTON.*

² —a partizan— A pike. *JOHNSON.*

³ *To be call'd into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disfigure the cheeks.*] This speech seems to be mutilated; to supply the deficiencies is impossible, but perhaps the sense was originally approaching to this.

To be call'd into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in it, is a very ignominious state; great offices are the holes where eyes should be, which, if eyes be wanting, pitifully disfigure the cheeks. *JOHNSON.*

I do not believe a single word has been omitted. The being called into a huge sphere, and not being seen to move in it, these two circumstances, says the speaker, resemble sockets in a face where eyes should be, [but are not,] which empty sockets, or holes without eyes, pitifully disfigure the countenance.

The sphere in which the eye moves, is an expression which Shakespeare has often used. Thus, in his 119th Sonnet:

"How have mine eyes out of their spheres been fitted, &c.

Again, in *Hamlet*:

"Make up two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres."

MALONE.

⁴ *They take the flow of the Nile, &c.*] Pliny speaking of the Nile says,

By certain scales i' the pyramid; they know,
 By the height, the lowness, or the mean^s, if dearth,
 Or foizon, follow⁶: The higher Nilus swells,
 The more it promises: as it ebbs, the seedsman
 Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,
 And shortly comes to harvest.

Lep. You have strange serpents there.

Ant. Ay, Lepidus.

Lep. Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your mud by
 the operation of your sun: so is your crocodile.

Ant. They are so.

Pom. Sit,—and some wine.—A health to Lepidus.

says, "How it riseth, is known by markes and measures taken of certain pits. The ordinary height of it is sixteen cubits. Under that gage the waters overflow not all. Above that stint, there are a let and hindrance, by reason that the later it is ere they bee fallen and downe againe. By these the seed-time is much of it spent, for that the earth is too wet. By the other there is none at all, by reason that the ground is dry and thirstie. The province taketh good keepe and reckoning of both, the one as well as the other. But when it is no higher than 12 cubits, it findeth extreme famine; yea, and at 13 it feeleth hunger still: 14 cubits comforts their hearts, 15 bids them take no care, but 16 affordeth them plentie and delicious dainties.—And so soon as any part of the land is freed from the water, straight waies it is sowed." *Philemon Holland's Translation, 1601, B. V. c. 9. REED.*

Shakspeare seems rather to have derived his knowledge of this fact from Leo's *History of Africa*, translated by John Pory, folio, 1600: "Upon another side of the island standeth an house alone by itselfe, in the midst whereof there is a four square cesterne or channel of eighteen cubits deep, whereinto the water of Nilus is conveyed by a certaine sluice under ground. And in the midst of the cesterne there is erected a certaine piller, which is marked and divided into so many cubits as the cesterne containeth in depth. And upon the seventeenth of June, when Nilus beginneth to overflow, the water thereof conveyed by the said sluice into the channel increaseth daily. If the water reacheth only to the fifteenth cubit of the said piller, they hope for a fruitful yeere following; but if it stayeth between the twelfth cubit and the fifteenth, then the increase of the yeere will prove but mean; if it resteth between the tenth and twelfth cubits, then it is a sign that corn will be sold ten ducates the bushel." *MALONE.*

⁵ —the mean,—] i. e. the middle. *STEEVENS.*

⁶ Or foizon, follow:] *Foizon* is a French word signifying plenty, abundance. I am told that it is still in common use in the North.

STEEVENS.

Lep.

Lep. I am not so well as I should be, but I'll ne'er out.

Eno. Not till you have slept; I fear me, you'll be in, till then.

Lep. Nay, certainly, I have heard, the Ptolemies' pyramises are very goodly things; without contradiction, I have heard that.

Men. Pompey, a word.

Pom. Say in mine ear: What is't?

Men. Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain,

And hear me speak a word.

Pom. Forbear me till anon.—This wine for Lepidus.

Lep. What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

Ant. It is shaped, sir, like it self: and it is as broad as it hath breadth: it is just so high as it is, and moves with its own organs: it lives by that which nourisheth it; and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of its own colour too.

Lep. 'Tis a strange serpent.

Ant. 'Tis so: And the tears of it are wet*.

Cas. Will this description satisfy him?

Ant. With the health that Pompey gives him, else he is a very epicure.

Pom. [to Menas *aside*.] Go, hang, sir hang! Tell me of that? away!

* *I have heard the Ptolemies' pyramises are very goodly things:* *Pyramis* for *pyramid* was in common use in our authour's time. So, in Bishop Corbet's *Poems*, 1647:

"Nor need the chancellor boast, whose *pyramis*

"Above the host and altar reared is."

From this word Shakspeare formed the English plural, *pyramises*, to mark the indistinct pronunciation of a man nearly intoxicated, whose tongue is now beginning to "split what it speaks." In other places he has introduced the Latin plural *pyramides*, which was constantly used by our ancient writers. So, in this play:

"My country's high *pyramides*—"

Again, in Sir Aston Cockain's *Poems*, 1658:

"Neither advise I thee to pass the seas,

"To take a view of the *pyramides*."

Again, in Braithwaite's *Survey of Histories*, 1614: "Thou art now for building a second *pyramides* in the air." MALONE.

* —the tears of it are wet.] "Be your tears wet?" says Lear to Cordelia, Act IV. Scene vii. MALONE.

Do as I bid you.—Where's this cup I call'd for?

Men. If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me,
Rise from thy stool.

Pom. I think, thou'rt mad. The matter?

[*rises, and walks aside.*]

Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

Pom. Thou hast serv'd me with much faith : What's else
to say?—

Be jolly, lords.

Ant. These quick-sands, Lepidus,
Keep off them, for you sink.

Men. Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

Pom. What say'st thou?

Men. Wilt thou be lord of the whole world? That's
twice.

Pom. How shall that be?

Men. But entertain it,
And, though thou think me poor, I am the man
Will give thee all the world.

Pom. Hast thou drunk well?

Men. No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.
Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly Jove :
Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips^s,
Is thine, if thou wilt have it.

Pom. Shew me which way.

Men. These three world-sharers, these competitors,
Are in thy vessel : Let me cut the cable ;
And, when we are put off, fall to their throats :
All there is thine^t.

Pom. Ah, this thou should'st have done,

^s — or *sky* inclips,] i. e. embraces. STEEVENS.

^t — *Let me cut the cable ;*] So, in the old translation of Plutarch :
“ Now in the midst of the feast, when they fell to be merie with
Antonius loue vnto Cleopatra, Menas the pirate came to Pompey,
and whispering in his eare, said unto him : shall I cut the gables of
the ankers, and make thee Lord not only of Sicile and Sardinia, but
of the whole empire of Rome besides? Pompey having pawed a
while vpon it, at length answered him : thou shouldest haue done
it, and neuer haue told it me, but now we must content vs with
that we haue. As for my selfe, I was neuer taught to breake my
faith, nor to be counted a traitor.” STEEVENS.

^t All there is thine.] All there, may mean all in the vessel. STEEV.
The modern editors read—All then is thine. MALONE.

And

And not have spoke on't! In me, 'tis villany;
 In thee, it had been good service. Thou must know,
 'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour;
 Mine honour, it. Repent, that e'er thy tongue
 Hath so betray'd thine act: Being done unknown,
 I should have found it afterwards well done;
 But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

Men. For this, [*Aside.*]
 I'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes² more.—
 Who seeks, and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,
 Shall never find it more.

Pom. This health to Lepidus.

Ant. Bear him ashore.—I'll pledge it for him, Pompey.

Eno. Here's to thee, Menas.

Men. Enobarbus, welcome.

Pom. Fill, till the cup be hid.

Eno. There's a strong fellow, Menas.

[*Pointing to the attendant who carries off Lepidus.*]

Men. Why?

Eno. He bears

The third part of the world, man; See'st not?

Men. The third part then is drunk: 'Would it were
 all³,

That it might go on wheels*!

Eno. Drink thou; increase the reels.

Men. Come.

Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

Ant. It ripens towards it.—Strike the vessels⁴, ho!

² —*thy pall'd fortunes*—] *Palled*, is *vapid*, past its time of excellence; *palled* wine, is wine that has lost its original sprightliness.

³ *The third part then is drunk: 'Would it were all, &c.*] The old copy reads—The third part then *be* is drunk, &c. The context clearly shews that the transcriber's ear deceived him, and that we should read as I have printed it,—The third part *then is* drunk.

MALONE.

* *That it might go on wheels!*] “The World goes upon Wheels,” is the title of a pamphlet written by Taylor the Water-poet.

MALONE.

⁴ —*Strike the vessels*,] Try whether the casks found as empty.

JOHNSON.

I believe, *strike the vessels* means no more than *clink the vessels one against the other*, as a mark of our unanimity in drinking, as we now say, *obink glasses*. STEEVENS.

Here is to Cæsar.

Cæs. I could well forbear it.

It's monstrous labour, when I wash my brain,
And it grows fouler.

Ant. Be a child o' the time.

Cæs. Possess it, I'll make answer : but I had rather fast
From all, four days, than drink so much in one.

Eno. Ha, my brave emperor ! [*to Ant.*] Shall we dance
now

The Egyptian Bacchanals, and celebrate our drink ?

Pom. Let's ha't, good soldier.

Ant. Come, let's all take hands ;

Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our sense
In soft and delicate Lethe.

Eno. All take hands.—

Make battery to our ears with the loud musick :—

The while, I'll place you : Then the boy shall sing ;

The holding every man shall bear^s, as loud

As his strong sides can volly.

[*Musick plays.* Enobarbus places them hand in hand.

^s *The holding every man shall bear,*] In the old editions :

The holding every man shall beat,—

The company were to join in the burden, which the poet stiles, the
holding. But how were they to *beat* this with their *sides* ? I am per-
suaded, the poet wrote :

The holding ev'ry man shall bear, as loud

As his strong sides can volly.

The breast and *sides* are immediately concerned in straining to sing as
loud and forcibly as a man can. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald's emendation is very plausible ; and yet *beat* I be-
lieve to have been the poet's word, however harsh it may appear
at present. In *K. Henry VIII.* we find a similar expression :

—let the musick knock it." STEEVENS.

The holding every man shall beat,—] Every man shall accompany the
chorus by drumming on his sides, in token of concurrence and ap-
plause. JOHNSON.

Theobald's emendation appears to me so plausible, and the change
is so small, that I have given it a place in the text, as did Mr. Stee-
vens in his edition.

The meaning of *the holding* is ascertained by a passage in an old
pamphlet called *The Servingman's Comfort*, 4to. 1598 : " —where
a song is to be sung, the *under-song* or *holding* whereof is, It is merrie
in haul where beards wag all." MALONE.

SONG

S O N G.

*Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus, with pink cyne⁶;
In thy vats our cares be drown'd;
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd;
Cup us till the world go round;
Cup us till the world go round!*

Cæs. What would you more?—Pompey, good night.
Good brother,

Let me request you off: our graver business
Frowns at this levity.—Gentle lords, let's part;
You see, we have burnt our cheeks: strong Enobarbe
Is weaker than the wine; and mine own tongue
Splits what it speaks: the wild disguise hath almost
Antick'd us all. What needs more words? Good
night.—

Good Antony, your hand.

Pom. I'll try you on the shore.

Ant. And shall, sir: give us your hand.

Pom. O, Antony, you have my father's house,—
But what! we are friends: Come, down into the boat.

Eno. Take heed you fall not.—

[*Exeunt. POM. CÆS. ANT. and Attendants*]

Menas I'll not on shore.

Men. No, to my cabin.—

These drums!—these trumpets, flutes! what!—
Let Neptune hear me bid a loud farewell

⁶ —with pink cyne:] Dr. Johnson, in his *Dictionary* says a *pink eye* is a small eye, and quotes this passage for his authority. *Pink cyne*, however, may be *red eyes*; eyes inflamed with drinking, are very well appropriated to Bacchus. So, in *Julius Cæsar*:

“—such ferret and such fiery eyes.”

So, Greene, in his *Defence of Coney-catching*, 1592: “—like a pink-ey'd ferret.” Again, in a song sung by a drunken Clown in *Marius and Sylla*, 1594:

“Thou makest some to stumble, and many more to fumble,
“And me have pinky cyne, most brave and jolly wine!”

STEEVENS.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. 167

To these great fellows : Sound, and be hang'd, sound out.

[*A flourish of trumpets, with drums.*]

Eno. Ho, says 'a !—There's my cap.

Men. Ho !—noble captain ! Come !

[*Excunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Plain in Syria.

Enter VENTIDIUS, as after conquest, with SILIUS and other Romans, officers, and soldiers ; the dead body of Pacorus borne before him.

Ven. Now, darting Parthia, art thou struck²: and now
Pleas'd fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death
Make me revenger.—Bear the king's son's body
Before our army :—Thy Pacorus, Orodes³,
Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

Sil. Noble Ventidius,
Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm,
The fugitive Parthians follow ; spur through Media,
Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither
The routed fly : so thy grand captain Antony
Shall set thee on triumphant chariots, and
Put garlands on thy head.

Ven. O Silius, Silius,
I have done enough : A lower place, note well,
May make too great an act : For learn this, Silius ;
Better to leave undone, than by our deed
Acquire too high a fame, when him we serve's away⁴.
Cæsar, and Antony, have ever won

² —*struck*—] alludes to *darting*. Thou whose darts have so often struck others, are struck now thyself. JOHNSON.

³ —*Thy Pacorus, Orodes*,] *Pacorus* was the son of *Orodes*, king of Parthia. STEEVENS.

⁴ —*when him we serve's away*.] Thus the old copy, and such certainly was our authour's phraseology. So, in *the Winter's Tale* :

More

More in their officer, than person : Sossius,
 One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,
 For quick accumulation of renown,
 Which he achiev'd by the minute, lost his favour.
 Who does i' the wars more than his captain can,
 Becomes his captain's captain ; and ambition,
 The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss,
 Than gain, which darkens him.
 I could do more to do Antonius good,
 But 'twould offend him ; and in his offence
 Should my performance perish,

Sil. Thou hast, Ventidius, that,
 Without the which a soldier, and his sword,
 Grants scarce distinction². Thou wilt write to Antony?

Ven. I'll humbly signify what in his name,
 That magical word of war, we have effected ;
 How, with his banners, and his well-paid ranks,
 The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia
 We have jaded out o' the field.

Sil. Where is he now ?

Ven. He purposeth to Athens : whither with what haste
 The weight we must convey with us will permit,
 We shall appear before him.—On, there ; pass along.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Rome. *An Ante-chamber in Cæsar's House.*

Enter AGRIPPA, and ENOBARBUS, meeting.

Agr. What, are the brothers parted ?

Eno. They have dispatch'd with Pompey, he is gone ;

“ I am appointed *him* to murder you,”

The modern editors, however, all read, more grammatically,
 when *he* we serve, &c. MALONE.

² —that,

without the which a soldier, and his sword,

Grants scarce distinction.] Grant, for afford. It is badly and obscurely expressed : but the sense is this : *Thou hast that, Ventidius, which if thou didst want, there would be no distinction between thee and thy sword. You would be both equally cutting and senseless.* This was wisdom or knowledge of the world. Ventidius had told him the reasons why he did not pursue his advantages : and his friend, by this compliment, acknowledges them to be of weight. *WARBURTON.*

The

The other three are seeling. Octavia weeps
To part from Rome: Cæsar is sad; and Lepidus,
Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled
With the green sickness.

Agr. 'Tis a noble Lepidus.

Eno. A very fine one: O, how he loves Cæsar!

Agr. Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony!

Eno. Cæsar? Why, he's the Jupiter of men.

Agr. What's Antony? The god of Jupiter.

Eno. Spake you of Cæsar? How*? the nonpareil!

Agr. O Antony! O thou Arabian bird!

Eno. Would you praise Cæsar, say,—Cæsar;—go on
further.

Agr. Indeed, he ply'd them both with excellent praises.

Eno. But he loves Cæsar best;—Yet he loves Antony:
Ho! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets,
cannot

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I

Think,

* *How?* I believe, was here, as in another place in this play,
printed by mistake, for *ho*.

³ —*Arabian bird!*] The phoenix. JOHNSON.

⁴ —*bards, poets,*—] Not only the tautology of *bards* and *poets*, but
the want of a correspondent action for the *poet*, whose business in
the next line is only to *number*, makes me suspect some fault in this
passage, which I know not how to mend. JOHNSON.

I suspect no fault. The ancient *bard* sung his compositions to the
harp; the *poet* only commits them to paper. Verses are often cal-
led *numbers*, and to *number*, a verb (in this sense) of Shakspeare's
coining, is to *make verses*.

This puerile arrangement of words was much studied in the age
of Shakspeare, even by the first writers.

So, in *An excellent Sonnet of a Nymph*, by Sir P. Sidney; printed
in *England's Helicon*, 1614:

"Vertue, beautie, and speech, did strike, wound, charme,

"My heart, eyes, eares, with wonder, love, delight:

"First, second, last, did binde, enforce, and arme,

"His works, shewes, futes, with wit, grace, and vowes-might:

"Thus honour, liking, trust, much, farre, and deepe,

"Held, pearst, possiest, my judgment, sence, and will;

"Till wrongs, contempt, deceite, did grow, steale, creepe,

"Bands, savour, faith, to breake, defile, and kill.

"Then grieve, unkindnes, prooffe, tooke, kindled, taught,

"Well grounded, noble, due, spite, rage, disdain:

"But ah, alas (in vaine) my mind, sight, thought,

"Doth him, his face, his words, leave, shunne, refraine:

"For nothing, time, nor place, can loose, quench, ease,

"Mine own embraced, fought, knot, fire, discase." STEEV.

Again, in Daniel's 11th Sonnet, 1594:

Yet

Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, ho,
His love to Antony. But as for Cæsar,
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

Agr. Both he loves.

Eno. They are his shards, and he their beetles. So,—
This is to horse.—Adieu, noble Agrippa. [*Trumpets.*]

Agr. Good fortune, worthy foldier; and farewell.

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, and OCTAVIA.

Ant. No further, sir.

Cæs. You take from me a great part of myself;
Use me well in it.—Sister, prove such a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and as my farthest band⁷
Shall pass on thy approof.—Most noble Antony,
Let not the piece of virtue, which is set
Betwixt us, as the cement of our love,
To keep it builded*, be the ram, to batter
The fortrefs of it: for better might we
Have lov'd without this mean, if on both parts
This be not cherish'd.

Ant. Make me not offended

In your distrust.

Cæs. I have said.

Ant. You shall not find,

Though you be therein curious⁸, the least cause

“Yet I will weep, vow, pray to cruell she;

“Flint, froth, disdain, weares, melts, and yields, we see.”

MALONE.

⁵ *They are his shards, and he their beetle.*] i. e. They are the wings
that raise this heavy lumpish insect from the ground. So, in *Macbeth*:

“—the shard-borne beetle.” STEEVENS.

⁶ *You take from me a great part of myself:*] So, in the *Tempest*:

“I have given you here a third of my own life.” STEEVENS.

So, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

“I have a kind of self resides in you.” MALONE.

⁷ —as my farthest band] As I will venture the greatest pledge of
Security, on the trial of thy conduct. JOHNSON.

Band and bond in our authour's time were synonymous. MALONE.

* “—the cement of our love

To keep it builded,] So, in our authour's 119th Sonnet:

“And ruin'd love, when it is built anew,

“Grows fairer than at first.” MALONE,

⁸ —therein curious,] i. e. scrupulous. So, in the *Taming of the
shrew*:

“For curious I cannot be with you.” STEEVENS.

For what you seem to fear : So, the gods keep you,
And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends !
We will here part.

Cæs. Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well ;
The elements be kind to thee⁹, and make
Thy spirits all of comfort ! fare thee well.

Octa. My noble brother !—

Ant. The April's in her eyes ; It is love's spring,
And these the showers to bring it on :—Be cheerful.

Octa. Sir, look well to my husband's house ; and—

⁹ *The elements be kind, &c.*] This is obscure. It seems to mean,
May the different elements of the body, or principles of life, maintain just
proportion and harmony as may keep you cheerful. JOHNSON.

The elements be kind, &c. I believe means only, *May the four elements,*
of which this world is composed, unite their influences to make thee cheerful.

There is, however, a thought which seems to favour Dr. Johnson's explanation in *The two noble Kinsmen* by Fletcher, and Shakespeare :

“ —My precious maid,

“ These best affections that the heavens infuse

“ In their best temper'd pieces, keep enthron'd

“ In your dear heart !”

Again, in *Twelfth Night* :

“ Does not our life consist of the four elements ?—Faith, so they say.”

And another, which may serve in support of mine :

“ —the elements,

“ That know not what nor why, yet do effect

“ Rare issues by their operance.”

These parting words of Cæsar to his sister, may indeed mean no more than the common compliment which the occasion of her voyage very naturally required. He wishes that serene weather and prosperous winds may keep her spirits free from every apprehension that might disturb or alarm them. STEEVENS.

Dr. Johnson's explanation of this passage is too profound to be just. Octavia was about to take a long journey both by land and by water. Her brother wishes that both these elements may prove kind to her ; and this is all. So Cassio says in *Othello* ;

“ —O, let the heavens

“ Give him defence against the elements,

“ For I have lost him on a dangerous sea.” MASON.

In the passage just quoted the elements must mean, not earth and water, (which Mr. Mason supposes to be the meaning here,) but air and water ; and such, I think, (as an anonymous commentator has also suggested) is the meaning here. The following lines in *Truillius* and *Cressida* likewise favour this interpretation :

“ —anon behold

“ The strong ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cut,

“ Bounding between the two moist elements,

“ Like Periclus' horse.” MALONE.

Cæs. What, Octavia ?

Oct. I'll tell you in your ear.

Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue : the swan's down feather,
That stands upon the swell at the full of tide,
And neither way inclines.

Eno. Will Cæsar weep ?

[*Aside to Agrippa.*

Agr. He has a cloud in his face.

Eno. He were the worse for that, were he a horse;
So is he, being a man.

Agr. Why, Enobarbus ?

When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,
He cried almost to roaring : and he wept,
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.

Eno. That year, indeed, he was troubled with a rheum;
What willingly he did confound², he wail'd :
Believe it, till I weep too³.

Cæs. No, sweet Octavia,
You shall hear from me still ; the time shall not
Out-go my thinking on you.

Ant. Come, fir, come ;
I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love :
Look, here I have you ; thus I let you go,
And give you to the gods.

Cæs. Adieu ; be happy !

Lep. Let all the number of the stars give light
To thy fair way !

Cæs. Farewel, farewel !

[*kisses Octavia.*

Ant. Farewel !

[*Trumpets sound. Exeunt.*

¹ —*were he a horse;*] A horse is said to have a cloud in his face, when he has a black or dark coloured spot in his forehead between his eyes. This gives him a froward look, and being supposed to indicate an ill-temper, is of course regarded as a great blemish.

STEEVENS.

² —*he did confound—*] i. e. destroy.

³ *Believe it, till I weep too.*] *Believe it,* (says Enobarbus) *that Antony did so, i. e. that he wept over such an event, till you see me weeping on the same occasion, when I shall be obliged to you for putting such a construction on my tears, which, in reality, (like his) will be tears of joy.*

STEEVENS.

SCENE

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

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S C E N E III.

Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Cleo. Where is the fellow?

Alex. Half afeard to come.

Cleo. Go to, go to :—Come hither, fir.

Enter a Messenger.

Alex. Good majesty,
Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you;
But when you are well pleas'd.

Cleo. That Herod's head
I'll have : But how ? when Antony is gone
Through whom I might command it.—Come thou near.

Mef. Most gracious majesty,—

Cleo. Didst thou behold
Octavia?

Mef. Ay, dread queen.

Cleo. Where?

Mef. Madam, in Rome
I look'd her in the face ; and saw her led
Between her brother and Mark Antony.

Cleo. Is she as tall as me?

Mef. She is not, madam.

Cleo. Didst hear her speak ? Is she shrill-tongu'd, or low?

Mef. Madam, I heard her speak ; she is low-voic'd.

Cleo. That's not so good :—he cannot like her longs.

Char.

⁴ *Is she as tall as me ? &c. &c. &c.]* This scene (says Dr. Grey) is a manifest allusion to the question put by queen Elizabeth to sir James Melvill, concerning his mistress, the queen of Scots. Whoever will give himself the trouble to consult his Memoirs, will probably suppose the resemblance to be more than accidental.

STEEVENS.

⁵ *That's not so good :—he cannot like her long.]* Cleopatra perhaps does not mean—“ That is not so good a piece of intelligence as your last ;” but, “ *That*, i. e. a low voice, is not so good as a shrill tongue.”

That a low voice (on which our authour never omits to introduce an elogium when he has an opportunity,) was not esteemed by

Char. Like her? O Isis! 'tis impossible.

Cleo. I think so, Charmian: Dull of tongue, and dwarfish!—

What majesty is in her gait? Remember,
If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.

Mef. She creeps;

Her motion and her station⁶ are as one:
She shews a body rather than a life;

A statue, than a breather.

Cleo. Is this certain?

Mef. Or I have no observance.

Char. Three in Egypt
Cannot make better note.

Cleo. He's very knowing,
I do perceive't:—There's nothing in her yet:—
The fellow has good judgment.

Char. Excellent.

Cleo. Guess at her years, I pr'ythee.

Mef. Madam, she was a widow.

Cleo. Widow?—Charmian, hark.

Mef. And I do think, she's thirty,

Cleo. Bear'st thou her face in mind? is it long, or round?

Mef. Round even to faultiness.

Cleo. For the most part too,
They are foolish that are so.—Her hair, what colour?
Mef. Brown, madam: And her forehead

by Cleopatra as a merit in a lady, appears from what she adds afterwards,—“*Dull of tongue, and dwarfish!*”—If the words be understood in the sense first mentioned, the latter part of the line will be found inconsistent with the foregoing.

Perhaps, however, the authour intended no connexion between the two members of this line; and that Cleopatra, after a pause, should exclaim—He cannot like her, whatever her merits be, for any length of time. My first interpretation I believe to be the true one.

It has been justly observed that the poet had probably Queen Elizabeth here in his thoughts. The description given of her by a contemporary about twelve years after her death, strongly confirms this supposition. “She was (says the Continuator of Stowe's *Chronicle*,) tall of stature, strong in every limb and joynt, her fingers small and long, her voice loud and shrill.” MALONE.

⁶ —her station] *Station*, in this instance, means the act of standing. So, in *Hamlet*:

“A station like the herald Mercury.” STEEVENS.

As

As low as she would wish it.

Cleo. There's gold for thee.

Thou must not take my former sharpness ill :—

I will employ thee back again ; I find thee

Most fit for business : Go, make thee ready ;

Our letters are prepar'd.

[*Exit Messenger.*]

Char. A proper man.

Cleo. Indeed, he is so : I repent me much,

That so I harry'd him^a. Why, methinks, by him,

This creature's no such thing.

Char. Nothing, madam.

Cleo. The man hath seen some majesty, and should know.

Char. Hath he seen majesty ? His else defend,

And serving you so long !

Cleo. I have one thing more to ask him yet, good *Char-*
mian :—

But 'tis no matter ; thou shalt bring him to me

Where I will write : All may be well enough.

Char. I warrant you, madam.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Athens. *A Room in Antony's House.*

Enter ANTONY, and OCTAVIA.

Ant. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,—that
Were excusable, that, and thousands more
Of semblable import,—but he hath wag'd
New wars 'gainst Pompey ; made his will, and read

^a *As low as she would wish it.* Low foreheads were in Shakspeare's age thought a blemish. So, in *the Tempest* :

“—with foreheads villainous low.”

You and *She* are not likely to have been confounded ; otherwise we might suppose that our authour wrote—

As low as you would wish it. MALONE.

^b *—so I harry'd him.* To harry, is to use roughly. I meet with the word in *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntingdon*, 1601 :

“Will harry me about instead of her.” STEEVENS.

Mintheu, in his *Dict.* 1617, explains the word thus : “To turmoile or vexe.” Cole in his *English Dict.* 1676, interprets *harried* by the word *pulled*, and in the sense of pulled and *sugged* about, I believe the word was used by Shakspeare. In a kindred sense it

To publick ear :

Spoke scantily of me : when perforce he could not
But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly
He vented them : most narrow measure lent me :
When the best hint was given him, he not took'to,
Or did it from his teeth.

Ota. O my good lord,
Believe not all ; or, if you must believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this division chance, ne'er stood between,
Praying for both parts : The good gods will mock me
presently,

When I shall pray, *O, bless my lord and husband!*
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
O, bless my brother! Husband win, win brother,
Prays, and destroys the prayer ; no midway
'Twixt these extremes at all.

Ant. Gentle Octavia,
Let your best love draw to that point, which seeks
Best to preserve it : If I lose mine honour,
I lose myself : better I were not yours,
'Than yours so-branchless'. But, as you requested,
Yourself shall go between us : The mean time, lady,
I'll raise the preparation of a war
Shall stain your brother²; Make your soonest haste ;
So your desires are yours.

is used in the old translation of Plutarch ; " Pyrrhus seeing his people thus troubled, and *barried* to and fro," &c.

See also Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598 : " Tartassare. To rib-baste, to bang, to tugge, to hale, *to barrie*." MALONE.

⁹ —*he not took't,*—] The old copy has—not *look't*. Corrected by Dr. Thirlby. MALONE.

¹ *'Than yours so branchless*.] Old Copy—*your*. Corrected in the second folio. This is one of the many mistakes that have arisen from the transcriber's ear deceiving him, *your so* and *yours so*, being scarcely distinguishable in pronunciation. MALONE.

² *I'll raise the preparation of a war*

Shall stain your brother ; i. e. shall shame or disgrace him.

JOHNSON.

I believe a line betwixt these two has been lost, the purport of which probably was, *unless I am compell'd in my own defence, I will do no act that shall stain, &c.*

After Antony has told Octavia that she shall be a mediatrix between him and his adversary, it is surely strange to add that he will do an act that shall disgrace her brother. MALONE.

Ota.

Ota. Thanks to my lord.

The Jove of power make me most weak, most weak,
Your reconciler³! Wars 'twixt you twain would be
As if the world should cleave, and that slain men
Should solder up the rift.

Ant. When it appears to you where this begins,
Turn your displeasure that way; for our faults
Can never be so equal, that your love
Can equally move with them. Provide your going;
Choose your own company, and command what cost
Your heart has mind to. [*Exeunt*]

S C E N E V.

The same. Another Room in the same.

Enter ENOBARBUS, and EROS, meeting.

Eno. How now, friend Eros?

Eros. There's strange news come, sir.

Eno. What, man?

Eros. Cæsar and Lepidus have made wars upon Pom-
pey.

Eno. This is old; What is the success?

Eros. Cæsar, having made use of him in the wars
'gainst Pompey, presently denied him rivalry⁵; would not
let him partake in the glory of the action: and not resting
here, accuses him of letters he had formerly wrote to Pom-
pey; upon his own appeal⁶, seizes him: So the poor third
is up, till death enlarge his confine.

Eno. Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps, no more;
And throw between them all the food thou hast,

³ *Your reconciler!*] The old copy has *you*. This manifest error
of the press, which appears to have arisen from the same cause as
that noticed above, was corrected in the second folio. MALONE.

⁴ —*Wars 'twixt you twain would be, &c.*] The sense is, that war
between Cæsar and Antony would engage the world between
them, and that the slaughter would be great in so extensive a com-
motion. JOHNSON.

⁵ —*rivality.*] Equal rank. JOHNSON.

⁶ *Upon his own appeal,*] To *appeal*, in Shakspeare, is to *accuse*;
Cæsar seized Lepidus without any other proof than Cæsar's accu-
sation. JOHNSON.

They'll

They'll grind the one the other⁷. Where's Antony?
Eros. He's walking in the garden—thus; and spurns
 The rush that lies before him; cries, *Pool, Lepidus!*

⁷ *Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps, no more;
 And throw between them all the food thou hast,
 They'll grind the one the other*] The old copy reads:
*Then would thou hast a pair of chaps, no more;
 And throw, &c.
 They'll grind the other.*

The happy emendation, to which I have paid the respect that it merited by giving it a place in the text, was suggested by Dr. Johnson. He explains the passage so amended, thus: "Caesar and Antony will make war on each other, though they have the world to prey upon between them." Though in general very reluctant to depart from the old copy, I had not in the present instance any scruples on that head. The passage, as it stands in the folio, is nonsense, there being nothing to which *thou* can be referred. *World* and *would* were easily confounded, and the omission in the last line, which Dr. Johnson has supplied, is one of those errors that happen in almost every sheet that passes through the press, when the same words are repeated near to each other in the same sentence. Thus, in a note on *Timon of Athens*, p. 55, now before me, these words ought to have been printed: "Dr. Farmer, however, suspects a quibble between *honour* in its common acceptance and *honour* (i. e. the lordship of a place) in its legal sense." But the words—"in its common acceptance and" were omitted in the proof sheet by the compositor, by his eye (after he had composed the first *honour*), glancing on the last, by which the intermediate words were lost. In the passage before us, I have no doubt that the compositor's eye in like manner glancing on the second *the*, after the first had been composed, the words now recovered were omitted. So in *Troilus and Cressida*, the two lines printed in Italicks, were omitted in the folio, from the same cause:

"The bearer knows not; but commends *itself*
 "To others' eyes; nor doth the eye *itself*,
 "That most pure spirit of sense, behold *itself*,
 "Not going from itself," &c.

In the first folio edition of *Hamlet*, Act II. is the following passage: "I will leave him, *and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter.*" But in the original quarto copy the words in the Italick character are omitted. The printer's eye, after the words *I will leave him* were composed, glanced on the second *him*, and thus all the intervening words were lost. MALONE.

I have lately observed that Sir Thomas Hanmer had made the same emendation. As, in a subsequent scene, Shakspeare, with allusion to the triumvirs, calls the world *three-hoof'd*, so he here supposes it to have had *three chaps*.—*No more* does not signify *no longer*, but has the same meaning as if Shakspeare had written—and no more. Thou hast now a pair of chaps, and only a pair. MALONE.

And

And threatens the throat of that his officer,
That murder'd Pompey.

Eno. Our great navy's rigg'd.

Eros. For Italy, and Cæsar. More, Domitius⁸;
My lord desires you presently; my news
I might have told hereafter.

Eno. 'Twill be naught:

But let it be.—Bring me to Antony.

Eros. Come, sir.

[*Exeunt*]

S C E N E VI.

Rome. *A Room in Cæsar's House.*

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, and MECÆNAS.

Cæs. Contemning Rome, he has done all this : And more;
In Alexandria,—here's the manner of it,—
I' the market-place⁹, on a tribunal silver'd,
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publickly enthron'd ; at the feet, sat
Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son ;
And all the unlawful issue, that their lust
Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave the 'stablishment of Egypt ; made her
Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia¹,

Absolute

⁸ —*More, Domitius ;*] I have something *more* to tell you, which I might have told at first, and delayed my news. Antony requires your presence. JOHNSON.

⁹ *I' the market-place,—*] So in the old translation of Plutarch. " For he assembled all the people in the show place, where younge men doe exercise them selues, and there vpon a high tribunall siluered, he set two chayres of gold, the one for him selfe, and the other for Cleopatra, and lower chaires for his children: then he openly published before the assembly, that first of all he did establish Cleopatra queene of Egypt, of Cyprvs, of Lydia, and the lower Syria, and at that time also, Cæsarion king of the same realmes. This Cæsarion was supposed to be the sonne of Julius Cæsar, who had left Cleopatra great with child. Secondly, he called the sonnes he had by her, the kings of kings, and gaue Alexander for his portion, Armenia, Media, and Parthia, when he had conquered the contry: and vnto Ptolemy for his portion, Phenicia, Syria, and Cilicia. STEEVENS.

¹ For *Lydia*, Mr. Upton, from Plutarch, has restored *Lybia*.

JOHNSON:

In

Absolute queen.

Mec. This in the publick eye?

Cæs. I' the common shew-place, where they exercise.
His sons he there² proclaim'd, The kings of kings :
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,
He gave to Alexander ; to Ptolemy he assign'd
Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia : She
In the habiliments of the goddess Isis³
That day appear'd ; and oft before gave audience
As 'tis reported, so.

Mec. Let Rome be thus
Inform'd.

Agr. Who, queasy with his insolence
Already, will their good thoughts call from him.

Cæs. The people know it ; and have now receiv'd
His accusations.

Agr. Whom does he accuse ?

Cæs. Cæsar : and that, having in Sicily
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o' the isle : then does he say, he lent me
Some shipping unrestor'd : lastly, he frets,
That Lepidus of the triumvirate
Should be depos'd ; and, being, that we detain
All his revenue.

Agr. Sir, this should be answer'd.

Cæs. 'Tis done already, and the messenger gone.
I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel ;

In the translation from the French of Amyot, by Thomas North, in folio, 1579*, will be seen at once the origin of this mistake.—
“ First of all he did establish Cleopatra queen of Egypt, of Cyprus, of *Lydia*, and the Lower Syria.” FARMER.

² —*be there*] The old copy has—*hither*. The correction was made by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

³ —*the goddess Isis*] So in the translation of Plutarch : “ Now for Cleopatra, she did not onely weare at that time (but at all other times els when she came abroad) the apparell of the goddesse Isis, and so gaue audience vnto all her subjects, as a new Isis.”

STEEVENS.

* I find the character of this work pretty early delineated,
“ 'Twas Greek at first that Greek was Latin made,
“ That Latin French, that French to English straid :
“ Thus 'twixt one Plutarch there's more difference,
“ Than i' th' same Englishman return'd from France.”

FARMER.

That

4 E
fecutio
of Dr.
copy h

That he his high authority abus'd,
And did deserve his change ; for what I have conquer'd,
I grant him part ; but then, in his Armenia,
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I
Demand the like.

Mec. He'll never yield to that.

Cæs. Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

Enter OCTAVIA.

Ota. Hail, Cæsar, and my lord ! hail, most dear Cæsar !

Cæs. That ever I should call thee, cast-away !

Ota. You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause.

Cæs. Why have you stol'n upon us thus ? You come not
Like Cæsar's sister : The wife of Antony
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach,
Long ere she did appear ; the trees by the way,
Should have borne men ; and expectation faint'd,
Longing for what it had not : nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,
Rais'd by your populous troops : But you are come
A market-maid to Rome ; and have prevented
The ostentation of our love, which, left unshewn
Is often left unlov'd : we should have met you
By sea, and land ; supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting.

Ota. Good my lord,
To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it
On my free-will. My lord, Mark Antony,
Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted
My grieved ear withal ; whereon, I begg'd
His pardon for return.

Cæs. Which soon he granted,
Being an obstruct⁴ 'tween his lust and him.

Ota. Do not say so, my lord:

Cæs. I have eyes upon him
And his affairs come to me on the wind.
Where is he now ?

⁴ *Being an obstruct—*] i. e. " an obstruction, a bar to the prosecution of his wanton pleasures with Cleopatra." I use the words of Dr. Warburton, by whom the emendation was made. The old copy has—*abstract*. MALONE.

Ota.

182 ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA:

Ota. My lord, in Athens.

Cas. No, my most wronged sister ; Cleopatra
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire
Up to a whore : who now are levying⁵
The kings o' the earth for war⁶: He hath assembled
Bocchus, the king of Lybia ; Archelaus,
Of Cappadocia ; Philadelphos, king
Of Paphlagonia ; the Thracian king, Adallas ;
King Malchus of Arabia ; king of Pont ;
Herod of Jewry ; Mithridates, king
Of Comagene ; Polemon and Amintas,
The kings of Mede, and Lycaonia,
With a more larger list of scepters.

Ota. Ah me, most wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends,
That do afflict each other !

Cas. Welcome hither :
Your letters did withhold our breaking forth ;
Till we perceiv'd, both how you were wrong-led,
And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart :
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O'er your content these strong necessities :
But let determin'd things to destiny
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome :
Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd
Beyond the mark of thought : and the high gods,
To do you justice, make them ministers⁷
Of us, and those that love you. Best of comfort⁸;

And

⁵ —who now are levying] That is, which two persons now are levying, &c. MALONE.

⁶ Mr. Upton remarks, that there are some errors in this enumeration of the auxiliary kings: but it is probable that the authour did not much wish to be accurate. JOHNSON.

Mr. Upton proposes to read :

“ —Polemon and Amintas

“ Of Lycaonia ; and the king of Mede.”

And this obviates all impropriety. STEEVENS.

⁷ —them ministers—] Old Copy—his ministers. Corrected by Mr. Capell. MALONE.

⁸ —Best of comfort ;] Thus the original copy. The connecting particle, and, seems to favour the old reading. According to the modern innovation, *Be* of comfort, (which was introduced by Mr. Rowe,) it stands very awkwardly. “ *Best of comfort*” may mean—
2

And ever welcome to us.

Agr. Welcome, lady.

Mec. Welcome, dear madam.

Each heart in Rome does love and pity you :

Only the adulterous Antony, most large

In his abominations, turns you off ;

And gives his potent regiment to a trull⁹,

That noises it against us.

Octa. Is it so, sir ?

Cas. Most certain. Sister, welcome : Pray you,
Be ever known to patience : My dearest sister ! *[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E VII.

Antony's Camp, near the Promontory of Actium.

Enter CLEOPATRA, and ENOBARBUS.

Cleo. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

Thou best of comforters ! a phrase which we meet with again in *the Tempest* :

" A solemn air, and the best comforter

" To an unsettled fancy's cure !"

Caesar however may mean, that what he has just mentioned is the best kind of comfort that Octavia can receive. MALONE.

⁹ —potent regiment to a trull,] *Regiment*, is, government, authority ; he puts his power and his empire into the hands of a false woman.

It may be observed, that *trull* was not, in our authour's time, a term of mere infamy, but a word of slight contempt, as *wench* is now.

JOHNSON.

Trull is used in the First Part of *King Henry VI.* as synonymous to *barlot*, and is rendered by the Latin word *Scortum*, in *Cole's Dictionary*, 1679.—There can therefore be no doubt of the sense in which it is used here. MALONE.

Regiment is used for *regimen* or *government* by most of our ancient writers. The old translation of the *Schola Salernitana* is called the *Regiment of Helib.*

Again, in *Spenser's Faery Queen*, B. H. c. 1 :

" So when he had resign'd his regiment."

Trull is not employed in an unfavourable sense by G. Peele in the Song of *Coridon and Melampus*, published in *England's Helicon* :

" When swaines sweet pipes are puffed, and *trulls* are warme."

Again, in *Dametas's Jigge* in praise of his love, by John Wootton ; printed in the same collection :

" —be thy mirth scene ;

" Heard to each swaine, scene to each *trull*." STEEVENS.

Eno.

Eno. But why, why, why?

Cleo. Thou hast forspoke my being¹ in these wars;
And say'st, it is not fit.

Eno. Well, is it, is it?

Cleo. If not, denounce't against us², why should not we
Be there in person.

Eno. [*Aside.*] Well, I could reply:—
If we should serve with horse and mares together
The horse were merely lost; the mares would bear
A soldier, and his horse.

Cleo. What is't you say?

Eno. Your preference needs must puzzle Antony;
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from his time,
What should not then be spar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for levity; and 'tis said in Rome,
That Photinus an eunuch, and your maids,
Manage this war.

Cleo. Sink Rome; and their tongues rot,
That speak against us! A charge we bear i' the war,
And, as the president of my kingdom, will
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it;
I will not stay behind.

Eno. Nay, I have done: Here comes the emperor.

Enter ANTONY, and CANIDIUS.

Ant. Is it not strange, Canidius,
That from Tarentum, and Brundisium,

¹ —forspoke my being.—] To *for speak*, is to contradict, to speak against, as *forbid* is to order negatively. JOHNSON.

Thus, in the *Arraignment of Paris*, 1584:

“—thy life *for spoke* by love.”

To *for speak* has generally reference to the mischiefs effected by enchantment. So, in Ben Jonson's *Staple of News*, “—a witch, gossip, to *for speak* the matter thus.” In Shakspeare it is the opposite of *bespeak*. STEEVENS.

² —denounce't against us,] The old copy has—*denounc'd*. For this slight alteration I am answerable. Mr. Tyrwhitt proposed to read *denounce*, but the other is nearer to the original copy. I am not however sure that the old reading is not right. “If not *denounc'd*,” If there be no particular denunciation against me, why should we not be there in person? There is however, in the folio, a comma after the word *not*, and no point of interrogation at the end of the sentence; which favours the emendation now made. MALONE.

He

He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,
And take in Toryne³?—You have heard on't, sweet?

Cleo. Celerity is never more admir'd,
Than by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well becom'd the best of men,
To taunt at slackness.—Canidius, we
Will fight with him by sea.

Cleo. By sea! What else?

Can. Why will my lord do so?

Ant. For that he dares us to't.

Eno. So hath my lord dar'd him to single fight.

Can. Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharfalia,
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey: But these offers,
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off;
And so should you.

Eno. Your ships are not well mann'd:
Your mariners are muleteers⁴, reapers, people
Ingross'd by swift impress; in Cæsar's fleet
Are those, that often have 'gainst Pompey fought:
Their ships are yare⁵; yours, heavy: No disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,
Being prepar'd for land.

Ant. By sea, by sea.

Eno. Most worthy sir, you therein throw away
The absolute soldieriship you have by land;
Distract your army, which doth most consist
Of war-mark'd footmen; leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge; quite forego
The way which promises assurance; and
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard,

³ And take in Toryne.] To take in is to gain by conquest. STEEV.

⁴ Your mariners are muleteers, reapers, &c.] The old copy has *militer*. The correction was made by the editor of the second folio. It is confirmed by the old translation of Plutarch: "—for lacke of watermen his captains did presse by force all sortes of men out of Grace, that they could rake up in the field, as travellers, *muliters*, reapers, harvest-men," &c. *Muliter* was the old spelling of *muleteer*. MALONE.

⁵ Their ships are yare; yours heavy:—] So, in sir Thomas North's Plutarch:—"Cæsar's ships were not built for pomp, high and great, &c. but they were light of *yarage*." *Yare* generally signifies, *dextrous, manageable*. STEEVENS.

From firm security.

Ant. I'll fight at sea.

Cleo. I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better.

Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we burn;
And, with the rest full-man'd, from the head of Actium
Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we fail,

Enter a Messenger.

We then can do't at land.—Thy business?

Mef. The news is true, my lord: he is descried:
Cæsar has taken Toryne.

Ant. Can he be there in person? 'tis impossible;
Strange, that his power should be⁶.—Canidius,
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
And our twelve thousand horse:—We'll to our ship;

Enter a Soldier.

Away, my Thetis!⁷—How now, worthy soldier?

Sold. O noble emperor⁸, do not fight by sea;
Trust not to rotten planks: Do you misdoubt

⁶ *Strange, that his power should be.*] It is strange that his *power* should be there. So afterwards in this scene:

"His *power* went out in such distraction, as

"Beguil'd all spies."

Again, in our authour's *Rape of Lucrece*:

"Before the which was drawn the *power* of Greece."

MALONE.

⁷ —*my Thetis!*] Antony addresses Cleopatra by the name of this sea-nymph, because she had just promised him assistance in his naval expedition. STEEVENS.

⁸ *O noble emperor, &c.*] So, in the old translation of *Plutarch*. "Now, as he was setting his men in order of battell, there was a captaine, & a valliant man, that had serued Antonius in many battells & conflicts, & had all his body hacked & cut: who, as Antonius passed by him, cryed out vnto him, and sayd: O, noble emperor, how commeth it to passe that you trust to these vile brittle shippes? what, doe you mistrust these wounds of myne, and this sword? let the Egyptians and Phœnicians fight by sea, and set vs on the maine land, where we vse to conquer, or to be slayne on our feete. Antonius passed by him, and sayd neuer a word, but only beckoned to him with his hand and head, as though he willed him to be of good corage, although indeede he had no great corage himselfe." STEEVENS.

This

This sword, and these my wounds? Let the Egyptians,
And the Phœnicians, go a ducking; we
Have us'd to conquer, standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well, away.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, and ENOBARBUS.]

Sold. By Hercules, I think, I am i' the right.

Can. Soldier, thou art: but his whole action grows
Not in the power on't^o: So our leather's led,
And we are women's men.

Sold. You keep by land
The legions and the horse whole, do you not?

Can. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Iusteijs,
Publicola, and Cælius, are for sea:
But we keep whole by land. This speed of Cæsar's
Carries beyond belief.

Sold. While he was yet in Rome,
His power went out in such distractions¹, as
Beguil'd all spies.

Can. Who's his lieutenant, hear you?

Sold. They say, one Taurus.

Can. Well I know the man.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The emperor calls Canidius.

Can. With news the time's with labour; and throws
forth,
Each minute, some: [*Exeunt.*

^o *By Hercules, I think, I am i' the right.*

Can. Soldier, thou art; but his whole action grows
Not in the power on't:] That is, his whole conduct becomes
ungoverned by the right, or by reason. JOHNSON.

I think the sense is very different, and that Canidius means to
say, His whole conduct in the war is not founded upon that which
is his greatest strength, (namely his land force,); but on the caprice of
a woman, who wishes that he should fight by sea. Dr. Johnson
refers the word on't to right in the preceding speech I apprehend, it
refers to action in the speech before us. MALONE.

¹ —*distractions*,—] Detachments; separate bodies. JOHNSON.

The word is thus used by sir Paul Rycart in his *Maxims of Tur-
kish Polity*: "—and not suffer his affections to wander on other wives,
slaves, or distractions of his love." STEEVENS.

S C E N E

S C E N E VIII.

*A Plain near Actium.**Enter CÆSAR, TAURUS, Officers, and others.**Cæs. Taurus,—**Taur. My lord.**Cæs. Strike not by land; keep whole: provoke not battle,**Till we have done at sea. Do not exceed
The prescript of this scrowl: Our fortune lies
Upon this jump.**[Exeunt.]**Enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.**Ant. Set we our squadrons on you' side o' the hill,
In eye of Cæsar's battle; from which place
We may the number of the ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly.**[Exeunt.]**Enter CANIDIUS, marching with his land army one way over
the stage; and TAURUS, the lieutenant of Cæsar, the
other way. After their going in, is heard the noise of a
sea-fight.**Alarum. Re-enter ENOBARBUS.**Eno. Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold no
longer:**The Antoniads², the Egyptian admiral,
With all their sixty, fly, and turn the rudder;
To see't, mine eyes are blasted.**Enter SCARUS.**Scar. Gods, and goddesses,
All the whole synod of them!**Eno. What's thy passion?*

² *The Antoniads, &c.] which Plutarch says, was the name of
Cleopatra's ship. POPE.*

Scar.

Scar. The greater cantle of the world is lost
With very ignorance ; we have kiss'd away
Kingdoms and provinces.

Eno. How appears the fight ?

Scar. On our side like the token'd pestilence,
Where death is sure. Yon' ribald-rid nag of Egypt's,
Whom

³ The greater cantle—] A piece or lump. POPE. Cantle is rather a corner. Cæsar in this play mentions the three-nook'd world. Of this triangular world every triumvir had a corner.

JOHNSON.

The word is used by Chaucer in the *Knight's Tale*, late edit. v. 3010 :

"Of no partie ne cantel of a thing." STEEVENS.

⁴ —token'd—] Spotted. JOHNSON.

The death of those visited by the plague was certain, when particular eruptions appear'd on the skin ; and these were called *God's tokens*. So, in the comedy of *Two wise Men and all the rest Fools*, in seven acts, 1619 : "A will and a tolling bell are as present death as *God's tokens*."

Again, in *Herod and Antipater*, 1622 :

"His sickness, madam, rageth like a plague,

"Once spotted, never cur'd."

Again, in *Love's Labour's Lost* :

"For the Lord's tokens on you both I see." STEEVENS.

⁵ Yon' ribald-rid nag of Egypt,] The word in the old copy is *ribaudred*. I have adopted the happy emendation proposed by Mr. Steevens. *Ribaud* was only the old spelling of *ribald* ; and the misprint of *red* for *rid* is easily accounted for.—Whenever by any negligence in writing a dot is omitted over an *i*, compositors at the press invariably print an *e*. Of this I have had experience in many sheets of the present work, being very often guilty of that negligence which probably produced the error in the passage before us. In our author's own edition of his *Rape of Lucrece*, 1594, I have lately observed the same error :

"Afflict him in his bed with bed-red groans."

Again, in *Hamlet*, 1604, Signat. B. 3. [Act I. sc. ii.]

"Who impotent, and bed-red, scarcely hears

"Of this his nephew's purpose."

By *ribald*, *Scarus*, I think, means the lewd Antony in particular, not "every lewd fellow," as Mr. Steevens has explained it.

MALONE.

A *ribald* is a lewd fellow. So, in *Arden of Feverisham*, 1592 :

"—that injurious *riball* that attempts

"To vyolate my dear wyve's chastity."

Again :

"Injurious strumpet, and thou *ribald* knave."

Riballred, the old reading, is, I believe, no more than a corruption. Shakspeare, who is not always very nice about his versification, might have written :

"Yon'

Whom leprosy o'ertake⁶! i' the midst o' the fight,—
 When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,
 Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,—
 The prize upon her⁷, like a cow in June,
 Hoists sails, and flies.

Eno. That I beheld:

Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not
 Endure a further view.

Scar. She once being loof'd,⁸
 The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,

“Yon' ribald-rid nag of Egypt,—

i. e. Yon strumpet, who is common to every wanton fellow.
 It appears however from Barrett's *Alvearie*, 1580, that the word
 was sometimes written *ribaudrous*. STEEVENS.

Ribaudrous is inserted in Barret's *Alvearie* as an adjective, not as
 synonymous to *ribaud* or *ribald*: which, however it may have been
 occasionally used in poetry, appears to have been a substantive.
 The article in the *Alvearie* is: “A *ribaudrous* and filthie tongue.
 Os obsecrum.” MALONE.

I believe we should read—*bag*. What follows seems to prove it:

“—She once being loofst,

“The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,

“Claps on his sea-wing.—” TYRWHITT.

The brize, or æsirum, the fly that stings cattle, proves that *nag*
 is the right word. JOHNSON.

⁶ Whom leprosy o'ertake!] *Leprosy*, an epidemical distemper of the
 Egyptians; to which Horace probably alludes in the controverted
 line:

“Contaminato cum grege turpium

“Morbo virorum.” JOHNSON.

Leprosy was one of the various names by which the *Lues venerea*
 was distinguished. So, in Greene's *Disputation between a He Coney-
 catcher and a She Coneycatcher*, 1592: “Into what jeopardy a man
 will thrust himself for that he loves, although for his sweete villanie
 he be brought to loathsome *leprosie*.” STEEVENS.

Pliny, who says, the *white leprosy*, or *elephantiasis*, was not seen in
 Italy before the time of Pompey the Great, adds, it is “a peculiar
 maladie, and naturall to the Egyptians; but looke when any of their
 kings fell into it, woe worth the subjects and poore people: for
 then were the tubs and bathing vessels wherein they sate in the
 baine, filled with men's blood for their cure.” *Philemon Holland's*
Translation, B. XXVI. c. I. REED.

⁷ The brize upon her,—] The *brize* is the *gad-fly*. So, in Spenser:

“—a brize, a scorned little creature,

“Through his fair hide his angry sting did threaten.”

STEEVENS.

⁸ —being loof'd.] To *loof* is to bring a ship close to the wind. This
 expression is in the old translation of Plutarch. STEEVENS.

Claps

Claps on his sea-wing, and like a doating mallard,
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her :
I never saw an action of such shame ;
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before
Did violate so itself.

Eno. Alack, alack !

Enter CANIDIUS.

Can. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,
And sinks most lamentably. Had our general
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well :
O, he has given example for our flight,
Most grossly, by his own.

Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts ? Why then, good night
Indeed. *[aside.]*

Can. Towards Peloponnesus are they fled.

Scar. 'Tis easy to't ; and there I will attend
What further comes.

Can. To Cæsar will I render
My legions, and my horse ; six kings already
Shew me the way of yielding.

Eno. I'll yet follow
The wounded chance of Antony, though my reason
Sits in the wind against me. *[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E IX.

Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter ANTONY, and Attendants.

Ant. Hark, the land bids me tread no more upon't,

^o *The wounded chance of Antony,—* I know not whether the author, who loves to draw his images from the sports of the field, might not have written :

The wounded chase of Antony,

The allusion is to a deer wounded and chased, whom all other deer avoid. *I will,* says Enobarbus, *follow Antony,* though *chased and wounded.*—The common reading, however, may very well stand.

JOHNSON.

The *wounded chance* of Antony, is a phrase nearly of the same import as *the broken fortunes of Antony.* The old reading is indisputably the true one. So in the fifth Act :

“ Or I shall shew the cinders of my spirit,

“ Through the ashes of my *chance.*” MALONE.

It

It is ashamed to bear me!—Friends, come hither;
 I am so lated in the world¹, that I
 Have lost my way for ever:—I have a ship
 Laden with gold; take that, divide it; fly,
 And make your peace with Cæsar.

Att. Fly! not we.

Ant. I have fled myself; and have instructed cowards
 To run, and shew their shoulders.—Friends, be gone;
 I have myself resolv'd upon a course,
 Which has no need of you; be gone:
 My treasure's in the harbour, take it.—O,
 I follow'd that I blush to look upon:
 My very hairs do mutiny; for the white
 Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
 For fear and doating.—Friends, be gone; you shall
 Have letters from me to some friends, that will
 Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,
 Nor make replies of lothness: take the hint
 Which my despair proclaims; let that be left
 Which leaves itself²: to the sea side straightway:
 I will possess you of that ship and treasure.
 Leave me, I pray, a little: 'pray you now:—
 Nay, do so; for, indeed, I have lost command³,
 Therefore I pray you:—I'll see you by and by.

Enter EROS, and CLEOPATRA, led by CHARMIAN and IRAS.

Eros. Nay, gentle madam, to him:—Comfort him.

¹ —*so lated in the world,*—] Alluding to a benighted traveller.

JOHNSON.

So, in *Macbeth*, Act III:

“Now spurs the *lated* traveller apace,” STEEVENS.

² —*let that be left*

Which leaves itself;] Old copy—let *them*, &c. Corrected by Mr.

Capell. MALONE.

³ —*I've lost command,*] I am not master of my own emotions.

JOHNSON.

Surely, he rather means,—I *intreat* you to leave me, because I
 have lost all power to *command* your absence. STEEVENS.

* —*I have lost command,*

Therefore I pray you.] Mr. Steevens is certainly right. So, in

Richard III.

“Tell her, the king, that may *command*, *entreats*.” MALONE.

Irish.

Iras. Do, most dear queen.

Char. Do! Why, what else?

Cleo. Let me sit down. O Juno!

Ant. No, no, no, no, no.

Eros. See you here, sir?

Ant. O fye, fye, fye.

Char. Madam,—

Iras. Madam; O good emprefs!—

Eros. Sir, sir,—

Ant. Yes, my lord, yes;—He, at Philippi, kept
His sword even like a dancer⁴; while I struck
The lean and wrinkled Cassius; and 'twas I,
That the mad Brutus ended⁵: he alone
Dealt on lieutenantry⁶, and no practice had.

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K

IN

⁴ — *He, at Philippi, kept*

His sword even like a dancer;—] I believe it means that Caesar never offered to draw his sword, but kept it in the scabbard, like one who dances with a sword on, which was formerly the custom in England. There is a similar allusion in *Titus Andronicus*, Act II. sc i:

“—our mother, unadvis'd,

“Gave you a dancing rapier by your side.” STEEVENS.

That Mr. Steevens's explanation is just, appears from a passage in *All's Well that Ends Well*. Bertram, lamenting that he is kept from the wars, says,

“I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock,

“Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,

“Till honour be bought up, and no sword worn,

“But one to dance with.”

The word *worn* shews that in both passages our authour was thinking of the English, and not of the Pyrrick, or the Morisco, dance, (as Dr. Johnson supposed,) in which the sword was *not* worn at the side, but held in the hand with the point upward.

MALONE.

⁵ —and 'twas I,

That the mad Brutus ended:] Nothing can be more in character, than for an infamous debauched tyrant to call the heroick love of one's country and publick liberty, *madness*. WARBURTON.

⁶ —he alone

Dealt on lieutenantry,] *Dealt on lieutenantry*, I believe, means only,—*fought by proxy*, made war by his lieutenants, or, on the strength of his lieutenants. So, in the countess of Pembroke's *Antonie*, 1595:

“—Cassius and Brutus ill betid,

“March'd against us, by us twice put to flight,

“But by my sole conduct: for all the time,

“Caesar heart-sick with fear and fever lay.”

In the brave squares of war : Yet now—No matter.

Cleo. Ah, stand by.

Eros. The queen, my lord, the queen.

Iras. Go to him, madam, speak to him ;
He is unquality'd^d with very shame.

Cleo. Well then,—Sustain me :—O !

Eros. Most noble sir, arise ; the queen approaches ;
Her head's declin'd, and death will seize her ; but
Your comfort^a makes the rescue.

Ant. I have offended reputation ;
A most unnoble swerving.

Eros. Sir, the queen.

Ant. O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt ? See,

To deal on any thing, is an expression often used in the old plays.
So, in the *Roaring Girl*, 1611 :

“ You will *deal upon* men's wives no more.”

Again, in *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, &c. by Nashe, 1596 :
“ At Wolfe's he is billeted, sweating and *dealing upon* it most intensively.” Again, in *Othello* :

“ Upon malicious bravery dost thou come,

“ To start my quiet.”

Again, in *King Richard III.* :

“ —are they that I would have thee *deal upon*.” STEEVENS.

In the life of Antony Shakspeare found the following passage :
* —they were always more fortunate when *they made warre by their*
Kutenants, than by themselves ;”—which fully explains that before
us.

The subsequent words also—“ and no practice had,” &c. shew
that Mr. Steevens has rightly interpreted this passage. The phrase
to deal on is likewise found in *Pierce Pennylesse his supplication to the De-*
vil, by T. Nashe, 1592. “ When dice, lust, and drunkenness, all
have *dealt upon* him, if there be never a plaie for him to go to for
his penie, he sits melancholie in his chamber.” MALONE.

7 *He is unquality'd*—] I suppose she means, he is *unfolded*.
Quality in Shakspeare's age was often used for *profession*. It has, I
think, that meaning in the passage in *Othello*, in which Desdemona
expresses her desire to accompany the Moor in his military service :

“ —My heart's subdued

“ Even to the very *quality* of my lord.” MALONE.

^a —death will seize her ; but

Your comfort, &c.] *But* has here, as once before in this play,
the force of *except*, or *unless*. JOHNSON.

I rather incline to think that *but* has here its ordinary signification
If it had been used for *unless*, Shakspeare would, I conceive, have
written, according to his usual practices, *make*. MALONE.

How

How I convey my shame^o out of thine eyes,
By looking back on what I have left behind
'Stroy'd in dishonour.

Cleo. O my lord, my lord !
Forgive my fearful sails ! I little thought,
You would have follow'd.

Ant. Egypt, thou knew'st too well,
My heart was to thy rudder ty'd by the strings¹,
And thou should'st tow² me after : O'er my spirit
Thy full supremacy³ thou knew'st ; and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods
Command me.

Cleo. O, my pardon.

Ant. Now I must
To the young man send humble treaties, dodge
And palter in the shifts of lowness ; who
With half the bulk o' the world play'd as I pleas'd,
Making, and marring fortunes. You did know,
How much you were my conqueror ; and that
My sword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause.

Cleo. Pardon, pardon.

Ant. Fall not a tear, I say ; one of them rates
All that is won and lost⁴ : Give me a kiss ;
Even this repays me.—We sent our school-master,
Is he come back ?—Love, I am full of lead :—
Some wine, within there, and our viands :—Fortune knows,
We scorn her most, when most she offers blows. [*Exeunt.*]

^o *How I convey my shame—*] How, by looking another way, I withdraw my ignominy from your sight. JOHNSON.

¹ *—ty'd by the strings,*] That is, by the heart-string. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Tragedie of Antonie*, done into English by the countesse of Pembroke, 1595 :

" ———as if his soule

" Unto his ladies soule had been *enchained*,

" He left his men." STEEVENS.

² *—should'st tow—*] The old copy has—*should'st flow* me. This is one of the many corruptions occasioned by the transcriber's ear deceiving him. The correction was made by Mr. ROWE. MALONE.

³ *Thy full supremacy—*] Old Copy—*The full—*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

⁴ *—one of them rates*

All that is won and lost :] So, in *Macbeth* :

" When the battle's *lost and won*." MALONE.

S C E N E X.

Cæsar's Camp, in Egypt.

Enter CÆSAR, DOLABELLA, THYREUS⁵, and Others.

Cæs. Let him appear that's come from Antony.—
Know you him?

Dol. Cæsar, 'tis his schoolmaster⁶:
An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither
He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,
Which had superfluous kings for messengers,
Not many moons gone by.

Enter Ambassador from Antony.

Cæs. Approach, and speak.

Amb. Such as I am, I come from Antony.
I was of late as petty to his ends,
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle leaf
'To his grand sea⁷.

⁵ —*Thyreus*—] In the old copy always—*Tiberias*. STEEVENS.

⁶ —*his schoolmaster*:] The name of this person was *Euphronius*.

STEEVENS.

He was schoolmaster to Antony's children by Cleopatra.

MALONE.

⁷ —*as petty to his ends*,

As is the morn-dew on the myrtle leaf

To his grand sea.] Thus the old copy. *To whose grand sea?* I
know not. Perhaps we should read:

To this grand sea.

We may suppose that the sea was within view of Cæsar's camp,
and at no great distance. TYRWHITT.

The modern editor's arbitrarily read:—*the grand sea*.

I believe the old reading is the true one. *His grand sea* may mean
his full tide of prosperity. So, in *the Two Noble Kinsmen* by Fletcher:

" —though I know

" His ocean needs not my poor drops, yet they

" Must yield their tribute here."

There is a play-house tradition that the first act of this play was
written by Shakspere. Mr. Tollet offers a further explanation of
the change proposed by Mr. Tyrwhitt: " Alexandria, towards
which Cæsar was marching, is situated on the coast of the Mediter-
ranean sea, which is sometimes called *mare magnum*. Pliny terms

Cæs.

Cæs. Be it so; Declare thine office.

Amb. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and
Requires to live in Egypt: which not granted,
He lessens his requests; and to thee sues
To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,
A private man in Athens: This for him.
Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness;
Submits her to thy might; and of thee craves
The circle of the Ptolemies^s for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy grace.

Cæs. For Antony,

I have no ears to his request. The queen
Of audience, nor desire, shall fail; so he
From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friend,
Or take his life there: This if she perform,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

Amb. Fortune pursue thee!

Cæs. Bring him through the bands. [*Exit Ambassador.*
To try thy eloquence, now 'tis time: Dispatch;
From Antony win Cleopatra: promise, [*to Thyreus.*
And in our name, what she requires; add more,
From thine invention, offers: women are not,
In their best fortunes, strong; but want will perjure
The ne'er-touch'd vestal: Try thy cunning, Thyreus;
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
Will answer as a law.

Thyr. Cæsar, I go.

it, "*impressa aquorum vastitas*." I may add, that Sir John Mandevile, p. 89. calls that part of the Mediterranean which washes the coast of Palestine, "*the grete see*." The passage, however, is capable of yet another explanation. His *grand sea* may mean the sea from which the dew-drop is exhaled. Shakespeare might have considered the sea as the source of dews as well as rain. His is used instead of its. STEEVENS.

* *The circle of the Ptolemies*—] The diadem; the ensign of royalty. JOHNSON.

So, in *Macbeth*:

"All that impedes me from the golden ~~sound~~,

"Which fate and metaphysical aid

"Would have me crown'd withall." MALONE.

* —will perjure

The ne'er-touch'd vestal:] So, in the *Rape of Lucretia*:

"O opportunity! thy guilt is great:—

"Thou mak'st the *vestal* violate her oath." MALONE.

Cæs.

198 ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA:

Cæs. Observe how Antony becomes his flaw;
And what thou think'st his very action speaks
In every power that moves.

Thyr. Cæsar, I shall.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E XI.

Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, and
IRAS.

Cleo. What shall we do, Enobarbus?

Eno. Think, and die².

Cleo. Is Antony, or we, in fault for this?

Eno. Antony only, that would make his will
Lord of his reason. What though you fled
From that great face of war, whose several ranges
Frighted each other? why should he follow?
The itch of his affection should not then
Have nick'd his captainship; at such a point,
When half to half the world oppos'd, he being

¹ —how Antony becomes his flaw;] That is, how Antony conforms
himself to this breach of his fortune. JOHNSON.

² *Think, and die.*] So, in *Julius Cæsar*:

“ —all that he can do

“ Is to himself; take thought, and die for Cæsar.”

Mr. Tollet observes that the expression of *taking thought*, in our
old English writers is equivalent to *the being anxious or solicitous, or*
saying a thing much to heart. So, says he, it is used in our translations
of the New Testament. Matthew vi. 25. &c. So, in Holinshed,
vol. III. p. 50. or anno 1140: “ —taking thought for the losse of
his houses and money, he pined away and died.” In the margin
thus: “ The bishop of Salisburie dieth of thought.” Again, in p.
833. Again, in Stowe's *Chronicle*, anno 1508: Christopher Hawis
shortened his life by *thought-taking*.” Again, in Leland's *Collectanea*,
vol. I. p. 234: “ their mother died for thought.” STEEVENS.

We must understand *think and die* to mean the same as *die of thought*,
or *melancholy*. In this sense is *thought* used below, Act IV. sc. vi.
and by Holinshed, *Chron. of Ireland*, p. 97: “ His father lived in the
tower where for thought of t'he young man his follie he died.” There
is a passage almost exactly similar in the *Beggars Bush* of Beaumont
and Fletcher, vol. II. p. 423:

“ Can I not think away myself, and die?” TYRWHITT.

The

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

199

The mered question³: 'Twas a shame no less
Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,
And leave his navy gazing.

Cleo. Pr'ythee, peace.

Enter ANTONY, with the Ambassador.

Ant. Is this his answer?

Amb. Ay, my lord.

Ant. The queen shall then have courtesy, so she
Will yield us up.

Amb. He says so.

Ant. Let her know it.—

To the boy Cæsar send this grizled head,
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim
With principalities.

Cleo. That head, my lord?

Ant. To him again; Tell him, he wears the rose
Of youth upon him; from which, the world should note
Something particular: his coin, ships, legions,
May be a coward's; whose ministers would prevail
Under the service of a child, as soon
As i' the command of Cæsar: I dare him therefore
To lay his gay comparisons apart,
And answer me declin'd⁴, sword against sword,

³ —he being

The mered question:—*Mere* is a boundary, and the *mered question*, if it can mean any thing, may, with some violence of language, mean, the *disputed boundary*. JOHNSON.

Mered is, I suspect, a word of our authour's formation, from *mere*: he being the sole, the entire subject or occasion of the war. MALONE.

Question is certainly the true reading. So, in *Hamlet*, Act l. sc. i:

" ——— the king

" That was and is the *question* of these wars." STEEVENS.

⁴ —his gay comparisons apart,

And answer me declin'd,—] I require Cæsar not to depend on that superiority which the *comparison* of our different fortunes may exhibit to him, but to answer me man to man, in this *decline* of my age or power. JOHNSON.

I have sometimes thought that Shakspeare wrote,

—his gay *caparisons*.

Let him "unstate his happiness," let him divest himself of the splendid trappings of power, *his coin, ships, legions, &c.* and meet me in single combat.

Ourselves

Ourselves alone : I'll write it ; follow me.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY and ANA.]

Eno. Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will
Unstate his happiness, and be stag'd to the shew^s
Against a sworder.—I see, men's judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes ; and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike. That he should dream,
Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will
Answer his emptiness !—Cæsar, thou hast subdu'd
His judgment too.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. A messenger from Cæsar.

Cleo. What, no more ceremony ?—See, my women !—
Against the blown rose may they stop their nose,
That kneel'd unto the buds.—Admit him, sir.

Eno. Mine honesty, and I, begin to square^c. [*Aside.*

Caparison is frequently used by our authour and his contemporaries, for an ornamental dress. So, in *As you like it*, Act III. sc. ii :

“ —though I am *caparison'd* like a man,”—

Again, in *The Winter's Tale*, Act IV. sc. ii :

“ With die and drab I purchas'd this *caparison*.”

The old reading however is supported by a passage in *Macbeth* :

“ Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof,

“ Confronted him with *self-comparisons*,

“ Point against point, rebellious.”

His *gay comparisons* may mean, those circumstances of splendour and power in which he, when compared with me, so much exceeds me.

Dr. Johnson's explanation of *declin'd* is certainly right. So, in *Timon of Athens* :

“ Not one accompanying his *declining* foot.”

Again, in *Titus and Gressida* :

“ —What the *declin'd* is,

“ He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,

“ As feel in his own fall.”

Again, in Daniel's *Cleopatra*, 1594 :

“ Before she had *declining* fortune prov'd.” MALONE.

^s —be stag'd to the shew—] So Goff, in his *Raging Turk*, 1631 :

“ —as if he stag'd

“ The wounded Priam.” STEEVENS.

^c —to square. i. e. to quarrel.

The

The loyalty, well held to fools⁷, does make
Our faith mere folly :—Yet, he, that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fallen lord,
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place i' the story.

Enter THYREUS.

Cleo. Cæsar's will ?

Thyr. Hear it apart.

Cleo. None but friends ; say boldly.

Thyr. So, haply, are they friends to Antony.

Eno. He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has ;
Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master
Will leap to be his friend : For us, you know,
Whose he is, we are ; and that is, Cæsar's.

Thyr. So.—

Thus then, thou most renown'd ; Cæsar entreats,
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st,
Further than he is Cæsar's².

Cleo.

⁷ *The loyalty, well held to fools, &c.]* After Enobarbus has said, that his honesty and he begin to quarrel, he immediately falls into this generous reflection : “ Though loyalty, stubbornly preserv'd to a master in his declin'd fortunes, seems folly in the eyes of fools ; yet he, who can be so obstinately loyal, will make as great a figure on record, as the conqueror.” I therefore read,

Though loyalty, well held to fools, does make

Our faith meer folly. THEOBALD.

I have preserved the old reading : Enobarbus is deliberating upon desertion, and finding it is more prudent to forsake a fool, and more reputable to be faithful to him, makes no positive conclusion. Sir T. Hanmer follows Theobald ; Dr. Warburton retains the old reading. JOHNSON.

² *—Cæsar entreats,*

Not to consider in what case thou stand'st,

Further then he is Cæsar's.] It has been just said, that whatever Antony is, all his followers are ; “ that is, Cæsar's.” Thyreus now informs Cleopatra that Cæsar entreats her not to consider herself in a state of subjection, further than as she is connected with Antony, who is Cæsar's : intimating to her, (according to the instructions he had received from Cæsar, to detach Cleopatra from Antony, see p. 527,) that she might make separate and advantageous terms for herself.

I suspect that the preceding speech belongs to Cleopatra, not to Enobarbus. Printers usually keep the names of the persons who appear

Cleo. Go on : Right royal.

Thyr. He knows, that you embrace not Antony
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

Cleo. O !

Thyr. The scars upon your honour, therefore, he
Does pity, as constrained blemishes,
Not as deserv'd.

Cleo. He is a god, and knows
What is most right : Mine honour was not yielded,
But conquer'd merely,

Eno. To be sure of that, [*Aside.*
I will ask Antony.—Sir, sir, thou art so leaky,
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for
Thy dearest quit thee. [*Exit ENOBARBUS,*

Thyr. Shall I say to Cæsar
What you require of him ? for he partly begs
To be desir'd to give. It much would please him,
That of his fortunes you should make a staff
To lean upon : but it would warm his spirits,
To hear from me you had left Antony,
And put yourself under his shroud,
The universal landlord.

Cleo. What's your name ?

Thyr. My name is Thyreus.

Cleo. Most kind messenger,
Say to great Cæsar this, In disputation
I kiss his conqu'ring hand : tell him, I am prompt

To

appear in each scene, ready composed ; in consequence of which, speeches are often attributed to those to whom they do not belong. Is it probable that Enobarbus should presume to interfere here ? The whole dialogue naturally proceeds between Cleopatra and Thyreus, till Enobarbus thinks it necessary to attend to his own interest, and says what he speaks when he goes out. The plural number, (*us*) which suits Cleopatra, who throughout the play assumes that royal style, strengthens my conjecture. The words, *our master*, it may be said, are inconsistent with this supposition ; but I apprehend, Cleopatra might have thus described Antony, with sufficient propriety.—They are afterwards explained : Whole he is, *we* are." Antony was the master of her fate. MALONE.
9 —[*that you embrace not*—] The authour probably wrote—*embrac'd.* MALONE.

1 Say to great Cæsar this, In disputation,
I kiss his conqu'ring hand :] The poet certainly wrote,

Say

To lay my crown at his feet, and there to kneel :
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear^a

Th^e

Say to great Cæsar this ; in deputation

I kiss his conqu'ring band :

i. e. by proxy ; I depute you to pay him that duty in my name.

WARB.

I am not certain that this change is necessary.—I kiss his hand in deputation—may mean, I own he has the better in the controversy ; —I confess my inability to dispute or contend with him. To dispute may have no immediate reference to words or language by which controversies are agitated. So, in *Macbeth*, “Dispute it like a man ;” and Macduff, to whom this short speech is addressed, is disputing or contending with himself only. Again, in *Twelfth Night* :—“For though my soul disputes well with my sense.”—If Dr. Warburton's change be adopted, we should read—“by deputation.”

STEEVENS.

I think Dr. Warburton's conjecture extremely probable. The objection founded on the particle *in* being used, is in my apprehension, of little weight. Though *by* deputation is the phraseology of the present day, the other might have been common in the time of Shakspeare. Thus a deputy says in the first scene of *King John*,

“Thus, after greeting, speaks the king of France,

“In my behaviour, to his majesty,

“The borrow'd majesty of England here.”

Again, in *King Henry IV.* P. I.

“Of all the favourites that the absent king

“In deputation left behind him here.”

Again : Bacon in his *History of Henry VII.* says, “—if he relied upon that title, he could be but a king at courtesie.”—We should now say, “by courtesy.”—So, “in any hand,” was the phrase of Shakspeare's time, for which, “at any hand,” was afterwards used. MALONE.

Supposing *disputation* to mean, as Mr. Steevens conceives, not verbal controversy, but struggle for power, or the contention of adversaries, to say that one kisses the hand of another in contention, is surely a strange phrase : but to kiss by proxy, and to marry by proxy, was the language of Shakspeare's time, and is the language of this day. I have, however, found no example of *in deputation* being used in the sense required here. MALONE.

^a Tell him, that from his all obeying breath, &c.] All-obeying breath is, in Shakspeare's language, breath which all obey. Obeying for obeyed. So, *inexpressive* for *inexpressible*, *delighted* for *delighting*, &c.

MALONE.

In the *Gentlemen of Verona*, Shakspeare uses *longing*, a participle active, with a passive signification :

“To furnish me upon my longing journey.”

i. e. my journey long'd for.

La

The doom of Egypt.

Thyr. 'Tis your noblest course.

Wisdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay
My duty on your hand.

Cleo. Your Caesar's father oft,
When he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in⁴,
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kisses.

Re-enter ANTONY, and ENOBARBUS.

Ant. Favours, by Jove that thunders!—
What art thou, fellow?

Thyr. One, that but performs
The bidding of the fullest man⁵, and worthiest
To have command obey'd.

Eno. You will be whipp'd.

Ant. Approach, there:—Ah, you kite!—Now, gods
and devils!

Authority melts from me: Of late, when I cry'd, *ho!*
Like boys unto a mufs⁶, kings would start forth,
And cry, *Your will?* Have you no ears! I am

Enter Attendants.

Antony yet. Take hence this Jack⁷, and whip him.

In the *Unnatural Combat*, by Massinger, the active participle is more irregularly employed:

"For the recovery of a *strangling husband*."

i. e. one that *was to be* strangled. STEEVENS.

³ —*Give me grace*—] Grant me the favour. JOHNSON.

⁴ —*of taking kingdoms* in.

⁵ —*the fullest man*!—] The most complete, and perfect. So, in

Othello:

"What a full fortune doth the thick lips owe."

⁶ *Like boys unto a mufs*,—i. e. a scramble. POPE.

So used by Ben Johnson in his *Magnetic lady*:

"—nor are they thrown

"To make a *mufs* among the gamefome suitors."

Again, in the *Spanish Gipsie*, by Middleton and Rowley, 1633:

"To see if thou be'st alcumy or no,

"They'll throw down gold in *musses*." STEEVENS.

⁷ —*take hence this Jack*.

Eno.

Eno. 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp,
Than with an old one dying.

Ant. Moon and stars!

Whip him:—Were't twenty of the greatest tributaries
That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them
So faucy with the hand of the here, (What's her name,
Since she was Cleopatra⁸?)—Whip him, fellows,
Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,
And whine aloud for mercy: Take him hence.

Thyr. Mark Antony,—

Ant. Tug him away: being whipp'd,
Bring him again:—This Jack^{*} of Cæsar's shall
Bear us an errand to him.— [*Exeunt Ant. with Thyreus.*
You were half blasted ere I knew you:—Ha!
Have I my pillow left unprefs'd in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,
And by a gem of women, to be abus'd
By one that looks on feeders⁹?

Cleo.

⁸ Since she was Cleopatra?] That is, since she ceased to be Cleopatra,
So, when Ludovico says,

"Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?"

Othello replies,

"That's he that was Othello. Here I am." MASON.

^{*}—This Jack—] Old Copy—*The Jack.* Corrected by Mr.
POPE. MALONE.

⁹ By one that looks on feeders?] One that waits at the table while
others are eating. JOHNSON.

A feeder, or an eater, was anciently the term of reproach for a
servant. So in Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman*: "Bar my door. Where
are all my eaters? My mouths now? bar up my doors, my varlets."
One who looks on feeders, is one who throws her regard on servants,
such as Antony would represent Thyreus to be. Thus, in *Cym-
beline*:

"—that base wretch,

"One bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes,

"The very scraps o' the court." STEEVENS.

I incline to think Dr. Johnson's interpretation of this passage
the true one. Neither of the quotations in my apprehension sup-
port Mr. Steevens's explication of *feeders* as synonymous to a ser-
vant. So fantastick and pedantick a writer as Ben Johnson, having
in one passage made one of his characters call his attendants, his
eaters, appears to me a very slender ground for supposing *feeders* and
servants to be synonymous. In *Timon of Athens* this word occurs again:

"—So the gods blefs me,

"When

Cleo. Good my lord,—

Ant. You have been a boggler ever :—

But when we in our viciousness grow hard,
(O misery on't !) the wise gods feel our eyes ;
In our own filth¹ drop our clear judgments ; make us
Adore our errors ; laugh at us, while we strut
To our confusion.

Cleo. O, is it come to this ?

Ant. I found you as a morsel, cold upon
Dead Cæsar's trencher : nay, you were a fragment
Of Cneius Pompey's ; besides what hotter hours,
Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriously*pick'd out :—For, I am sure,
Though you can guess what temperance should be,
You know not what it is.

Cleo. Wherefore is this ?

Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards,
And say, *God quit you !* be familiar with
My play-fellow, your hand ; this kingly seal,
And plighter of high hearts !—O, that I were
Upon the hill of Basan, to out-roar

* When all our offices have been oppress'd

" With riotous feeders,"—

There also Mr. Steevens supposes *feeders* to mean *servants*. But I do not see why " all our offices" may not mean *all* the apartments in Timon's house ; (for certainly the Steward did not mean to lament the excesses of Timon's *retinue only*, without at all noticing that of his master and his guests ;) or, if *officers* can only mean such parts of a dwelling-house as are assign'd to servants, I do not conceive that, because *feeders* is *there* descriptive of those menial attendants who were thus fed, the word used by itself, unaccompanied by others that determine its meaning, as in the passage before us, should necessarily signify a *servant*.

It must, however, be acknowledged, that a subsequent passage may be urged in favour of the interpretation which Mr. Steevens has given :

" To flatter Cæsar, would you *minge eyes*

" *With one that ties his points ?*" MALONE.

¹ —*The wise gods feel our eyes ;*

In our own filth, &c.] This punctuation was suggested by Mr. Tyrwhitt. Formerly :

—feel our eyes

In our own filth ; drop, &c. MALONE.

* —*luxuriously*—] i. e. lasciviously.

The

The horned herd² ! for I have savage cause ;
 And to proclaim it civilly, were like
 A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank
 For being yare about him.—Is he whipp'd ?

Re-enter Attendants, with THYREUS.

1. Att. Soundly, my lord.

Ant. Cry'd he ? and begg'd he pardon ?

1. Att. He did ask favour.

Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent
 Thou wast not made his daughter ; and be thou sorry
 To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since
 Thou hast been whipp'd for following him : henceforth,
 The white hand of a lady fever thee,
 Shake thee to look on't.—Get thee back to Cæsar,
 Tell him thy entertainment : Look, thou say³,
 He makes me angry with him : for he seems
 Proud and disdainful ; harping on what I am,
 Not what he knew I was : He makes me angry ;
 And at this time most easy 'tis to do't ;
 When my good stars, that were my former guides,
 Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires
 Into the abism of hell. If he mislike
 My speech, and what is done : tell him, he has
 Hipparchus, my enfranchis'd bondman, whom
 He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
 As he shall like, to quit me⁴ : Urge it thou :
 Hence with thy stripes, begone. [Exit THYREUS.]

² *The horned herd !*] It is not without pity and indignation that the reader of this great poet meets so often with this low jest, which is too much a favourite to be left out of either mirth or fury.

JOHNSON.

³ *—thou say, &c.*] Thus in the old translation of Plutarch. "Whereupon Antonius caused him to be taken and well favourably whipped, and so sent him unto Cæsar : and bad him tell him that he made him angry with him, because he shewed himself proud and disdainfull towards him, and now specially when he was easie to be angered, by reason of his present miserie. To be short, if this mislike thee, said he, thou hast Hipparchus one of my enfranchis'd bondmen with thee : hang, if thou wilt, or whippe him at thy pleasure, that we may crie quittance."

STEEVENS.

⁴ *—to quit me :—*] To repay me this insult ; to requite me.

JOHNSON.

Cleo.

Cleo. Have you done yet?

Ant. Alack, our terrene moon
Is now eclips'd; and it portends alone
The fall of Antony!

Cleo. I must stay his time.

Ant. To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes
With one that ties his points*?

Cleo. Not know me yet?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?

Cleo. Ah, dear, if I be so,

From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,
And poison it in the source; and the first stone
Drop in my neck: as it determines⁵, so
Dissolve my life! The next Cæsarion smite⁶!
'Till, by degrees, the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave Egyptians all,
By the discandying⁷ of this pelleted storm,
Lie graveless; till the flies and gnats of Nile
Have buried them for prey!

Ant. I am satisfy'd.

Cæsar sits down in Alexandria; where
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
Hath nobly held; our fever'd navy too
Have knit again, and fleet⁸, threat'ning most sea-like.
Where hast thou been, my heart?—Dost thou hear, lady?
If from the field I shall return once more
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;

* —with one that ties his points?] i. e. with a menial attendant.
Points were laces with metal tags, with which the old trunk-hose
were fastened: MALONE.

⁵ —as it determines,—] As it comes to its end, or dissolution.
The word is so used in legal conveyances, but I believe no poet but
Shakspeare has employed it in this sense. MALONE.

⁶ —the next Cæsarion smite!] Cæsarion was Cleopatra's son by
Julius Cæsar. STEEVENS.

⁷ By the discandying—] Old Copy—discandering. Corrected by
Mr. Theobald. Discand is used in the next act. MALONE.

⁸ —and fleet.] Fleet is the old word for float. See Chaucer's *Can-
terbury Tales*, 1958. 2399, 4883. TYRWHITT.

So, in the tragedy of *Edward II.* by Marlowe, 1598:

"This idle shall fleet upon the ocean."

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, b. ii. c. 7:

"And in fraile wood on Adrian gulfe doth fleet."

STEEVENS.

I and

I and my sword will earn our chronicle⁹;
There is hope in it yet.

Cleo. That's my brave lord!

Ant. I will be treble-sinew'd¹, hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciously: for when mine hours
Were nice and lucky², men did ransom lives
Of me for jests; but now, I'll set my teeth,
And send to darkness all that stop me.—Come,
Let's have one other gaudy night³: call to me
All my sad captains, fill our bowls; once more
Let's mock the midnight bell.

Cleo. It is my birth-day:
I had thought, to have held it poor; but, since my lord
Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

Ant. We'll yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his noble captains to my lord.

Ant. Do so, we'll speak to them; and to-night I'll force
The wine peep through their scars.—Come on, my queen;
There's sap in't yet. The next time I do fight,
I'll make death love me; for I will contend
Even with his pestilent scythe⁴.

⁹ *I and my sword will earn our chronicle;* I and my sword will do such acts as shall deserve to be recorded. MALONE.

¹ *I will be treble-sinew'd,—* So, in the *Tempest*:

“—which to do,

“*Trebles thee o'er.*”

Antony means to say, that he will be *treble-hearted*, and *treble-breath'd*, as well as *treble-sinew'd*. MALONE.

² *Were nice and lucky,—* *Nice* is *trifling*. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, A & V. sc. ii:

“The letter was not *nice*, but full of charge.”

See a note on this passage. STEEVENS.

Again, in *K. Richard III.*

“My lord, this argues conscience in your grace,

“But the respects thereof are *nice* and *trivial*.” MALONE.

³ —*gaudy night*:] This is still an epithet bestow'd on feast days in the colleges of either university. STEEVENS.

⁴ —*The next time I do fight,*

I'll make death love me, for I will contend

Even with his pestilent scythe] This idea seems to have been caught from the 12th book of Harrington's Translation of the *Orlando Furioso*, 1591.

“Death goeth about the field, rejoicing mickle,

“To see a sword that so surpass'd his sickle.” STEEVENS.

[*Exeunt*

[*Exeunt* ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, and Attendants

Eno. Now he'll out-stare the lightning⁵. To be furious,
Is, to be frighted out of fear : and in that mood,
The dove will peck the estridge ; and I see still,
A diminution in our captain's brain
Restores his heart : When valour preys on reason,
It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek
Some way to leave him,

[*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Cæsar's Camp at Alexandria.

*Enter CÆSAR, reading a letter ; AGRIPPA, MÆCENAS,
and Others.*

Cæs. He calls me boy ; and chides, as he had power
To beat me out of Egypt : my messenger
He hath whipp'd with rods ; dares me to personal combat,
Cæsar to Antony : Let the old ruffian know,
I have many other ways to die⁶ ; mean time,
Laugh at his challenge.

Mec.

⁵ *Now he'll outstare the lightning.]* Our authour in many of the
speeches that he has attributed to Antony, seems to have had the
following passage in North's translation of Plutarch in his thoughts :
" He [Antony] used a manner of phrase in his speech, called
Asiatick, which carried the best grace at that time, and was much
like to him in his manners and life ; for it was full of ostentation,
foolish braverie, and vaine ambition." MALONE.

⁶ *I have many other ways to die ;] What a reply is this to Antony's
challenge ? 'tis acknowledging that he should die under the un-
equal combat ; but if we read,*

*He hath many other ways to die ; mean time,
I laugh at his challenge.*

*in this reading we have poignancy, and the very repartee of
Cæsar. Let's hear Plutarch. After this, Antony sent a challenge to
Cæsar, to fight him hand to hand, and received for answer, that he might
find severall other ways to end his life. URTON.*

I think

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

271

Mec. Cæsar must think.

When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Made boot⁷ of his distraction : Never anger
Made good guard for itself.

Cæs. Let our best heads
Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles
We mean to fight :—Within our files there are
Of those that serv'd Mark Antony but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it done ;
And feast the army : we have store to do't,
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony ! [*Exeunt*]

S C E N E II.

Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN,
IRAS, ALEXAS, and Others.

Ant. He will not fight with me, Domitius.

Eno. No.

Ant. Why should he not ?

Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
He is twenty men to one.

Ant. To-morrow, soldier,
By sea and land I'll fight : or I will live,
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood
Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well ?

Eno. I'll strike ; and cry, *Take all*.

Ant. Well said ; come on.—

I think this emendation deserves to be received. It had, before
Mr. Upton's book appeared, been made by sir T. Hanmer.

JOHNSON.

Most indisputably this is the sense of Plutarch, and given so in
the modern translations ; but Shakspeare was misled by the ambi-
guity of the old one. " Antonius sent again to challenge Cæsar to
fight him : Cæsar answered, that he had many other ways to die,
than so." FARMER.

⁷ *Make boot of*—] Take advantage of. JOHNSON.

—*Take all*.] Let the survivor take all. No composition ; vic-
tory or death. JOHNSON.

Call

Call forth my household servants ; let's to-night

Enter Servants.

Be bounteous at our meal.—Give me thy hand,
Thou hast been rightly honest ;—so hast thou ;—
Thou,—and thou,—and thou :—you have serv'd me well,
And kings have been your fellows.

Cleo. What means this ?

Eno. 'Tis one of those odd tricks^o, which sorrow shoots
[*Aside.*

Out of the mind.

Ant. And thou art honest too.

I wish, I could be made so many men :
And all of you clapt up-together in
An Antony ; that I might do you service,
So good as you have done.

Serv. The gods forbid !

Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night :
Scant not my cups ; and make as much of me,
As when mine empire was your fellow too,
And suffer'd my command.

Cleo. What does he mean ?

Eno. To make his followers weep.

Ant. Tend me to-night ;

May be, it is the period of your duty :
Haply, you shall not see me more ; or if,
A mangled shadow^t : perchance, to-morrow

You'll

^o —one of those odd tricks,—] I know not what obscurity the editors find in this passage. *Trick* is here used in the sense in which it is uttered every day by every mouth, elegant and vulgar : yet sir T. Hanmer changes it to *freaks*, and Dr. Warburton, in his rage of Gallicism, to *traits*. JOHNSON.

^t —or if,

A mangled shadow :] Or if you see me more, you will see me a mangled shadow, only the external form of what I was. JOHNSON.

The thought is, as usual, taken from sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch : " So being at supper, (as it is reported) he commaunded his officers and household seruauntes that waited on him at his bord, that they should fill his cuppes full, and make as much of him as they could : for said he, you know not whether you shall doe soe much for me to-morrow or not, or whether you shall serue an other maister : and it may be you shall see me no more, but

You'll serve another master: I look on you,
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,
I turn you not away; but, like a master
Married to your good service, stay till death:
Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,
And the gods yield you for't!

Eno. What mean you, sir,
To give them this discomfort? Look, they weep;
And I, an afs, am onion-ey'd³; for shame,
Transform us not to women.

Ant. Ho, ho, ho!
Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus!
Grace grow where those drops fall!⁴ My hearty friends,
You take me in too dolorous a sense:
For I spake to you for your comfort; did desire you
To burn this night with torches: Know, my hearts,
I hope well of to-morrow; and will lead you
Where rather I'll expect victorious life,
Than death and honours. Let's to supper; come,
And drown consideration.

[*Exeunt*]

S C E N E III.

*The same. Before the Palace.**Enter two Soldiers, to their guard.*1. *Sold.* Brother, good night: to-morrow is the day.

but a dead bodie. This notwithstanding, perceiving that his friends
and men fell a weeping to heare him say so, to salve that he had
spoken, he added this more vnto it; that he would not leade them
to battell, where he thought not rather safely to returne with vic-
torie, than valiantly to dye with honor." STEEVENS

² And the gods yield you for't!] i. e. reward you. See a note on
Macbeth, Act I. sc. vi. and another on *As you like it*, Act V. sc. iv.
STEEVENS.

³ —onion-ey'd;—] I have my eyes as full of tears as if they had
been fretted by onions. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Birth of Merlin*, 1662:

"I see something like a peel'd onion;

"It makes me weep again." STEEVENS.

⁴ Grace grow where those drops fall!] So, in *K. Richard II.*:

"Here did she drop a tear; here, in this place,

"I'll set a bank of rue, four herb of grace." STEEVENS.

⁵ —death and honour.] That is, an honourable death. UPTON.

2. *Sold.*

2. *Sold.* It will determine one way : fare you well.
 Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?
 1. *Sold.* Nothing : What news ?
 2. *Sold.* Belike, 'tis but a rumour : Good night to you.
 1. *Sold.* Well, fir, good night.

Enter two other Soldiers.

2. *Sold.* Soldiers, have careful watch.
 3. *Sold.* And you : Good night, good night.
 [The first two place themselves at their posts.]
 4. *Sold.* Here we : *[They take their posts.]* and if to-mor-
 row
 Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope
 Our landmen will stand up.
 3. *Sold.* 'Tis a brave army, and full of purpose.
 [Musick of hautboys under the stage.]
 4. *Sold.* Peace, what noise?
 1. *Sold.* Lift, lift ?
 2. *Sold.* Hark !
 1. *Sold.* Musick i' the air.
 3. *Sold.* Under the earth.
 4. *Sold.* It signs well⁷, does it not ?
 3. *Sold.* No.
 1. *Sold.* Peace, I say. What should this mean ?
 2. *Sold.* 'Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony lov'd,
 Now leaves him.

⁶ *Peace, what noise ?* So, in the old translation of Plutarch :
 " Furthermore, the selfe same night within litle of midnight,
 when all the citie was quiet, full of feare, and forrowe, thinking
 what would be the issue and ende of this warre; it is said that so-
 dainly they heard a maruelous sweete harmony of fundrie sortes of
 instruments of musicke, with the crie of a multitude of people, as
 they had bene dauncinge and had song as they vse in Bacchus feastes,
 with mouinges and turnings after the manner of the satyres : &
 it seemed that this daunce went through the city vnto the gate that
 opened to the enemies, & that all the troupe that made this noise
 they heard, went out of the city at that gate. Now, such as in
 reason sought the depth of the interpretation of this wonder,
 thought it was the god vnto whom Antonius bare singular devo-
 tion to counterfeate and resemble him, that did forsake them."

STEEVENS.

⁷ *It signs well, &c.]* i. e. it bodes well, &c. STEEVENS.

1. *Sold.*

1. *Sold.* Walk ; let's see if other watchmen
Do hear what we do. [*They advance to another post.*]

2. *Sold.* How now, masters ?

Sold. How now ? how now ; do you hear this ?
[*Several speaking together.*]

1. *Sold.* Ay ; Is't not strange ?

3. *Sold.* Do you hear, masters ? do you hear ?

1. *Sold.* Follow the noise so far as we have quarter ;
Let's see how it will give off.

Sold. [*several speaking.*] Content : 'Tis strange.
[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter ANTONY, and CLEOPATRA ; CHARMIAN, and
Others, attending.

Ant. Eros ! mine armour, Eros !

Cleo. Sleep a little.

Ant. No, my chuck.—Eros, come ; mine armour, Eros !

Enter EROS, with armour.

Come, good fellow, put thine iron on^a :—

If fortune be not ours to-day, it is

Because we brave her.—Come.

Cleo. Nay, I'll help too.

What's

^a —thine iron—] I think it should be rather,
mine iron. JOHNSON.

Thine iron is the iron which thou hast in thy hands, i. e. Antony's
armour. So, in *K. Henry V.* Henry says to a soldier, "Give me
thy glove," meaning Henry's own glove, which the soldier at that
moment had in his hat. MALONE.

⁹ *Nay, I'll help too, &c.*] These three little speeches, which in
the other editions are only one, and given to Cleopatra, were hap-
pily disentangled by sir T. Hanmer. JOHNSON.

In the old copy the words stand thus. *Cleo.* Nay I'll help too,
Antony. What's this for ? Ah let be, let be ; &c. Sooth, la, I'll
help : Thus it must be.

Sir Thomas Hanmer gave the words—"What's this for ?" to
Antony ; but that they belong to Cleopatra appears clearly, I think,
from

What's this for?

Ant. Ah, let be, let be! thou art
The armourer of my heart:—False, false; this, this.

Cleo. Sooth, la, I'll help: Thus it must be.

Ant. Well, well;

We shall thrive now.—See'st thou, my good fellow?
Go, put on thy defences.

Eros. Briefly, sir.

Cleo. Is not this buckled well?

Ant. Rarely, rarely:

He that unbuckles this, till we do please
To doff it² for our repose, shall hear a storm.—
Thou fumblest, Eros; and my queen's a squire
More tight³ at this, than thou: Dispatch.—O love,
That thou could'st see my wars to-day, and knew'st
The royal occupation! thou should'st see

Enter an Officer, armed.

A workman in't.—Good morrow to thee; welcome;
Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge:
To business that we love, we rise betime,
And go to it with delight.

1. *Off.* A thousand, sir,
Early though it be, have on their rivetted trim⁴,
And at the port expect you. [*Shouts Trumpets flourish.*]

Enter other Officers, and Soldiers.

2. *Off.* The morn is fair.—Good morrow, generals.

from the subsequent words, which have been rightly attributed to Antony. What's *this* piece of your armour for? says the queen. Let it alone, replies Antony; "false; false; *this, this*." This is the piece that you ought to have given me, and not that of which you ask'd the use. MALONE.

¹ *Briefly, sir.*] That is, quickly sir. JOHNSON.

² *To doff it*] *To doff* is to *do off*, to put off. STEEVENS.

³ *More tight*—] More expert, more adroit.

⁴ *—their rivetted trim.*] So, in *K. Henry V.*

"The armourers, accomplishing the knights,

"With busy hammers closing rivets up."

⁵ *The morn is fair.*—*Good-morrow, general.*] This speech in the old copy is erroneously given to Alexas. STEEVENS.

Alexas had now revolted, and therefore could not be the Speaker.

All. Good morrow, general.

Ant. 'Tis well blown, lads.

This morning, like the spirit of a youth

That means to be of note, begins betimes.—

So, so; come, give me that: this way; well said.

Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me:

This is a soldier's kiss: rebukable, [kisses her.

And worthy shameful check it were, to stand

On more mechanick compliment; I'll leave thee

Now, like a man of steel.—You, that will fight,

Follow me close; I'll bring you to't—Adieu.

[*Exeunt* ANT. EROS, Officers, and Soldiers.

Char. Please you, retire to your chamber?

Cleo. Lead me.

He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar might

Determine this great war in single fight!

Then, Antony,—But now,—Well, on.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E V.

Antony's Camp near Alexandria.

Trumpets sound. Enter ANTONY, *and* EROS; *a Soldier*
meeting them.

Sold. The gods make this a happy day to Antony⁶!

Ant. 'Would, thou and those thy scars had once prevailed

To make me fight at land!

⁶ *The gods make this a happy day to Antony!* 'Tis evident, as Dr. Thirlby likewise conjectured, by what Antony immediately replies, that this line should not be placed to Eros, [as it is in the old copy] but to the soldier, who, before the battle of Actium, advised Antony to try his fate at land. THEOBALD.

The same mistake has, I think, happened in the next two speeches, addressed to Antony, which are also given in the old copy to Eros. I have given them to the soldier, who would naturally reply to what Antony said. Antony's words, "What sayst thou?" compared with what follows, shew that the speech beginning, "Who? One ever near thee," &c. belongs to the soldier. This regulation was made by Mr. Capell. MALONE.

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Sold. Had'st thou done so,
The kings that have revolted, and the soldier
That has this morning left thee, would have still
Follow'd thy heels.

Ant. Who's gone this morning?

Sold. Who?

One ever near thee : Call for Enobarbus,
He shall not hear thee ; or from Cæsar's camp
Say, *I am none of thine.*

Ant. What say'st thou?

Sold. Sir,

He is with Cæsar.

Eros. Sir, his chests and treasure
He has not with him.

Ant. Is he gone?

Sold. Most certain.

Ant. Go, Eros, send his treasure after ; do it ;
Detain no jot, I charge thee : write to him
(I will subscribe) gentle adieus, and greetings :
Say, that I wish he never find more cause
To change a master.—O, my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men :—Dispatch.—Enobarbus!

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

Cæsar's Camp before Alexandria.

Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, with AGRIPPA, ENOBARBUS,
and Others.

Cæs. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight :
Our will is, Antony be took alive ;

Make

[*Our will is, Antony be took alive ;*] It is observable with what judgment Shakspeare draws the character of Octavius. Antony was his hero ; so that the other was not to shine ; yet being an historical character, there was a necessity to draw him *like*. But the ancient historians, his flatterers, had delivered him down so fair, that he seems ready cut and dried for a hero. Amidst these difficulties Shakspeare has extricated himself with great address. He has admitted all those great strokes of his character as he found

Make it so known.

Ag. Cæsar, I shall.

[*Exit* AGRIPPA.]

Cæs. The time of universal peace is near :

Prove this a prosperous day, the three nook'd world
Shall bear the olive freely⁸.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Antony

Is come into the field.

Cæs. Go, charge Agrippa

Plant those that have revolted in the van,
That Antony may seem to spend his fury
Upon himself.

[*Exeunt* CÆSAR and his Train.]

Eno. Alexas did revolt ; and went to Jewry, on
Affairs of Antony ; there did persuade⁹
Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar,

found them, and yet has made him a very unamiable character, des-
cending, mean-spirited, narrow-minded, proud, and revengeful.

WARBURTON.

⁸ —the three-nook'd world

Shall bear the olive freely.] So, in *King John* :

“ Now these her princes are come home again,

“ Come the three corners of the world in arms,

“ And we shall shock them.”

So Lilly in *Euphrates and his England*, 1580 : “ The island is in
fashion three-corner'd,” &c. MALONE.

Dr. Warburton says that the words—shall bear the olive freely,
mean, that the olive shall spring up every where spontaneously
without culture ; but he mistakes the sense of the passage. To bear
does not mean to produce, but to carry ; and the meaning is, that
the world shall then enjoy the blessings of peace, of which olive
branches were the emblems. The success of Augustus could not
so change the nature of things, as to make the olive tree grow with-
out culture in all climates, but it shut the gates of the temple of
Janus. MASON.

I doubt whether Mr. Mason's explication of the word *bear* be
just. The poet certainly did not intend to speak literally ; and
might only mean, that, should this prove a prosperous day, there
would be no occasion to labour to effect a peace throughout the
world : it would take place without any effort or negotiation.

MALONE.

⁹ —persuade] The old copy has *dissuade*, perhaps rightly.

JOHNSON.

It is undoubtedly corrupt. The words in the old translation of
Plutarch are :—“ for where he should have kept Herodes from re-
volting from him, he *persua de* m to turne to Cæsar.” MALONE.

L 2

And

And leave his master Antony: for this pains,
 Cæsar hath hang'd him. Canidius, and the rest
 'T hat fell away, have entertainment, but
 No honourable trust. I have done ill;
 Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,
 That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of Cæsar's.

Sold. Enobarbus, Antony
 Hath after thee sent all thy treasure¹, with
 His bounty over-plus: The messenger
 Came on my guard; and at thy tent is now,
 Unloading of his mules.

Eno. I give it you.

Sold. Mock not, Enobarbus.

I tell you true: Best you sated the bringer
 Out of the host. I must attend mine office,
 Or would have done't myself. Your emperor
 Continues still a Jove. [Exit Soldier.]

Eno. I am alone the villain of the earth,
 And feel I am so most². O Antony,
 Thou mine of bounty, how would'st thou have paid
 My better service, when my turpitude
 Thqu dost so crown with gold! This blows my heart:

¹ *Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, &c.*] So, in the old translation of Plutarch: "Furthermore, he dealt very friendly and courteously with Domitius, and against Cleopatra's mynde. For, he being sicke of an agewe when he went, and tooke a little boate to go to Cæsar's campe, Antonius was very sory for it, but yet he sent after him all his caryage, trayne, and men: and the same Domitius, as though he gaue him to vnderstand that he repented his open treason, he died immediately after." STEEVENS.

² *And feel I am so most.*] That is, and feel I am so more than any one else thinks it. MASON.

³ *—This blows my heart:]* All the latter editions have:

—This bows my heart:

I have given the original word again the place from which I think it unjustly excluded. *This generosity*, (says Enobarbus) *swells my heart*, so that it will quickly break, *if thought break it not*, a sweeter mean. JOHNSON.

So, in Act V.

"—Here on her breast

"There is a vent of blood, and something blown."

MALONE.
 If

If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean
 Shall out-strike thought : but thought will do't, I feel.
 I fight against thee !—No : I will go seek
 Some ditch, wherein to die ; the foul't best fits
 My latter part of life.

[Exit.]

S C E N E VII.

Field of battle between the Camps.

*Alarum. Drums and Trumpets. Enter AGrippa, and
 Others.*

Agg. Retire, we 'ave engag'd ourselves too far :
 Caesar himself has work, and our oppressions
 Exceeds what we expected.

[Exeunt.]

Alarum. Enter ANTONY and SCARUS, wounded.

Scar. O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed !
 Had we done so at first, we had driven them home
 With clouts about their heads.

Ant. Thou bleed'st apace.

Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T,
 But now 'tis made an H.

Ant. They do retire.

Scar. We'll beat 'em into bench-holes ; I have yet
 Room for six scotches more.

Enter EROS.

Eros. They are beaten, sir ; and our advantage serves
 For a fair victory.

Scar. Let us score their backs,
 And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind ;

⁴ —but thought will do't, I feel.] *Thought*, in this passage, as in many others, signifies *melancholy*.

⁵ —and our oppression.] Our *oppression* means, the force by which we are oppress'd or overpowered. MALONE.

Oppression for *opposition*. WARBURTON.

Sir T. Hamner has received *opposition*. Perhaps rightly.

JOHNSON.

'Tis

'Tis sport to maul a runner.

Ant. I will reward thee
Once for thy sprightly comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.

Scar. I'll halt after.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VIII.

Under the walls of Alexandria,

Alarum. Enter ANTONY, marching; SCARUS and Forces.

Ant. We have beat him to his camp: Run one before,
And let the queen know of our guests⁶.—To-morrow,
Before the sun shall see us, we'll spill the blood
That has to-day escap'd. I thank you all;
For doughty-handed are you; and have fought
Not as you serv'd the cause, but as it had been
Each man's like mine; you have shewn all Hector's.
Enter the city, clip your wives⁷, your friends,
Tell them your feats; whilst they with joyful tears
Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kiss
The honour'd gashes whole.—Give me thy hand;

[*To SCARUS.*]

Enter CLEOPATRA, attended.

To this great fairy I'll commend thy acts⁸,

Make

⁶ —Run one before,

And let the queen know of our guests.] Antony after his success intends to bring his officers to sup with Cleopatra, and orders notice to be given of their guests. JOHNSON.

⁷ —clip your wives,—] To clip is to embrace. STEEVENS.

⁸ To this great fairy, &c.] Mr. Upton has well observed, that *fairy*, which Dr. Warburton and sir T. Haamer explain by *Inchantress*, comprises the idea of power and beauty. JOHNSON.

Fairy in former times did not signify only a diminutive imaginary being, but an inchanter, in which last sense, as has been observed, it is used here. But Mr. Upton's assertion that it comprises the idea of *beauty* as well as power, seems questionable; for Sir W. D'Avenant employs the word in describing the weird sisters, (who certainly were not beautiful,) in the argument prefixed to his alteration

Make her thanks bless thee.—O thou day o' the world,
Chain mine arm'd neck ; leap thou, attire and all,
Through proof of harness^o to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triumphing.

Cleo. Lord of lords !
O infinite virtue ! com'st thou smiling from
The world's great snare uncaught ?

Ant. My nightingale,
We have beat them to their beds. What, girl ? though grey
Do something mingle with our younger brown ; yet have we
A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can
Get goal for goal of youth^r. Behold this man ;
Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand, —
Kiss it, my warrior :—He hath fought to-day,
As if a god, in hate of mankind, had
Destroy'd in such a shape.

Cleo. I'll give thee, friend,
An armour all of gold ; it was a king's^s.

Ant. He has deserv'd it, were it carbuncled
Like holy Phœbus' car.—Give me thy hand ; —
Through Alexandria make a jolly march ;
Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe them^s;
Had our great palace the capacity
To camp this host, we all would sup together ;
And drink carouses to the next day's fate,
Which promises royal peril.—Trumpeters,

ation of *Macbeth*, 4to 1674 : " These two, travelling together
through a forest, were met by three *fairie* witches, (*weirds* the
Scotch call them,)" &c

^o —*proof of harness*,—] i. e. armour of proof. *Harnois*, French
Arnese, Ital. STEEVENS.

^r *Get goal for goal of youth*.] At all plays of barriers, the boundary
is called a *goal* ; to *win a goal*, is to be a superiour in a contest of
activity. JOHNSON.

^s —*It was a king's*.] So, in Sir T. North's translation of Plutarch:
" Then came Antony again to the palace greatly boasting of this
victory, and sweetly kissed Cleopatra, armed as he was when he
came from the fight, recommending one of his men of arms unto
her, that had valiantly fought in this skirmish. Cleopatra, to re-
ward his manliness, gave him an armour and head-piece of clean
gold." STEEVENS.

^s *Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe them* :] i. e. hack'd as
much as the men to whom they belong. WARBURTON.

Why not rather, *Bear our hack'd targets with spirit and exultation*,
such as becomes the brave warriors that own them? JOHNSON.

With

With brazen din blast you the city's ear;
 Make mingle with our rattling tabourines⁴;
 That heaven and earth may strike their sounds together,
 Applauding our approach. [Exeunt

S C E N E IX.

Cæsar's Camp.

Sentinels on their post. Enter ENOBARBUS.

1. *Sold.* If we be not reliev'd within this hour,
 We must return to the court of guard⁵: The night
 Is thiny; and, they say, we shall embattle
 By the second hour i' the morn.

2. *Sold.* This last day was
 A shrew'd one to us.

Eno. O, bear me witness, night,—

3. *Sold.* What men is this?

2. *Sold.* Stand close, and list him.

Eno. Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon,
 When men revolted shalk upon record
 Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did
 Before thy face repent!—

1. *Sold.* Enobarbus!

3. *Sold.* Peace; hark further.

Eno. O, sovereign mistress of true melancholy,
 The poisonous damp of night dispunge upon me;
 That life, a very rebel to thy will,
 May hang no longer on me: Throw my heart⁶

Against

⁴ —*tabourines*;] A *tabourin* was a small drum. It is often mentioned in our ancient romances. So, in the *History of Helyas Knight of the Swanne*, bl. l. no date: "Trumpetes, clerons, *tabourins*, and other minstrelsy." STEEVENS.

⁵ —*the court of guard*:] i. e. the guard-room, the place where the guard musters. The expression occurs again in *Othello*.

STEEVENS.

⁶ *Throw my heart*] The pathetick of Shakspeare too often ends in the ridiculous. It is painful to find the gloomy dignity of this noble scene destroyed by the intrusion of a conceit so far-fetched and unaffecting. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare in most of his conceits is kept in countenance by his contemporaries. Thus Daniel, in his 18th Sonnet, 1594, some-
 what indeed less harshly says,

"Still

Against the flint and hardness of my fault ;
Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,
And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony,
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular ;
But let the world rank me in register
A master-leaver, and a fugitive :
O Antony ! O Antony !

[*dies.*]

2. *Sold.* Let's speak to him.

1. *Sold.* Let's hear him, for the things he speaks
May concern Cæsar.

3. *Sold.* Let's do so. But he sleeps.

1. *Sold.* Swoons rather ; for so bad a prayer as his
Was never yet for sleep.

2. *Sold.* Go we to him.

3. *Sold.* Awake, sir, awake ; speak to us.

2. *Sold.* Hear you, sir ?

1. *Sold.* The hand of death hath raught him⁷. Hark,
the drums

[*Drums afar off.*]

Demurely⁸ wake the sleepers. Let us bear him
To the court of guard ; he is of note : our hour
Is fully out.

3. *Sold.* Come on then ; he may recover yet.

[*Exeunt with the body.*]

S C E N E X.

Between the two Camps.

Enter ANTONY, and SCARUS, with forces, marching.

Ant. Their preparation is to—day by sea ;
We please them not by land.

Scar. For both, my lord.

Ant. I would, they'd fight i' the fire, or in the air ;
We'd fight there too. But this it is ; Our foot
Upon the hills adjoining to the city,

" Still must I whet my young desires abated,

" Upon the flint of such a heart rebelling." MALONE.

⁷ *The hand of death hath raught him.] Raught is the ancient prete-*
rite of the verb to reach. STEEVENS.

⁸ *—the drums demurely—] Demurely for solemnly.* WARBURTON.

Shall

Shall stay with us : order for sea is given ;
 They have put forth the haven^o : Let's seek a spot,
 Where their appointment we may best discover,
 And look on their endeavour¹.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter CÆSAR, and his forces, marching.

Cæs. But being charg'd, we will be still by land,
 Which, as I take it, we shall² ; for his best force

1s

^o *They have put forth the haven : &c.*] For the insertion of the subsequent words in this line I am answerable. The defect of the metre in the old copy shews that some words were accidentally omitted. In that copy as here, there is a colon at *haven*, which is an additional proof that something must have been said by Antony, connected with the next line, and relative to the place where the enemy might be reconnoitered. The *haven itself* was not such a place ; but rather some hill from which the haven and the ships newly put forth could be viewed. What Antony says upon his re-entry, proves decisively that he had not gone to the haven, nor had any thoughts of going thither. " I see, says he, they have not yet joined ; but I'll now choose a more convenient station near yonder pine, and I shall discover all " A preceding passage in Act III. sc. vi. adds such support to the emendation now made, that I trust I shall be pardoned for giving it a place in the text :

" See we our battles on yon side of the bill,

" In eye of Cæsar's battle ; from which place

" We may the number of the ships behold,

" And so proceed accordingly."

Mr. Rowe supplied the omission by the words—*Further on ; and* the four subsequent editors adopted his emendation.

In *Hamlet* there is an omission similar to that which has been here supplied :

" And let them know both what we meant to do,

" And what's untimely done. [So viperous slander]

" Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter

" As level as the cannon to his blank," &c.

The words—" *So viperous slander*," which are necessary both to the sense and metre, are not in the old copies. MALONE.

¹ *Where their appointment we may best discover, &c.*] i. e. where we may best discover their numbers, and see their motions.

WARBURTON.

² *But being charg'd, we will be still by land,*

Which, as I take it, we shall ;] i. e. unless we be charged, we will remain quiet at land, which quiet I suppose we shall keep. *But being charged* was a phrase of that time, equivalent to *unless we be*.

WARR.

So, in Chaucer's *Perseus Tale*, late edit. " Ful oft time I rede,
 that

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. 227

Is forth to man his galleys. To the vales,
And hold our best advantage.

[*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter ANTONY, and SCARUS.

Ant. Yet they are not join'd : Where yond' pine does
stand,

I shall discover all: I'll bring thee word
Straight, how 'tis like to go.

[*Exit.*]

Scar. Swallows have built

In Cleopatra's sails their nests: the augurers³
Say, they know not,—they cannot tell;—look grimly,
And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony
Is valiant, and dejected; and, by starts,
His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,
Of what he has, and has not.

Alarum afar off, as at a sea-fight.

Re-enter ANTONY.

Ant. All is lost;

This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me :
My fleet hath yielded to the foe ; and yonder
They cast their caps up, and carouse together
Like friends long lost.—Triple-turn'd whore! 'tis thou!
Hast

that no man trust in his own perfection; but he be stronger than
Samson, or holier than David; or wiser than Solomon." But is
from the Saxon *Butan*. Thus, *butan leas* : absque falso, without a
lie. Again, in the *Vintner's Play* in the Chester collection. Brit.
Mus. MS. Harl. 2013. p. 29 :

" *Abraham.* Oh comely creature, but I thee kill,

" I grieve my God, and that fullill."

See also Ray's *North Country Words*. STEEVENS.

³ —the *augurers*—] The old copy has—*auguries*. This leads us to
what seems most likely to be the true reading—*augurers*, which
word is used in the last act :

" You are too sure an *augurer*."

For the emendation the present editor is responsible. MALONE.

⁴ Triple-turn'd *whore* !] Cleopatra was first the mistress of Julius
Cæsar, then of Cneius Pompey, and afterwards of Antony. To
this, I think, the epithet *triple-turn'd* alludes. So, in a former
scene :

" I found you as a morsel, cold upon

" Dead:

Hast fold me to this novice ; and my heart
 Makes only wars on thee.—Bid them all fly ;
 For when I am reveng'd upon my charm.
 I have done all :—Bid them all fly, be gone. [Exit CÆSAR.
 O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more :
 Fortune and Antony part here ; even here
 Do we shake hands.—All come to this ?—The hearts
 That spaniel'd me at heels^s, to whom I gave
 Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
 On blossoming Cæsar ; and this pine is bark'd,
 That over-topp'd them all. Betray'd I am :
 O this false foul of Egypt ! this grave charm^s,—

Whose

“ Dead Cæsar's trencher ; nay, you were a fragment
 “ Of Cneius Pompey's.”

Mr. Mason suggests a different interpretation. “ She first (says he,) belonged to Julius Cæsar, then to Antony, and now, as he supposes, to Augustus. It is not likely (he adds, that in recollecting her turnings, Antony should not have that in contemplation which gave him most offence.”

This interpretation is sufficiently plausible, but there are two objections to it. According to this account of the matter, her connexion with Cneius Pompey is omitted, though the poet certainly was apprized of it, as appears by the passage just quoted. 2. There is no ground for supposing that Antony meant to insinuate that Cleopatra had granted any personal favour to Augustus, though he was persuaded that she had “ sold him to the novice.”

Mr. Tollet supposed that Cleopatra had been mistress to Pompey the Great ; but her lover was his eldest son, Cneius Pompey.

MALONE.

^s *That spaniel'd me at heels,* [Old Copy—*spannel'd*: The emendation was made by Sir T. Hammer. MALONE.

Spaniel'd is so happy a conjecture, that I think we ought to acquiesce in it. It is of some weight with me that *spaniel* was often formerly written *spannel*. Hence there is only the omission of the first letter, which has happened elsewhere in our poet, as in the word *cheer*, &c. To *dog* them at the heels is not an uncommon expression in Shakspeare; and in the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, Act II. sc. ii. Helena says to Demetrius :

“ I am your *spaniel*,—only give me leave,

“ Unworthy as I am, to follow you.” TOLLET.

Spannel for *spaniel* is yet the inaccurate pronunciation of some persons, above the vulgar in rank, though not in literature. Our author has in like manner used the substantive *page* as a verb in *Timon of Athens* :

“ —Will these moist trees

“ That have out-liv'd the eagle, *page* thy heels,” &c.

In K. Richard III. we have——

“ Death and destruction *dog* thee at the heels.” MALONE.

“ —this grave charm,] I know not by what authority, nor for what

Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them home ;
 Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end⁷,
 Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose,
 Beguil'd me⁸ to the very heart of loss⁹.—
 What, Eros, Eros !

Enter

what reason, *this grave charm*, which the first, the only original copy exhibits, has been through all the modern editions changed to *this gay charm*. By *this grave charm*, is meant, *this sublime, this majestic beauty*. JOHNSON.

I believe *grave charm* means only *deadly*, or *destructive piece of witchcraft*. In this sense the epithet *grave* is often used by Chapman in his translation of *Homer*. So, in the 19th book :

“ —but not far hence the fatal minutes are

“ Of thy grave ruin.”

It seems to be employed in the sense of the Latin word *gravis*.

STEEVENS.

⁷ —*was my crownet, my chief end*,—] Dr. Johnson supposes that *crownet* means last purpose, probably from *finis coronat opus*. Chapman, in his translation of the second book of *Homer*, uses *crown* in the sense which my learned coadjutor would recommend :

“ —all things have their *crowne*.”

Again, in our author's *Cymbeline* :

“ My supreme *crown* of grief.” STEEVENS.

⁸ *Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose,*

Beguil'd me, &c.] There is a kind of pun in this passage, arising from the corruption of the word *Egyptian* into *gipsy*. The old law-books term such persons as ramble about the country, and pretend skill in palmistry and fortune-telling, *Egyptians*. *Fast and loose* is a term to signify a cheating game, of which the following is a description. A leathern belt is made up into a number of intricate folds, and placed edgewise upon a table. One of the folds is made to resemble the middle of the girdle, so that whoever should thrust a skewer into it would think he held it fast to the table : whereas, when he has so done, the person with whom he plays may take hold of both ends and draw it away. This trick is now known to the common people, by the name of *pricking at the belt or girdle*, and perhaps was practised by the Gypsies in the time of Shakspeare Sir J. HAWKINS.

Sir John Hawkins's supposition is confirm'd by the following Epigram in an ancient collection called *Run and a great Cast*, by T. Freeman, 1614 :

In Egyptum suspensum. Epig. 95.

“ Charles the *Egyptian*, who by juggling could

“ Make *fast or loose*, or whatsoever he would ;

“ Surely it seem'd he was not his craft's master,

“ Striving to loose what struggling he made faster :

“ The hangman was more cunning of the twaine,

“ Who knit what he could not unknit againe.

“ You

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Ah, thou spell ! Avaunt.

Cleo. Why is my lord enrag'd against his love ?

Ant. Vanish ; or I shall give thee thy deserving,
And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take thee,
And hoist thee up to the shouting Plebeians :
Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot
Of all thy sex ; most monster-like, be shewn.
For poor'st diminutives, for doits¹ ; and let
Patient Octavia plough thy visage up

“ You countrymen *Egyptians* make such fots,
“ Seeming to loose indissoluble knots,
“ Had you been there, but to see the cast,
“ You would have won, had you but laid—'tis fast.”

STEEVENS.

That the Egyptians were great adepts in this art before Shakspeare's time, may be seen in Scot's *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, 1584, p. 336, where these practices are fully explained. REED.

²—*to the very heart of loss.*] To the utmost loss possible. JOHNSON.

¹ For poor'st diminutives, for doits ;] The old copy has—*doits*. The emendation was made by Dr. Warburton. I have received it, because the letter *i*, in consequence of the dot over it, is sometimes confounded with *l* at the press. Mr. Tyrwhitt would read—For poor'st diminutives *to* doits. “ This (says he) aggravates the contempt of her supposed situation, to be shewn, as monsters are, not only for the smallest piece of money, but to the most stupid and vulgar spectators.” It appears to me, however, much more probable that *doits* should have been printed for *doits*, than that *for* should have been substituted for *to*.

Whichsoever of these emendations be admitted, there is still a difficulty. Though monsters are shewn to the stupid and the vulgar for *poor'st diminutives*, yet Cleopatra, according to Antony's supposition, would certainly be exhibited to the Roman populace for nothing. Nor can it be said that he means that *she* would be exhibited *gratis*, as monsters are shewn for small pieces of money ; because his words are “ monster-like,” be [*thou*] shewn for poor'st diminutives, &c. I have sometimes therefore thought that Shakspeare might have written,

'Fore poor'st diminutives, 'fore doits.

In this conjecture however I have very little confidence.

The following passage in *Troilus and Cressida* adds some support to my conjecture : “ How this poor world is pester'd with such water-lies ; *diminutives* of nature !” MALONE.

With

With her prepared nails². [*Exit CLEO.*] 'Tis well thou'rt gone,

If it be well to live : But better 'twere
Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death
Might have prevented many.—Eros, ho !—
The shirt of Nessus is upon me : Teach me,
Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage :
Let me lodge Lichas³ on the horns o' the moon ,
And with those hands, that grasp'd the heaviest club,
Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die ;
To the young Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall
Under this plot : she dies for't ;—Eros, ho ! [*Exit.*]

S C E N E XI.

Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and MARDIAN.

Cleo. Help me, my women ! O, he is more mad
Than Telamon for his shield⁴ ? the boar of Thessaly
Was never so emboss'd⁵.

Char. To the monument ;
There lock yourself, and send him word you are dead.
The soul and body rive not more in parting,
Than greatness going off⁶.

Cleo.

² *With her prepared nails.*—] i. e. with nails which she suffered to grow for this purpose, WARBURTON.

³ *Let me lodge Lichas.*— The meaning is, Let me do something in my rage, becoming the successor of Hercules. JOHNSON.

Hercules threw Lichas from the top of mount Ætna into the sea. MALONE.

This image our poet seems to have taken from Seneca's *Hercules*, who says, Lichas being launched into the air, sprinkled the clouds with his blood. Sophocles, on the same occasion, talks at a much soberer rate. WARBURTON.

⁴ *Than Telamon for his shield ;*—] i. e. than *Ajax Telamon* for the armour of *Achilles*, the most valuable part of which was the shield. The boar of *Thessaly* was the boar killed by *Meleager*. STEEVENS.

⁵ *Was never so emboss'd.*] A hunting term ; when a deer is hard run, and foams at the mouth, he is said to be *imbof*. HANMER.

⁶ *The soul and body rive not more in parting, Than greatness going off.*] So, in *King Henry VIII.*

Cleo. To the monument :—

Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself ;
Say, that the last I spoke was, Antony,
And word it, pr'ythee, piteously : Hence, Mardian ;
And bring me how he takes my death.—To the monument.
[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E XII.

The same. Another Room.

Enter ANTONY, and EROS.

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'st me ?

Eros. Ay, noble lord.

Ant. Sometime, we see a cloud that's dragonish ;
A vapour, sometime, like a bear, or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory.

“ —it is a sufferance, panging:

“ As soul and body's severing.” MALONE.

⁶ *Sometime, we see a cloud that's dragonish, &c.]* So, Aristophanes, *Nubes*, v. 345 :

“ Ἦδη ποτ' ἀναδ' ἔλας εἶδες νηφελὴν Κενταύρων ὁμοίαν ;

“ Ἡ παρδαλεῖ, ἢ λύκῳ, ἢ ταύρῳ ;” Sir W. RAWLINSON.

Perhaps Shakspeare received the thought from P. Holland's translation of Pliny's *Nat. Hist.* b. ii. c. 3 : “ —our eyesight testifieth the same, whiles in one place there appeareth the resemblance of a waine or chariot, in another of a *beure*, the figure of a bull in this part, &c.” or from Chapman's *Monsieur D'Olive*, 1606 :

“ Like to a mass of clouds, that now seem like

“ An elephant, and straightways like an ox,

“ And then a mouse,” &c. STEEVENS.

I find the same thought in Chapman's *Buffy d' Ambois*, 1607 :

“ —like empty clouds,

“ In which our faulty apprehensions forge

“ The forms of dragons, lions, elephants,

“ When they hold no proportion.”

Perhaps, however; Shakspeare had the following passage in *A Treatise of Spectres*, &c. quarto, 1605, particularly in his thoughts : “ The clouds sometimes will seem to be monsters, lions, bulls, and wolves; painted and figured : albeit in truth the same be nothing but a moist humour mounted in the ayre, and drawne up from the earth, not having any figure or colour, but such as the ayre is able to give unto it.” MALONE.

With

With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air : Thou hast seen these signs ;
They are black vesper's pageants⁷.

Eros. Ay, my lord.

Ant. That, which is now a horse, even with a thought,
The rack dissimns⁸; and makes it indistinct,
As water is in water.

Eros. It does, my lord.

Ant. My good knave, *Eros*⁹, now thy captain is
Even such a body : here I am Antony ;
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
I made these wars for Egypt ; and the queen,—
Whose heart, I thought, I had, for she had mine ;
Which, whilst it was mine, had annex'd unto't
A million more, now lost,—she, *Eros*, has
Pack'd cards with Cæsar, and false play'd my glory
Unto an enemy's triumph'.—

Nay,

⁷ *They are black vesper's pageants.*] The beauty both of the expression and the allusion is lost, unless we recollect the frequency and the nature of these shewes in Shakspeare's age. T. WARTON.

⁸ *The rack dissimns ;*] i. e. The fleeting away of the clouds destroys the picture. STEEVENS.

⁹ *My good knave, Eros,*] *Knave* is servant. So, in *A Mery Geste of Robyn Hood*, bl. l. no date :

" I shall thee lende lyttle John my man,

" For he shall be thy *knave*." STEEVENS.

¹ Pack'd cards with Cæsar, and false play'd my glory.

Unto an enemy's triumph.] Shakspeare has here, as usual, taken his metaphor from a low trivial subject ; but has enobled it with much art, by so contriving that the principal term in the subject from whence the metaphor was taken, should belong to, and suit the dignity of the subject to which the metaphor is transferred : thereby providing at once for the integrity of the figure, and the nobleness of the thought. And this by the word *triumph*, which either signifies Octavius's conquest, or what we now call, contractedly, the *trump* at cards, then called the *triumph* or the *triumphing sort*. WARBURTON.

This explanation is very just ; the thought did not deserve so good an annotation. JOHNSON.

I believe Dr. Warburton here, as in many other places, saw more than his author meant. Shakspeare, I think, only intended to say, that Cleopatra by collusion play'd the great game they were engaged in falsely, so as to sacrifice Antony's fame to that of his enemy.—The playing false to the adversary's trump card (as Dr. Warburton explains the words,) conveys no distinct idea. The plain sense of the passage will appear from the following dialogue in Florio's *Se-*

Nay, weep not, gentle Eros ; there is left us
Ourselves to end ourselves.—O, thy vile lady !

Enter MARDIAN.

She has robb'd me of my sword.

Mar. No, Antony ;
My mistress lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingled
With thine entirely.

Ant. Hence, saucy eunuch ; peace ;
She hath betray'd me, and shall die the death.

Mar. Death of one person can be paid but once ;
And that she has discharg'd : What thou would'st do
Is done unto thy hand ; the last she spake
Was, Antony ! most noble Antony !
Then in the midst a tearing groan did break
The name of Antony ; it was divided
Between her heart and lips : she render'd life,
Thy name so buried in her.

Ant. Dead then ?

Mar. Dead.

Ant. Unarm, Eros ; the long day's task is done ;
And we must sleep :—That thou depart'st hence safe,
Does pay thy labour richly ; Go.—Off, pluck off ;—

[*Exit MARDIAN.*

The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep
The battery from my heart². O, cleave, my sides !
Heart, once be stronger than thy continent³,
Crack thy frail case !—Apace, Eros, apace.—
No more a soldier :—Bruised pieces, go ;
You have been nobly borne.—From me a while.—

[*Exit EROS.*

I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now
All length is torture :—Since the torch is out,

cond Frutes, 1591 : “ S. What a shousling do you keepe with those
cardes?—A. I plaie fair playe, and shooffel them as I ought. S.
Methinks you packe, and set them.” MALONE.

² The battery from my heart.] I would read :

This battery from my heart. JOHNSON.

³ —thy continent,] i. e. the thing that contains thee. So, in an-
other of our author's plays : “ You shall find in him the continent of
what part a gentleman would see.” STEEVENS.

Lie

Lie down, and stray no farther : Now all labour
 Mays what it does ; yea, very force entangles
 Itself with strength : Seal then, and all is done⁴.—
 Eros !—I come, my queen :—Eros !—Stay for me :
 Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,
 And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze :
 Dido and her Æneas shall want troops⁵,
 And all the haunt be ours.—Come, Eros, Eros !

Re-enter EROS.

Eros. What would my lord ?

Ant. Since Cleopatra dy'd,
 I have liv'd in such dishonour, that the gods
 Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword
 Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's back
 With ships made cities, condemn myself, to lack
 The courage of a woman, less noble mind
 Than she⁶, which, by her death, our Cæsar tells,

I am

⁴ Seal then, and all is done.—] Metaphor taken from civil contracts, where, when all is agreed on, the sealing compleats the contract, so he hath determined to die, and nothing remain'd but to give the stroke. *WARBURTON.*

I believe the reading is :

—seal then, and all is done.

To seal barrels, is to close their eyes. The meaning will be : Close thine eyes for ever, and be quiet. *JOHNSON.*

In a former scene we have :

“ —The wise gods seal our eyes

“ In our own filth.” *MALONE.*

⁵ Dido and her Æneas shall want troops.] Dr. Warburton has justly observed that the poet seems not to have known that Dido and Æneas were not likely to be found thus lovingly associated, “ where souls do couch on flowers.” He undoubtedly had read Phaer's translation of Virgil, but probably had forgot the celebrated description in the sixth book :

Talibus Æneas ardentem et torva tumentem

Lenibat dictis animum, lacrimasque ciebat.

Illa solo fixos oculos averſa tenebat :—

Tandem proripuit sese, atque inimica refugit

In nemus umbriferum.— *MALONE.*

⁶ —condemn myself, to lack

The courage of a woman, less noble mind

Than she,] Antony is here made to say, that he is destitute of even

I am conqueror of myself. Thou art sworn, Eros;
 That, when the exigent should come, (which now
 Is come, indeed,) when I should see behind me
 The inevitable prosecution of
 Disgrace and horror, that, on my command,
 Thou then would'st kill me: do't, the time is come:
 Thou strik'st not me, 'tis Cæsar thou defeat'st.
 Put colour in thy cheek.

Eros. The gods withhold me!
 Shall I do that, which all the Parthian darts,
 Though enemy, lost aim, and could not?

Ant. Eros,
 Would'st thou be window'd in great Rome, and see

Thy

even the courage of a woman; that he is *destitute* of a *less* noble mind than Cleopatra. But he means to assert the very contrary;—that he must acknowledge he *has* a less noble mind than she. I therefore formerly supposed that Shakspeare might have written:

—condemn myself to lack

The courage of a woman; less noble-minded
 Than she, &c.

But a more intimate acquaintance with his writings has shewn me that he had some *peculiar* inaccuracies, which it is very idle to endeavour to amend. For these the poet, not his editor, must answer.—We have the same inaccurate phraseology in the *Winter's Tale*:

“ —I ne'er heard yet;
 “ That any of these bolder vices wanted
 “ *Less* impudence to gainsay what they did,
 “ Than to perform it first.”

Again, in *Macbeth*:

“ Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous—
 “ It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain
 “ To kill their gracious father?”

Again, in *K. Lear*, Act II. sc. iv.

“ —I have hope,
 “ You *less* know how to value her desert,
 “ Than she to set her duty.”

The passage in North's translation of Plutarch which Shakspeare has here copied, shews that, however inaccurate, the text is not corrupt: “ When he had sayd these words, he went into a chamber, and unarmed himselfe, and being naked say'd thus: O Cleopatra, it grieveth me not that I have lost thy companie, for I will not be long from thee; but I am sorrie that having been so great a captain and emperour, I am indeede condemned to be judged of *lesse* courage and noble minde than a woman.”—Instead of “ to be judged of less,” which

Thy master thus with pleach'd arms⁷, bending down
His corrigible neck⁸, his face subdued
To penetrative shame ; whilst the wheel'd seat
Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded
His baseness that ensued⁹ ?

Eros. I would not see't.

Ant. Come then ; for with a wound I must be cur'd.
Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn
Most useful for thy country.

Eros. O, sir, pardon me.

Ant. When I did make thee free, swor'st thou not then

which applies equally well to *courage*, and to *mind*, Shakspeare substituted the word *lack*, which is applicable to *courage*, but cannot without a solecism be connected with "*less noble mind*." MALONE.

⁷ — *pleach'd arms*,—] Arms folded in each other. JOHNSON.

A passage very like this occurs in Thomas Kyd's translation of Robert Garnier's *Cornelia*, published in 1594 :

" Now shalt thou march, (thy hands fast bound behind thee),

" Thy head hung down, thy cheeks with tears besprent,

" Before the victor ; while thy rebel son

" With crowned front triumphing follows thee." STEEVENS.

⁸ *His corrigible neck*,—] *Corrigible* for *corrected*, and afterwards *penetrative* for *penetrating*. So Virgil has "*penetrabile frigus*" for "*penetrans frigus*." in his *Georgicks*. STEEVENS.

⁹ *His baseness that ensued* ?] The poor conquered wretch that followed. JOHNSON.

¹ *When I did make thee free, &c.*] So, in the old translation of Plutarch : " Now he had a man of his called Eros, whom he loved and trusted much, and whom he had long before caused to sweare vnto him, that he should kill him when he did commaunde him : and then he willed him to keepe his promise. His man drawing his sworde, list it vp as though he had ment to haue striken his maister : but turning his head at one side, he thrust his sword into him selfe, and fell downe dead at his maister's foote. Then said Antonius, O noble Eros, I thank thee for this, and it is valiantly done of thee, to shew me what I should do to my selfe, which thou couldest not doe for me. Therewithall he tooke his sword, and thrust it into his bellie, and so fell downe vpon a little bed. The wounde he had, killed him not presently, for the blood stinted a little when he was layed : and when he came somewhat to him selfe againe, he praised them that were about him to dispatch him. But they all fled out of the chamber, and left him crying out and tormenting him selfe : vntil at last there came a secretarie vnto him called Diomedes, who was commaunded to bring him into the tombe or monument where Cleopatra was. When he heard that she was alive, he verie earnestlie prayed his men to carie his bodie thither ; and so he was caried in his men's armes into the entry of the monument." STEEVENS.

To

To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once;
Or thy precedent services are all
But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turn from me then that noble countenance,
Wherein the worship of the whole world² lies.

Ant. Lo thee.

[turning from him.]

Eros. My sword is drawn.

Ant. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou hast drawn it.

Eros. My dear matter,
My captain, and my emperor! let me say,
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

Ant. 'Tis said, man:—and farewell.

Eros. Farewel, great chief. Shall I strike now?

Ant. Now, Eros.

Eros. Why, there then:—[falls on his sword.] Thus I
do escape the sorrow
Of Antony's death. [dies.]

Ant. Thrice nobler than myself!
Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what
I should, and thou could'st not. My queen and Eros
Have, by their brave instruction, got upon me
A nobleness in record: But I will be
A bridegroom in my death, and run into't
As to a lover's bed³. Come then; and, Eros,
Thy master dies thy scholar; to do thus [falling on his sword]
I learn'd of thee. How! not dead? not dead?—
The guard!—how!—O, dispatch me.

² —the worship of the whole world—] The worship, is the dignity, the authority. JOHNSON.

³ —But I will be

A bridegroom in my death, and run into't

As to a lover's bed.] Stowe, describing the execution of Sir Charles Davers, one of the earl of Essex's associates, says, that "having put off his gown and doublet in a most cheerful manner, rather like a bridegroom than a prisoner appointed for death, he prayed very devoutly." MALONE.

This thought has occurred before in *Measure for Measure*:

"—If I must die,

"I will encounter darkness like a bride,

"And hug it in mine arms." STEEVENS.

* The guard! how!] I suspect the poet wrote:
The guard, ho! O, dispatch me!

Enter DERCETAS, and Guard.

1. *Guard.* What's the noise?

Ant. I have done my work ill, friends; O, make an end
Of what I have begun.

2. *Guard.* The star is fallen.

1. *Guard.* And time is at his period.

All. Alas, and woe!

Ant. Let him that loves me, strike me dead.

1. *Guard.* Not I.

2. *Guard.* Nor I.

3. *Guard.* Nor any one.

[*Exeunt Guard.*]

Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.

This sword but shewn to Cæsar, with this tidings,
Shall enter me with him.

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Where's Antony?

Der. There, Diomed, there.

Dio. Lives he? Wilt thou not answer, man?

[*Exit DERCETAS.*]

Ant. Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword, and
give me

Sufficing strokes for death.

Dio. Most absolute lord,

My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.

So, afterwards:

"What *ho!* the emperor's guard!"

In the last scene of the third act, he has said,

"Authority melts from me. Of late, when I cried *ho,*

"Like boys unto a muf, kings would start forth,

"And cry, *your will?*"

The same mistake has happened in *the Merchant of Venice.*

The same mistake occurs also twice in the original copy of *Hamlet*,
1604:

"*Queen.* Help, *how!*

"*Pol.* What *how,* help."

Again, in the last act:

"O Villainy! *how,* let the door be lock'd."

The emendation which I have proposed, ought therefore certainly
to be admitted into the text. MALONE.

Ant

Ant. When did she send thee?

Dio. Now, my lord.

Ant. Where is she?

Dio. Lock'd in her monument. She had a prophesying fear

Of what hath come to pass : for when he saw
(Which never shall be found) you did suspect
She had dispos'd with Cæsar^s, and that your rage
Would not be purg'd, she sent you word she was dead;
But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent
Me to proclaim the truth ; and I am come,
I dread, too late.

Ant. Too late, good Diomed :—Call my guard, I
pr'ythee.

Dio. What, ho! the emperor's guard! The guard,
what, ho!

Come, your lord calls.

Enter some of the Guard.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides ;
'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

1. *Guard.* Woe, woe are we, sir, you may not live to
wear

All your true followers out.

All. Most heavy day !

Ant. Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp fate
To grace it with your sorrows : bid that welcome
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up :
I have led you oft ; carry me now, good friends,
And have my thanks for all. [*Exeunt, bearing Antony.*]

S C E N E XIII.

The same. A Monument.

Enter above, CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and Iras.

Cleo. O Charmian, I will never go from hence.

^s *She had dispos'd with Cæsar,*] To *dispose*, in this instance, perhaps
signifies to make terms, to settle matters. STEEVENS.

Char. Be comforted, dear madam.

Cleo. No, I will not :

All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we despise ; our size of sorrow,
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great

Enter DIOMEDES.

As that which makes it.—How now ? is he dead?

Dio. His death's upon him, but not dead.
Look out o' the other side your monument,
His guard have brought him thither.

Enter ANTONY, borne by the Guard.

Cleo. O sun,

Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in !—darkling stand
The varying shore o' the world !—O Antony !
Antony, Antony ! Help, Charmian, help ; Iras, help ;
Help, friends below ; let's draw him hither.

Ant. Peace :

Not Cæsar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,
But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.

Cleo. So it should be, that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony ; but woe 'tis so !

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying ; only

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M

I here

⁶ —darkling—] i. e. without light. So, in the *Two angry Women of Abington*, 1599 :

“ —my mother hath a torch, your wife

“ Goes darkling up and down.” STEEVENS.

⁷ O sun,

Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in !—darkling stand

The varying shore o' th' world !—] She desires the sun to burn his own orb, the vehicle of light, and then the earth will be dark.

JOHNSON.

The varying shore o' th' world ! i. e. of the earth, where light and darkness make an incessant variation. WARBURTON.

According to the philosophy which prevailed from the age of Aristotle to that of Shakspeare, and long since, the sun was a planet, and was whirled round the earth by the motion of a solid sphere

I here importune death^a a while, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips.—

Cleo. I dare not, dear,
(Dear my lord, pardon,) I dare not,
Lest I be taken⁹: not the imperious shew
Of the full-fortun'd Cæsar¹ ever shall
Be brooch'd with me²; if knife, drugs, serpents, have

Edge,

sphere in which it was fixed.—If the sun therefore was to set fire to the sphere, so as to consume it, the consequence must be, that itself, for want of support, must drop through, and wander in endless space; and in this case the earth would be involved in endless night. HEATH.

⁸ *I here importune death*—] I solicit death to delay; or, trouble death by keeping him in waiting. JOHNSON.

⁹ *I dare not, dear,*

(*Dear my lord, pardon,*) *I dare not,*

Lest I be taken:] Antony has just said that he only solicits death to delay his end, till he has given her a farewell kiss. To this she replies that *she dares not*; and, in our authour's licentious diction, she may mean, that she, now above in the monument, does not dare to descend that he may take leave of her. But, from the defect of the metre in the second line, I think it more probable that a word was omitted by the compositor, and that the poet wrote:

I dare not, dear,

(Dear my lord, pardon,) I dare not *descend*,

Lest I be taken.

Mr. Theobald amends the passage differently, by adding to the end of Antony's speech—*Come down*. His note has been preserved in the late editions, but, his emendation not being mentioned; it is perfectly unintelligible. MALONE.

¹ *Of the full-fortun'd Cæsar*—] So, in *Othello*:

"What a full-fortune doth the thick-lips owe?" MALONE.

² *Be brooch'd with me*.] *Be brooch'd*, i. e. *adorn'd*. A *brooch* was an ornament formerly worn in the hat. So in Ben Jonson's *Poetaster*, "Honour's a good *brooch* to wear in a man's hat at all times." The Rev. Mr. Lambe observes in his notes on the ancient metrical *History of Floddon Field*, that *brooches* in the North are buckles set with stones, such as those with which shirt-bosoms and handkerchiefs are clasped. STEEVENS.

Brooch is properly a *bodkin*, or some such instrument (originally a spit) and ladies' bodkins being headed with gems, it sometimes stands

Edge, sting, or operation³, I am safe :
 Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes,
 And still conclusion⁴, shall acquire no honour
 Demuring upon me.—But come, come, Antony,—
 Help me, my women,—we must draw thee up ;—
 Assist, good friends.

Ant. O, quick, or I am gone,

Cleo. Here's sport, indeeds⁵!—How heavy weighs my
 lord !

Our strength is all gone into heaviness,⁶
 That makes the weight : Had I great Juno's power,
 The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up,
 And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little,—
 Wishers were ever fools ;—O, come, come, come ;
 (They draw Antony up.)

And welcome, welcome ! die, where thou hast liv'd :⁷
 Quicken with kissing⁸ ; had my lips that power,

M 2

Thus

stands for an ornamental trinket or jewel in general, in which sense it is perhaps used at present. PERCY.

Our authour in *All's well that ends well* speaks of the *brooch* and the *toothpick*, as at one time constantly worn by those who affected elegance. MALONE.

³—*if knife, drugs, serpents, have*

Edge, sting, or operation,] Here is the same irregular position of the words, that Mr. Warner would avoid or amend in *Hamlet* : and yet Shakspeare seems to have attended to this matter in the very play before us, Act III. sc. ii. TOLLET,

This thought occurs in *Pericles Prince of Tyre* :

" If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep,

" Unty'd I still my virgin knot will keepe." STEEVENS.

⁴—*still conclusion,*] Sedate determination ; silent coolness of resolution. JOHNSON.

⁵ *Here's sport, indeed !*] I suppose the meaning of these strange words is, *here's trifling, you do not work in earnest.* JOHNSON.

Perhaps rather, here's a curious game, the last we shall ever play with Antony ! Or perhaps she is thinking of fishing with a line, a diversion of which we have been already told she was fond. Shakspeare has introduced ludicrous ideas with as much incongruity in other places. MALONE.

⁶—*into heaviness,*] Heaviness is here used equivocally for *sorrow* and *weight*. MALONE.

⁷—*where thou hast liv'd :*] Old Copy—*when thou, &c.* Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

⁸ *Quicken with kissing :*] That is, *Revive by my kiss.* JOHNSON.

So in Heywood's *Royal King, &c.* 1637 :

" And

244 ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Thus would I wear them out.

All. A heavy sight!

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying:

Give me some wine, and let me speak a little⁹.

Cleo. No, let me speak; and let me rail so high,
'That the false housewife Fortune¹ break her wheel,
Provok'd by my offence.

Ant. One word, sweet queen:

Of Cæsar seek your honour, with your safety.—O!

Cleo. They do not go together.

Ant. Gentle, hear me:

None about Cæsar trust, but Proculeius.

Cleo. My resolution, and my hands, I'll trust;
None about Cæsar.

Ant. The miserable change now at my end²,
Lament nor sorrow at: but please your thoughts,
In feeding them with those my former fortunes
Wherein I liv'd, the greatest prince o' the world,
The noblest: and do now not basely die,
Not cowardly put off my helmet to
My countryman; a Roman, by a Roman

“ And quickens most where he would most destroy.”

STEEVENS.

⁹ *Give me some wine, &c.*] This circumstance, like almost every other, Shakspeare adopted from Plutarch. Sir Thomas North, in his translation, says,—“ Antony made her cease from lamenting, and called for wine, either because he was athirst, or else for that thereby to hasten his death. When he had dronke, he earnestly prayd her, and perswaded that she would seeke to save her life, if she could possible, without reproache and dishonour: and that she should chiefly trust Proculeius above any man else about Cæsar.” STEEVENS.

¹ —*housewife Fortune, &c.*] This despicable line has occurred before. JOHNSON.

See *As you like it*, “ Let us sit, and mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel,” &c. MALONE.

² *The miserable change, &c.*] This speech stands thus in Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch.—“ As for himself, she should not lament nor sorrow for the miserable change of his fortune at the end of his days; but rather, that she should think him the more fortunate, for the former triumphs and honours he had received, considering that while he lived, he was the noblest and greatest prince of the world, and that now he was overcome, not cowardly, but valiantly; a Roman, by another Roman.” STEEV.

Valiantly

Valiantly vanquish'd. Now, my spirit is going ;
I can no more.

[*dies.*

Cleo. Noblest of men, woo't die ?
Hast thou no care of me ? shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better than a sty³ ?—O, see, my women,
The crown o' the earth doth melt :—My lord !—
O, wither'd is the garland of the war,
The soldier's pole³ is fallen ; young boys, and girls,
Are level now with men : the odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting moon⁴.

[*She faints.*

Char. O, quietness, lady !

Iras. She is dead too, our sovereign.

Char. Lady,—

Iras. Madam,—

Char. O madam, madam, madam !

Iras. Royal Egypt ! empress !

Char. Peace, peace, *Iras.*

Cleo. No more, but e'en a woman⁵ ; and commanded
By

³ *The soldier's pole*—] He at whom the soldiers pointed, as at a pageant held high for observation. JOHNSON.

⁴ —the odds is gone,

And there is nothing left remarkable

Beneath the visiting moon.] So, in *Macbeth* :

“ —from this instant

“ There's nothing serious in mortality ;

“ All is but toys ; renown, and grace, is dead ;

“ The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees

“ Is left this vault to brag on.” MALONE.

⁵ *No more, but e'en a woman ;*] *Iras* has just said,—*Royal Egypt, Empress !* *Cleopatra* completes the sentence, (without taking notice of the intervening words spoken by *Charmian*.)—*Empress* “ no more : but e'en a woman,” now on a level with the meanest of my sex. So, in *Julius Cæsar*, p. 329, *Caïus* says,

“ No, it is *Caïus* : one incorporate

“ To our attempts. *Am I not stay'd for, Cinna ?*”
to which *Cinna* replies, without taking any notice of the latter words [*Am I not stay'd for ?*]:

“ I am glad on't.”

i. e. I am glad that *Caïus* is incorporate to our attempts.

By such poor passion as the maid that milks,
 And does the meanest chares^c.—It were for me
 To throw my scepter at the injurious gods ;
 To tell them, that this world did equal theirs,
 Till they had stolen our jewel. All's but naught ;
 Patience is fottish ; and impatience does
 Become a dog that's mad : Then is it sin,
 To rush into the secret house of death,
 Ere death dare come to us ?—How do you, women ?
 What, what ? good cheer ! Why, how now, Charmian ?
 My noble girls !—Ah, women, women ! look,
 Our lamp is spent, it's out :—Good firs, take heart :—
[to the guard below.]

We'll bury him : and then, what's brave, what's noble,
 Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,
 And make death proud to take us. Come, away :
 This case of that huge spirit now is cold.
 Ah, women, women ! come ; we have no friend
 But resolution, and the briefest end.

[*Exeunt ; those above bearing off Antony's body.*]

The old copy reads—but *in* a woman. The emendation was made by Dr. Johnson. The same error has happened in many other places in these plays. MALONE.

Peace, peace, Iras, is said by Charmian, when she sees the queen recovering, and thinks speech troublesome. JOHNSON.

^c —*the meanest chares.*] i. e. task-work. Hence our term *chare*-woman. So, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1630 : "She, like a good wife, is teaching her servants sundry chares."

Again, in *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578 :

"Well, I must trudge to do a certain chare." STEEVENS.

A C T V. S C E N E I.

*Cæsar's Camp before Alexandria.**Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, MÆCENAS?**GALLUS, PROCULIUS, and Others.*

Cæs. Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield;
 Being so frustrate, tell him, he mocks us by.
The pauses that he makes.

Dol.

[?] *Mæcenas,*] In the old copy *Mænas*.—*Mæc.* however is prefixed to the speeches allotted to this person through the scene. The correction in the present stage-direction was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

^{*} *Being so frustrate, tell him, he mocks us by*

The pauses that he makes.] *Frustrate*, for *frustrated*, was the language of Shakspeare's time. So, in the *Tempest*:

"—and the sea mocks

"Our frustrate search by land."

So *consummate* for *consummated*, *contaminate* for *contaminated*, &c. &c.

Again, in Holland's Translation of *Suetonius*, 1606: "But the designment both of the one and the other were defeated and *frustrate* by reason of Piso his death."

The last two words of the first of these lines are not found in the old copy. The defect of the metre shews that somewhat was omitted, and the passage by the omission was rendered unintelligible.

When in the lines just quoted, the sea is said to mock the search of those who were seeking on the land for a body that had been drown'd in the ocean, this is easily understood. But in that before us the case is very different. When Antony himself made these pauses, would he mock, or laugh at them? and what is the meaning of *mocking a pause*?

In *Measure for Measure* the concluding word of a line was omitted, and in like manner has been supplied:

"How

Dol. Cæsar, I shall^o.

[Exit DOLABELLA.

Enter

"How I may formally in person bear [me]

"Like a true friar."

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*, 1599, and 1623:

"And hide me with a dead man in his."

feroud or *tomb* being omitted.

Again, in *Hamlet*, 4to. 1604:

"Thus conscience doth make cowards."

the words *of us all* being omitted.

Again, *ibidem*:

"Seeming to feel this blow," &c.

instead of

"———*Then senseless Ilium*

"Seeming to feel this blow."

and similar omissions have happened in many other plays.

In further support of the emendation now made, it may be observed, that the word *mock*, of which our authour makes frequent use, is almost always employed as I suppose to have been used here Thus, in *K. Lear*: "Pray do not mock me." Again, in *Measure for Measure*:

"You do blaspheme the good in *mocking me*."

Again, in *All's well that ends well*:

"You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves,

"And *mock us with* our bareness."

Again, in the play before us:

"—that nod unto the world,

"And *mock our eyes with* air."

The second interpretation given by Mr. Steevens in the following note is a just interpretation of the text as now regulated; but extracts from the words in the old copy a meaning, which, without those that I have supplied, they certainly do not afford. MALONE.

He mocks the pauses that he makes. i. e. he plays wantonly with the intervals of time which he should improve to his own preservation. Or the meaning may be—being thus defeated in all his efforts, and left without resource, tell him that these affected pauses and delays of his in yielding himself up to me, are mere idle mockery. *He mocks the pauses*, may be a licentious mode of expression for—*he makes a mockery of us by these pauses*; i. e. he trifles with us. STEEVENS.

^o *Cæsar, I shall.*] The exit of Dolabella is not marked here in the old copy, but Mr. Theobald justly observes, that he must be supposed to have gone immediately to execute Cæsar's commands; who afterwards

Enter DERCETAS, with the sword of ANTONY.

Cæs. Wherefore is that ? and what art thou, that dar'st
Appear thus to us ?

Der. I am call'd Dercetas ;
Mark Antony I serv'd, who best was worthy
Best to be serv'd : whilst he stood up, and spoke,
He was my master ; and I wore my life,
To spend upon his haters : If thou please
To take me to thee, as I was to him
I'll be to Cæsar ; if thou pleasest not,
I yield thee up my life.

Cæs. What is't thou say'st ?

Der. I say, O Cæsar, Antony is dead.

Cæs. The breaking of so great a thing should make
A greater crack : The round world should have shook
Lions into civil streets^t,

And

afterwards, when he asks for him, recollects that he sent him on business. The subsequent speeches therefore in this scene, which are given to Dolabella in the folio, have been transferred to Agrippa. MALONE.

^t — *The round world should have shook
Lions into civil streets, &c.*] I think here is a line lost, after which it is in vain to go in quest. The sense seems to have been this : *The round world should have shook, and this great alteration of the system of things should send lions into streets, and citizens into dens.* There is sense still, but it is harsh and violent. JOHNSON.

I believe we should read—*The ruin'd world*, i. e. the general eruption of elements should have shook, &c. Shakspeare seems to mean that the death of so great a man ought to have produced effects similar to those which might be expected from the dissolution of the universe when all distinctions shall be lost. *To shake* any thing out, is a phrase in common use among our ancient writers. So Holinshed, p. 743—"God's providence shaking men out of their shifts of supposed safetie, &c."

Perhaps, however, Shakspeare might mean nothing more here than merely an earthquake, in which the shaking of the round world was to be so violent as to toss the inhabitants of woods into cities, and the inhabitants of cities into woods. STEEVENS.

The defect of the metre strongly supports Dr. Johnson's conjecture, that something is lost. Perhaps the passage originally stood thus :
The

And citizens to their dens :—The death of Antony

The breaking of so great a thing should make
A greater crack. The round world should have shook;
Thrown hungry lions into civil streets,
And citizens to their dens.

In this very page, five entire lines between the word *shook* in my note, and the same word in Mr. Tyrwhitt's note, were omitted by the compositor, in the original proof sheet.

That the words—"the round world should have shook," contain a distinct proposition, and have no immediate connexion with the next line, may be inferred from hence; that Shakspeare, when he means to describe a violent derangement of nature, almost always mentions the earth's *shaking* or being otherwise convulsed; and in these passages constantly employs the word *shook*, or some synonymous word, as a neutral verb. Thus in *Macbeth* :

"—The obscure bird

"Clamour'd the live-long night : some say, *the earth*

"Was fev'rous, and did *shake*."

Again, in *Coriolanus* :

"—as if the *world*

"Was fev'rous, and did *tremble*."

Again, in *Pericles* :

"Sir,

"Our lodgings standing bleak upon the sea,

"Shook, as the earth did *quake*."

Again, in *K. Henry IV. P. I.*

"I say, the earth did *shake*, when I was born.—

"O, then the *earth shook*, to see the heavens on fire,

"And not in fear of your nativity."

Again, in *K. Lear* :

"—thou all-*shaking* thunder,

"Strike flat the thick *rotundity* of the *world*,

"Crack nature's moulds."

This circumstance in my apprehension strongly confirms Dr. Johnson's suggestion that some words have been omitted in the next line, and is equally adverse to Mr. Tyrwhitt's emendation. The words omitted were probably in the middle of the line, which originally might have stood thus in the Ms.

Lions been hurtled into civil streets,

And citizens to their dens. MALONE.

The sense, I think, is complete and plain, if we consider *shook*, (more properly *shaken*,) as the participle past of a verb active. The metre would be improved if the lines were distributed thus :

—The round world should have shook

Lions into civil streets, and citizens

into their dens. TYRWHITT.

Is not a single doom ; in the name lay
A moiety of the world.

Der. He is dead, Cæsar ;

Not by a publick minister of justice,
Nor by a hired knife ; but that self hand,
Which writ his honour in the acts it did,
Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,
Splitted the heart.—'This is his sword,
I robb'd his wound of it : behold it stain'd
With his most noble blood.

Cæs. Look you sad, friends ?

The gods rebuke me, but it is tidings
'To wash the eyes of kings².

Agr. And strange it is,
That nature must compel us to lament
Our most persisted deeds.

Mec. His taints and honours
Waged equal with him³.

Agr. A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity : but you, gods, will give us
Some faults to make us men. Cæsar is touch'd.

Mec. When such a spacious mirror's set before him,
He needs must see himself.

Cæs. O Antony !

I have follow'd thee to this ;—But we do launce
Diseases in our bodies⁴ : I must perforce

Have

² —but it is tidings

To wash the eyes of kings.] That is, *May the gods rebuke me, if*
this be not tidings to make kings weep. But, again, for if not.

JOHNSON.

³ *Waged equal with him.]* It is not easy to determine the precise
meaning of the word *wage*. In *Othello* it occurs again :

"To wake and wage a danger profitless."
It may signify to *oppose*. The sense will then be, *his taints and honours*
were an equal match ; i. e. were opposed to each other in just pro-
portions, like the counterparts of a wager. STEEVENS.

⁴ —But we do launce

Diseases in our bodies ;] When we have any bodily complaint,
that is curable by scarifying, we use the lancet : and if we neglect to

do

Have shewn to thee such a declining day,
 Or look on thine : we could not stall together
 In the whole world : But yet let me lament,
 With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,
 That thou, my brother, my competitor
 In top of all design, my mate in empire,
 Friend and companion in the front of war,
 The arm of mine own body, and the heart
 Where mine his thoughts did kindle,—that our stars,
 Unreconcilable, should divide
 Our equalness to this⁵.—Hear me, good friends,—
 But I will tell you at some meeter season ;

Enter a Messenger.

The business of this man looks out of him,
 We'll hear him what he says.—Whence are you ?
Mef. A poor Egyptian yet. The queen my mistress,
 Confin'd in all she has, her monument,
 Of thy intents desires instruction ;
 That she preparedly may frame herself
 To the way she's forc'd to.

Cas. Bid her have good heart ;
 She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,

do so, we are destroyed by it. Antony was to me a disease ; and
 by his being cut off, I am made whole. We could not both have
 lived in the world together.

Launce, the word in the old copy, is only the old spelling of
launce.

See Minshew's *Dict.* in v. *MALONE*.

So also Daniel, in one of his Sonnets :

“ —sorrow's tooth ne'er rankles more,

“ Than when it bites, but *launceth* not the fore.” *MALONE*.

⁵ *Our equalness to this.*] That is, *should have made us*, in our equality
 of fortune, disagree to a pitch like this, that one of us must die.

JOHNSON.

⁶ *A poor Egyptian yet ; the queen my mistress, &c.*] If thus punctua-
 tion be right, the man means to say, that he is yet an Egyptian, that
 is, yet a servant of the queen of Egypt, though soon to become a subject
 of Rome. *JOHNSON*.

How

How honourable and how kindly we⁷
Determine for her : for Cæsar cannot live
To be ungentle⁸.

Mef. So the gods preserve thee !

[*Exit.*

Cæs. Come hither, Proculeius ; Go, and say,
We purpose her no shame : give her what comforts
The quality of her passion shall require ;
Lest, in her greatness, by some mortal stroke
She do defeat us : for her life in Rome
Would be eternal in our triumph⁹: Go,
And, with your speediest, bring us what she says,
And how you find of her.

Pro. Cæsar, I shall.

[*Exit PROCULEIUS.*

Cæs. Gallus, go you along.—Where's Dolabella,
To second Proculeius ?

[*Exit GALLUS.*

Agr. Mec. Dolabella !

Cæs. Let him alone, for I remember now
How he's employ'd ; he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my tent ; where you shall see
How hardly I was drawn into this war ;
How calm and gentle I proceeded still
In all my writings : Go with me, and see
What I can shew in this.

[*Exeunt.*

⁷ *How honourable and how kindly we—*] Our authour often uses adjectives adverbially. So, in *Julius Cæsar* :

“ Young man, thou could'st not die more honourable.”

⁸ —*for Cæsar cannot live*

To be ungentle.] The old copy has—*leave*. Mr. Pope made the emendation. MALONE.

⁹ —*her life in Rome*

Would be eternal in our triumph :] Hanmer reads judiciously enough, but without necessity :

Would be eternalling our triumph.

The sense is, *If she dies here, she will be forgotten, but if I send her in triumph to Rome, her memory and my glory will be eternal.* JOHNSON.

The following passage in the *Scourge of Venus*, &c. a poem, 1614, will sufficiently support the old reading :

“ If some foute-swelling ebon cloud would fall,

“ For her to hide herself eternal in.” STEEVENS.

S C E N E II.

Alexandria. *A Room in the Monument.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.

Cleo. My desolation does begin to make
A better life: 'Tis paltry to be Cæsar;
Not being fortune, he's but fortune's knave²,
A minister of her will; And it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds³;

Which

¹ *Enter Cleopatra, &c.]* Our authour here (as in *K. Henry VIII.*) has attempted to exhibit at once the outside and the inside on a building. It would be impossible to represent this scene in any way on the stage, but by making Cleopatra and her attendants speak all their speeches till the queen is seized, within the monument. MALONE.

² —fortune's knave,] *The servant of fortune.* JOHNSON.

³ —And it is great

To do that thing that ends all other deeds, &c.] The difficulty of the passage, if any difficulty there be, arises only from this, that the act of suicide, and the state which is the effect of suicide are confounded. Voluntary death, says she, is an act which bolts up change; it produces a state,

Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung,

The beggar's nurse, and Cæsar's.

Which has no longer need of the gross and terrene sustenance, in the use of which Cæsar and the beggar are on a level.

The speech is abrupt, but perturbation in such a state is surely natural. JOHNSON.

It has been already said in this play, that

" —our dungy earth alike

" Feeds man as beast." —

and Mr. Tollet observes, " that in *Herodotus*, book iii. the *Æthiopian* king, upon hearing a description of the nature of wheat, replied, that he was not at all surprized, if men, who eat nothing but dung, did not attain a longer life." Shakspeare has the same epithet in the *Winter's Tale*

" —the face to sweeten

" Of the whole dungy earth."

Again, in *Timon of Athens*:

" —the

Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change ;
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung,
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.

*Enter, to the gates of the Monument, PROCULEIUS, GALLUS,
and Soldiers.*

Pro. Cæsar sends greeting to the queen of Egypt ;
And bids thee study on what fair demands
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

Cleo. [*within.*] What's thy name ?

Pro. My name is Proculeius.

Cleo. [*within.*] Antony

Did tell me of you, bade me trust you ; but
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,
That have no use for trusting. If your master
Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him,
That majesty, to keep decorum, must
No less beg than a kingdom : if he please
To give me conquer'd Egypt for my son,
He gives me so much of mine own, as I
Will kneel to him with thanks.

Pro. Be of good cheer ;
You are fallen into a princely hand, fear nothing :
Make your full reference freely to my lord,
Who is so full of grace, that it flows over
On all that need : Let me report to him
Your sweet dependancy ; and you shall find
A conqueror, that will pray in aid for kindness,
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

Cleo. [*within.*] Pray you, tell him
I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him

" —the earth's a thief,

" That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen

" From general excrement." STEEVENS.

" —that will pray in aid for kindness,] *Praying in aid* is a term used
for a petition made in a court of justice for the calling in of help
from another that hath an interest in the cause in question.

HANMER.

The

The greatness he has got⁵. I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience ; and would gladly
Look him i' the face.

Pro. This I'll report, dear lady.
Have comfort ; for, I know, your plight is pity'd
Of him that caus'd it.

Gal. You see how easily she may be surpriz'd⁶;

[*Here PROCULEIUS, and two of the guard, ascend the monument by a ladder placed against a window, and having descended, come behind CLEOPATRA. Some of the guard unbar and open the gates⁷.*

Guard her till Cæsar come.

[*to Proculeius and the guard. Exit Gallus.*

Iras. Royal queen !

Char.

⁵—*send him*

The greatness he has got.] I allow him to be my conqueror ; I own his superiority with complete submission. JOHNSON.

⁶ *Gal.* You see how easily she may be surpriz'd ;

Guard her till Cæsar come] To this speech, as well as the preceding, *Pro.* [i. e. *Proculeius*] is prefixed in the old copy. It is clear from the passage quoted from Plutarch in the following note that this was an error of the compositor's at the press, and that it belongs to Gallus ; who, after *Proculeius*, hath, according to his suggestion, ascended the monument, goes out to inform Cæsar that Cleopatra is taken. That Cæsar was informed immediately of Cleopatra's being taken, appears from Dolabella's first speech to *Proculeius* on his entry.

" *Proculeius,*

" What thou hast done, thy master Cæsar knows," &c.

This information, it is to be presumed, Cæsar obtained from Gallus.

The stage-directions being very imperfect in this scene in the old copy, no *exit* is here marked ; but as Gallus afterwards enters along with Cæsar, it was undoubtedly the authour's intention that he should here go out. In the modern editions this as well as the preceding speech is given to *Proculeius*, though the error in the old copy clearly shews that *two* speakers were intended.

MALONE.

⁷ In the old copy there is no stage-direction. That which is now inserted is formed on the old translation of *Plutarch* : "*Proculeius came*"

Char. O Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen!—

Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands. [*drawing a dagger.*]

Pro. Hold, worthy lady, hold: [*seizes and disarms her.*]

Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this
Reliev'd, but not betray'd.

Cleo. What, of death too,
That rids our dogs of languish^s?

Pro. Cleopatra,
Do not abuse my master's bounty, by
The undoing of yourself: let the world see
His nobleness well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.

Cleo. Where art thou, death?
Come hither, come! come, come, and take a queen

came to the gates that were very thicke and strong, and surely barred; but yet there were *some cranes* through the which her voyce might be heard, and so they without understood that Cleopatra demanded the kingdome of Egypt for her sonnes: and that Proculcius answered her, that she should be of good cheere and not be affrayed to refer all unto Cæsar. After he had viewed the place very well, he came and reported her aunswere unto Cæsar: who immediately sent Gallus to speak once againe with her, and bad him purposely hold her with talk, whilst Proculcius did set up a ladder against that high window by the which Antonius was tresed up, and came down into the monument with two of his men hard by the gate, where Cleopatra stood to hear what Gallus said unto her. One of her women which was shut in her monument with her, sawe Proculcius by chaunce, as he came downe, and shreeked out, O, poore Cleopatra, thou art taken. Then when she sawe Proculcius behind her as she came from the gate, she thought to have stabbed herself with a short dagger she wore of purpose by her side. But Proculcius came sodainly upon her, and taking her by both the hands, sayd unto her, Cleopatra, first thou shalt doe thy selfe great wrong, and secondly unto Cæsar, to deprive him of the occasion and opportunitie openlie to shew his vauntage and mercie, and to give his enemies cause to accuse the most courteous and noble prince that ever was, and to appeache him as though he were a cruel and mercilesse man, that were not to be trusted. So, even as he spake the word, he tooke her dagger from her, and shooke her clothes for feare of any poyson hidden about her." MALONE.

^s —of languish? So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I. sc. ii:

"One desperate grief cure with another's languish."

STEEVENS.

Worth

Worth many babes and beggars!⁹

Pro. O, temperance, lady!

Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir;
If idle talk will once be necessary,
I'll not sleep neither¹: This mortal house I'll ruin,

Do-

⁹ *Worth many babes and beggars!*] Why, death, wilt thou not rather seize a queen, than employ thy force upon babes and beggars.

JOHNSON.

¹ *If idle talk will once be necessary,*

I'll not sleep neither;] *I will not eat, and if it will be necessary now for once to waste a moment in idle talk of my purpose, I will not sleep neither.* In common conversation we often use *will be*, with as little relation to futurity. As, Now I am going, it *will be* fit for me to dine first. JOHNSON.

Once may mean *sometimes*. Of this use of the word I have already given instances, both in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, and *K. Hen. VIII.* The meaning of Cleopatra seems to be this. *If idle talking be sometimes necessary to the prolongation of life, why I will not sleep for fear of talking idly in my sleep.*

The sense designed, however, may be—If it be necessary to talk of performing impossibilities, why, I'll not sleep neither.

STEEVENS.

The explications above given appear to me so unsatisfactory, and so little deducible from the words, that I have no doubt that a line has been lost after the word *necessary*, in which Cleopatra threatened to observe an obstinate silence. The line probably began with the words *I'll*, and the compositor's eye glancing on the same words in the line beneath, all that intervened was lost.

So, in *Othello*, quarto, 1622, Act III. sc. i.

“ And needs no other suitor but his likings,

“ To take the safest occasion by the front,

“ To bring you in.”

In the folio the second line is omitted, by the compositor's eye, after the first word of it was composed, glancing on the same word immediately under it in the subsequent line, and then proceeding with that line instead of the other. This happens frequently at the press. The omitted line in the passage which has given rise to the present note, might have been of this import:

Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink sir;

If idle talk will once be necessary,

I'll not so much as syllable a word;

I'll not sleep neither; this mortal house I'll ruin, &c.

MALONE.

The

Do Cæsar what he can. Know, sir, that I
Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court;
Nor once be chastis'd with the sober eye
Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up,
And shew me to the shouting varlettry
Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt
Be gentle grave unto me! rather on Nilus' mud
Let me stark naked, and let the water-flies
Blow me into abhorring! rather make
My country's high pyramides my gibbet,
And hang me up in chains!

Pro. You do extend
The thoughts of horror further than you shall
Find cause in Cæsar.

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Proculeius,
What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,
And he hath sent for thee: for the queen,
I'll take her to my guard.

Pro. So, Dolabella,
It shall content me best: be gentle to her.—
To Cæsar I will speak what you shall please, — *[to Cleo.]*
If you'll employ me to him.

Cleo. Say, I would die.

[Exeunt PROCULIUS, and Soldiers.]

Dol. Most noble empress, you have heard of me?

Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Assuredly, you know me.

Cleo. No matter, sir, what I have heard, or known.
You laugh, when boys, or women, tell their dreams;
Is't not your trick?

Do. I understand not, madam.

The words *I'll not sleep neither*, contain a new and distinct menace.
Once thought that Shakspeare might have written—I'll not *speak*
neither; but Cæsar comforting Cleopatra, says, "feed, and
sleep;" which shews that *sleep* in the passage before us is the true
reading. MALONE.

Cleo.

Cleo. I dream'd, there was an emperor Antony ;—
O, such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man !

Dol. If it might please you,—

Cleo. His face was as the heavens ; and therein stuck
A sun, and moon ; which kept their course, and lighted
The little O, the earth³.

Dol. Most sovereign creature,—

Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean⁴; his rear'd arm
Crested the world⁵; his voice was property'd
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;⁶
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in't ; an autumn 'twas,
That grew the more by reaping⁷: His delights

Were

³ *The little O, the earth.*] These words appearing in the old copy thus,—The little *o th'* earth, Theobald conjectured with some probability that Shakspeare wrote—

The little *O o'the* earth.

When two words are repeated near to each other, printers very often omit one of them. The text however may well stand.

Shakspeare frequently uses *O* for an orb or circle. So in *K. Hen. V.*

“ —can we cram

“ Within this wooden *O* the very casques, &c.

Again, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* :

“ Than all you fiery *oes*, and eyes of light.” MALONE.

⁴ *His legs bestrid the ocean, &c.*] So, in *Julius Caesar* :

“ Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world,

“ Like a Colossus.” MALONE.

—*h's* rear'd arm

⁵ *Crested the world.*] Alluding to some of the old crests in heraldry, where a raised arm on a wreath was mounted on the helmet.

PERCY.

⁶ —and *that to friends* ;] Thus the old copy. The modern editors read, with no less obscurity :

—when *that to friends*. STEEVENS.

⁷ —*For his bounty,*

There was no winter in't ; an autumn 'twas,

That grew the more by reaping :] The old copy has—an *Antony* it was. The emendation is Mr. Theobald's. The following lines in Shakspeare's 53d Sonnet add support to the emendation :

“ Speak

Were dolphin-like ; they shew'd his back above
The element they liv'd in : In his livery
Walk'd crowns, and crownets ; realms and islands were
As plates⁸ dropp'd from his pocket.

Dol. Cleopatra,—

Cleo. Think you, there was, or might be, such a man
As this I dream'd of?

Dol. Gentle madam, no.

Cleo. You lie, up to the hearing of the gods.
But, if there be, or ever were one such,⁹
It's past the size of dreaming : Nature wants stuff

" Speak of the spring, and *foison* of the year,
" The one doth shadow of your bounty shew ;
" The *other* as your *bounty* doth appear,
" And you in every blessed shape we know."

By the *other* in the third line, i. e. the *foison* of the year, the poet means *autumn*, the season of plenty.

Again, in the *Tempest* :

" How does my bounteous sister [*Ceres*] ? MALONE.

I cannot resist the temptation to quote the following beautiful passage from B. Jonson's *New Inn*, on the subject of liberality.

" He gave me my first breeding, I acknowledge ;
" Then shew'd his bounties on me, like the hours
" That open-handed sit upon the clouds,
" And press the liberality of heaven
" Down to the laps of thankful men." STEEVENS.

⁸ *As plates*—] *Plates* mean, I believe, *silver money*. So, in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, 1633 :

" Rat'st thou this Moor but at 200 plates ?" STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens justly interprets *plates* to mean silver money. The balls or roundels in an escutcheon, according to their different colours, have different names. If *gule*, or red, they are called *torseauxes* ; if *or* or yellow, *bezants* ; if *argent* or white, *plates*, which are buttons of silver, without any impression, but only prepared for the stamp.—So, Spenser's *Faery Queene*, B. II. C. VII. St. 5 :

" Some others were new driven, and distant
" Into great ingoes, and to wedges square ;
" Some in round *plates* withouten monument,
" But most were stamp'd, and in their metal bare,
" The antique shapes of kings and kesar's, straung and rare." WHALLEY.

⁹ —or ever were one such,] The old copy has—*nor ever*, &c. The emendation was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

To

To vie strange forms¹ with fancy ; yet to imagine
 An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,
 Condemning shadows quite*.

Dol. Hear me, good madam :

Your loss is as yourself, great ; and you bear it
 As answering to the weight : 'Would I might never
 O'ertake pursu'd success, but I do feel,
 By the rebound of yours, a grief that shoots
 My very heart at root.

Cleo. I thank you, sir

Know you, what Cæsar means to do with me ?

Dol. I am loth to tell you what I would you knew.

Cleo. Nay, pray you, sir,—

Dol. Though he be honourable,—

Cleo. He'll lead me then in triumph ?

Dol. Madam, he will ; I know it.

Within. Make way there,—Cæsar.

*Enter CÆSAR, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, MÆCENAS,
 SELEUCUS, and Attendants.*

Cæs. Which is the queen of Egypt ?

Dol. It is the emperor, madam.

[*CLEO. kneels.*

Cæs. Arise, you shall not kneel :

I pray you, rise ; rise, Egypt.

Cleo. Sir, the gods

Will have it thus ; my master and my lord

I must obey.

¹ To vie strange forms—] To vie was a term at cards. See the *Taming of the Shrew*, STEEVENS.

*—yet to imagine

An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,
 Condemning shadows quite.] The word *piece*, is a term appropriated to works of art. Here Nature and Fancy produce each their *piece*, and the *piece* done by Nature had the preference. Antony was in reality *past the size of dreaming* ; he was more by Nature than Fancy could present in sleep. JOHNSON.

² —shoots—] The old copy reads—*suites*. STEEVENS.

The correction was made by Mr. Pope. The error arose from the two words, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, being pronounced alike.

Cæs.

Cæs. Take to you no hard thoughts :
The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.

Cleo. Sole sir o' the world,
I cannot project mine own cause so well :
To make it clear ; but do confess, I have
Been laden with like frailties, which before
Have often sham'd our sex.

Cæs. Cleopatra, know,
We will extenuate rather than enforce :
If you apply yourself to our intents,
(Which towards you are most gentle) you shall find
A benefit in this change ; but if you seek
To lay on me a cruelty, by taking
Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself
Of my good purposes, and put your children
To that destruction which I'll guard them from,
If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.

Cleo. And may, through all the world : 'tis yours ; and we
Your 'scutcheons, and your signs of conquest, shall
Hang in what place you please. Here, my good lord.

Cæs. You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra⁴.

Cleo. This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels,
I am possess'd of : 'tis exactly valued ;

³ *I cannot project mine own cause so well—*] To project a cause is to represent a cause ; to project it well, is to plan or contrive a scheme of defence. JOHNSON.

In *Much ado about Nothing*, we find these lines :

" —She cannot love,

" Nor take no shape nor project of affection,

" She is so self-endear'd."

I cannot project, &c. means therefore, I cannot shape or form my cause, &c. MALONE.

Sir John Harrington in his *Metamorphosis of Ajax*, 1596, p. 79, says : " I have chosen Ajax for the project of this discourse."

STEEVENS.

⁴ *You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.*] You shall yourself be my counsellor, and suggest whatever you wish to be done for your relief. So, afterwards :

" For we intend so to dispose you, as

" Yourself shall give us counsel." MALONE.

Not petty things admitted⁵.—Where's Seleucus ?

Sel. Here, madam.

Cleo. This is my treasurer ; let him speak, my lord,
Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd
To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.

Sel. Madam,

I had rather feel my lips⁶, than, to my peril,
Speak that which is not.

Cleo. What have I kept back ?

Sel. Enough to purchase what you have made known.

Cæs. Nay, blush not, Cleopatra ; I approve
Your wisdom in the deed.

Cleo. See, Cæsar ! O, behold,
How pomp is follow'd ! mine will now be yours ;
And, should we shift estates, yours would be mine.
The ingratitude of this Seleucus does
Even make me wild :—O slave, of no more trust
Than love that's hir'd !—What, goest thou back ? thou
shalt

Go back, I warrant thee ; but I'll catch thine eyes,
Though they had wings : Slave, soul-less villain, dog !
O rarely base⁷ !

Cæs. Good queen, let us entreat you.

Cleo. O Cæsar, what a wounding shame is this⁸;

That

⁵ —'tis exactly valued,

Not petty things admitted.] i. e. petty things not being included. Because Cleopatra in the next speech says that she has reserved nothing to herself, (still tacitly excepting *petty things*.) Mr. Theobald very unnecessarily reads—*omitted*. " This declaration, (says he,) lays open her falshood, and makes her angry when her treasurer detects her in a direct lie." MALONE.

She is angry afterwards that she is accused of having reserved more than petty things. JOHNSON.

⁶ —*feel my lips*—] Sew up my mouth. JOHNSON.

It means, close up my lips as effectually as the eyes of a hawk are closed. To *feel* hawks was the technical term. STEEVENS.

⁷ *O rarely base !* i. e. base in an uncommon degree. STEEVENS.

⁸ *O Cæsar*, This speech of Cleopatra is taken from sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch, where it stands as follows. " O Cæsar, is not this great shame and reproach, that thou having vouchsafed to take the pains to come unto me, and hast done me this honour,

That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me,
 Doing the honour of thy lordliness
 To one so meek⁹, that mine own servant should
 Parcel the sum of my disgraces¹ by
 Addition of his envy²! Say, good Cæsar,
 That I some lady trifles have reserv'd,
 Immoment toys, things of such dignity
 As we greet modern friends³ withal; and say,
 Some nobler token I have kept apart
 For Livia, and Octavia, to induce
 Their mediation; must I be unfolded
 With one that I have bred? The gods! It smites me
 Beneath the fall I have. Pr'ythee, go hence; [To Sel.
 Or I shall shew the cinders of my spirits

nour, poor wretch and caitiff creature, brought into this pitiful and miserable estate, and that mine own servants should come now to accuse me. Though it may be that I have reserved some jewels and trifles meet for women, but not for me (poor soul) to set out myself withal; but meaning to give some pretty presents unto Octavia and Livia, that they making means and intercession for me to thee, thou mightest yet extend thy favour and mercy upon me." &c. STEEVENS.

⁹ *To one so meek,*—*Meek*, I suppose, means here, *tame*, subdued by adversity. So, in the parallel passage in Plutarch:—"poor wretch, and caitiff creature, brought into this pitiful and miserable estate—" Cleopatra in any other sense was not eminent for meekness.

Our author has employed this word in *The Rape of Lucrece*, in the same sense as here:

"Feeble desire, all recreant, poor, and meek,

"Like to a bankrupt beggar, wails his case." MALONE.

¹ *Parcel the sum of my disgraces*—] *To parcel her disgraces*, might be expressed in vulgar language, *to bundle up her calamities*. JOHNSON.

The meaning, I think, either is, "—that this fellow should add one more parcel or *item* to the sum of my disgraces, namely, his own malice;"—or, "that this fellow should *tot up* the sum of my disgraces, and add his own malice to the account."

Parcel is here used technically. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. 1. "That this fellow [Francis, the drawer,] should have fewer words than a parrot! his eloquence the *parcel* of a reckoning." There it means, either an *item*, or the accumulated total formed by various *items*. MALONE.

² —*of his envy*.] *Envy* is here, as almost always in these plays,

malice,

³ —*modern friends*—] Common, ordinary acquaintance.

VOL. XI.

N

Through

Through the ashes of my chance⁴:—Wert thou a man,
Thou would'st have mercy on me.

Cæs. Forbear, Seleucus.

[*Exit* SELEUCUS.]

Cleo. Be it known, that we, the greatest, are misthought
For things that others do; and, when we fall,
We answer others' merits in our name,
Are therefore to be pitied⁵.

Cæs. Cleopatra,

Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknowledg'd,
Put we i' the roll of conquest: still be it yours,
Bestow it at your pleasure; and believe,
Cæsar's no merchant, to make prize with you
Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be cheer'd;

Make

⁴ *Through the ashes of my chance:—*] Or *fortune*. The meaning is, Begone, or I will exert that royal spirit which I had in my prosperity, in spite of the imbecillity of my present weak condition. This taught the Oxford editor to alter it to *mischance*.

WARBURTON.

We have had already in this play—"the wounded chance of Antony." MALONE.

Or I shall strew the cinders of my spirits

Through the ashes of my chance:—] Thus Chaucer in his *Canterbury Tales*, late edit. v. 3180:

"Yet in our *aschen* cold is fire yreken."

And thus (as the learned editor of the *Cant. Tales* has observed) Mr. Gray in his *Church-yard Elegy*:

"Even in our *ashes* live their wonted fires."

Mr. Gray refers to the following passage in the 169 (171) sonnet of *Petrarch*, as his original:

"*Ch'i veggio nel pensier, dolce mio foco,*

"*Fredda una lingua, e due begli occhi chiusi*

"*Rimaner dopo noi pien di faville.*" Edit. 1564. p. 271.

STEEVENS.

Again, in our authour's 73d Sonnet:

"In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire,

"That on the ashes of his youth doth lie," MALONE.

⁵ *Be it known, that we, the greatest, are mis-thought*

For things that others do: and when we fall,

We answer others' merits in our name,

A. & therefore to be pitied.] We suffer at our highest state of elevation in the thoughts of mankind for that which others do: and when we fall, those that contented themselves only to think ill before, call us to answer in our own names for the merits of others. We are therefore to be pitied. Merits is in this place taken in an ill sense, for actions meriting censure. JOHNSON.

As

Make not your thoughts your prisons⁶: no, dear queen;
 For we intend so to dispose you, as
 Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep:
 Our care and pity is so much upon you,
 That we remain your friend; And so, adieu.

Cleo. My master, and my lord!

Cæs. Not so: Adieu. [*Exeunt CÆSAR, and his train.*]

Cleo. He words me, girls, he words me, that I should
 not

Be noble to myself: but hark thee, Charmian,

[*whispers* Charmian.

Iras. Finish, good lady; the bright day is done,
 And we are for the dark.

Cleo. Hie thee again:
 I have spoke already, and it is provided;
 Go, put it to the haste.

Char. Madam, I will,

Re-enter DOLABELLA,

Dol. Where is the queen?

Char. Behold, sir.

[*Exit CHARMIAN.*]

Cleo. Dolabella?

Dol. Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,
 Whic' my love makes religion to obey,
 I tell you this: Cæsar through Syria
 Intends his journey; and, within three days,
 You with your children will he send before:
 Make your best use of this: I have perform'd
 Your pleasure, and my promise.

As *demerits* was often used in Shakspeare's time as synonymous to *merit*. so *merit* might have been used in the sense which we now affix to *demerit*: or the meaning may be only, we are called to account, and to answer in our own names for *acts*, with which others rather than we, *deserve* to be charged. MALONE.

⁶ *Make not your thoughts your prisons:]* I once wished to read,

Make not your thoughts your poison:—

Do not destroy yourself by musing on your misfortune. Yet I would change nothing, as the old reading presents a very proper sense. *Be not a prisoner in imagination, when in reality you are free.*

JOHNSON.

Cleo.

Cleo. Dolabella,
I shall remain your debtor.

Dol. I your servant.

Adieu, good queen ; I must attend on Cæsar.

Cleo. Farewel, and thanks. [*Exit Dola.*] Now, Iras,
what think'st thou ?

Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shewn
In Rome, as well as I : mechanick slaves
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall
Uplift us to the view ; in their thick breaths,
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,
And forc'd to drink their vapour.

Iras. The gods forbid !

Cleo. Nay, 'tis most certain, Iras : Saucy lictors
Will catch at us, like strumpets ; and scald rhimers
Ballad us out o' tune⁷ : the quick comedians⁸
Extemporally will stage us, and present
Our Alexandrian revels ; Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness⁹
I' the posture of a whore.

Iras. O the good gods !

Cleo. Nay, that's certain.

Iras. I'll never see it ; for, I am sure, my nails
Are stronger than mine eyes.

⁷ —and scald rhimers

Ballad us out o' tune :] So, in the *Rape of Lucretia* :

“ —thou—

“ Shalt have thy trespass cited up in rhimes,

“ And sung by children in succeeding times.” MALONE.

Scald was a word of contempt implying poverty, disease, and filth. JOHNSON.

⁸ —the quick comedians—] The lively, inventive, quick-witted comedians. So, “ (*ut meos quoque attingam*,”) in an ancient tract, entitled *A briefe description of Ireland, made in this yeare, 1589*, by Robert Payne, &c. 8vo. 1589 : “ They are quick-witted, and of good constitution of bodie.” MALONE.

⁹ —boy my greatness—] The parts of women were acted on the stage by boys. HANMER.

To obviate this impropriety of men representing women, T. Goff, in his tragedy of the *Raging Turk*, 1631, has no female character. STEEVENS

Cleo. Why, that's the way
To fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their most absurd intents¹.—Now, Charmian?—

Enter CHARMIAN.

Shew me, my women, like a queen ;—Go fetch
My best attires ;—I am again for Cydnus,
To meet Mark Antony.—Sirrah, Iras, go.—
Now, noble Charmian, we'll dispatch indeed :
And, when thou hast done this chare, I'll give thee leave
To play till dooms-day.—Bring our crown and all.
Wherefore's this noise ? *[Exit Iras. A noise within.]*

Enter one of the Guard.

Guard. Here's a rural fellow,
That will not be deny'd your highness' presence ;
He brings you figs.

Cleo. Let him come in. What poor an instrument
[Exit Guard.]

May do a noble deed ! he brings me liberty.
My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me : Now from head to foot
I am marble-constant : now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine².

Re-enter

¹ *Their most absurd intents.*—] Mr. Theobald reads,—*Their most absurd intents.* Cleopatra, he says, “ could not think Cæsar's intent of carrying her in triumph absurd, with regard to his own glory ; and her finding an expedient to disappoint him, could not bring it under that predicament.” MALONE.

I have preserved the old reading. The design certainly appeared absurd enough to Cleopatra, both as she thought it unreasonable in herself, and as she knew it would fail. JOHNSON.

² —*now the fleeting moon*

No planet is of mine.] Alluding to the Egyptian devotion paid to the moon under the name of Isis. WARBURTON.

I really believe that our poet was not at all acquainted with the devotion that the Egyptians paid to this planet under the name of Isis : but that Cleopatra having said, *I have nothing of woman in me*, added

Re-enter Guard, with a Clown bringing a basket.

Guard. This is the man.

Cleo. Avoid, and leave him.

[*Exit Guard.*]

Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus³ there,
That kills and pains not?

Clown. Truly I have him : but I would not be the party
that should desire you to touch him, for his biting is immortal ; those, that do die of it, do seldom or never recover.

Cleo. Remember'st thou any that have died on't ?

Clown. Very many, men and women too. I heard of
one of them no longer than yesterday : a very honest woman, but something given to lie ; as a woman should not do, but in the way of honesty : how she died of the biting of it, what pain she felt,—Truly, she makes a very good report o' the worm : But he that will believe all that they

added by way of amplification, that she had not even the changes of disposition peculiar to the sex, and which sometimes happen as frequently as those of the moon : or that she was not, like the sea, governed by the moon. So, in *Richard III* :—" I being govern'd by the watry moon, &c." Why should she say on this occasion that she no longer made use of the forms of worship peculiar to her country ?

Fleeting is inconstant. So in Greene's *Metamorphosis*, 1617 :—" to shew the world she was not *fleeting*." STEEVENS.

Our authour will himself furnish us with a commodious interpretation of this passage. I am now " whole as the marble, founded as the rock," and no longer changeable and fluctuating between different purposes, like the *fleeting* and *inconstant* moon,

" That monthly changes in her circled orb." MALONE.

³ —the pretty worm of Nilus—] *Worm* is the Teutonic word for *serpent* : we have the *blind-worm* and *slow-worm* still in our language, and the Norwegians call an enormous monster, seen sometimes in the northern ocean, the *sea-worm*. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Dumb-Knight*, 1633 :

" Those coais the Roman Porcia did devour,

" Are not burnt out, nor have th' Egyptian worms

" Yet lost their stings." STEEVENS.

Again, in the old version of the *New Testament*, Acts, xviii.

• Now when the barbarians saw the worme hang on his hand, &c."

TOLLET.

In the Northern counties, the word *worm* is still given to the serpent species in general. PEACOCK.

say,

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say, shall never be saved by half that they do^a: But this is most fallible, the worm's an odd worm.

Cleo. Get thee hence; farewell.

Clown. I wish you all joy of the worm.

Cleo. Farewel. [*Clown sets down the basket.*]

Clown. You must think this, look you, that the worm will do his kind^s.

Cleo. Ay, ay; farewell.

Clown. Look you, the worm is not to be trusted, but in the keeping of wise people; for, indeed, there is no goodness in the worm.

Cleo. Take thou no care; it shall be heeded.

Clown. Very good: give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me?

Clown. You must not think I am so simple, but I know the devil himself will not eat a woman: I know, that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil dress her not. But, truly, these same whore-son devils do the gods great harm in their women; for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone: farewell.

Clown. Yes, forsooth; I wish you joy of the worm.

[*Exit.*]

Re-enter IRAS, with robe, crown, &c.

Cleo. Give me my robe, put on my crown: I have

^a But he that will believe all that they say, shall never be saved by half that they do:] Shakspeare's clowns are always jokers, and deal in fly satire. It is plain this must be read the contrary way, and *all* and *half* change places. WARRBURTON.

Probably Shakspeare designed that confusion which the critick would disentangle. STEEVENS.

^s —will do his kind] The serpent will act according to his nature. JOHNSON.

So, in the ancient black letter romance of *Syr Tryamour*, 110 date:

"He dyd full gentyllly his kinde." STEEVENS.

Again, in *The Tragical Hyffory of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

"For tickle Fortune doth, in changing, but her kind."

MALONE
Immortal

Immortal longings in me : Now no more
 The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip :—
 Yare, yare⁶, good Iras ; quick.—Methinks, I hear
 Antony call ; I see him rouse himself
 To praise my noble act : I hear him mock
 The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men
 To excuse their after wrath : Husband, I come :
 Now to that name my courage prove my title !
 I am fire, and air ; my other elements
 I give to baser life⁷.—So,—have you done ?
 Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.
 Farewel, kind Charmian ;—Iras, long farewell.

[*kisses them.* Iras *falls and dies.*]

Have I the aspick in my lips⁸ ? Dost fall⁹ ?
 If thou and nature can so gently part,
 The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
 Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lie still ?
 If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
 It is not worth leave-taking.

Char. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain ; that I may say,
 The gods themselves do weep !

Cleo. This proves me base ;
 If she first meet the curled Antony,
 He'll make demand of hers ; and spend that kiss,

⁶ *Yare, yare,—*] i. e. make haste, be nimble, be ready. So in the old bl. romance of *Syr Eglamoure of Artoys* :

“ Ryght soone he made him yare.” STEEVENS.

A preceding passage precisely ascertains the meaning of the word ;

“ —to proclaim it civilly, were like

“ A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank

“ For being yare about him.” MALONE.

⁷ *I am fire and air ; my other elements*

I give to baser life.] So, in *K. Henry V.* “ He is pure air and fire ; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him.” “ Do not our lives, (says Sir Andrew Aguecheek,) consist of the four elements ?” MALONE.

⁸ *Have I the aspick in my lips ?*] Are my lips poison'd by the aspick, that my kiss has destroyed thee ? MALONE.

⁹ *—Dost fall ?*] Iras must be supposed to have applied an asp to her arm while her mistress was settling her dress, or I know not why she should fall so soon. STEEVENS.

⁹ *He'll make demand of her ;*] He will enquire of her concerning me, and kiss her for giving him intelligence. JOHNSON.

Which

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Which is my heaven to have.—Come, thou mortal wretch¹

[to the asp, which she applies to her breast.

With thy sharp teeth this knot intricate
Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool,
Be angry, and dispatch. O, could'st thou speak!
That I might hear thee call great Cæsar, as
Unpolicy'd!²

Char. O eastern star!

Cleo Peace, peace!

Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep?

Char. O, break! O, break!

Cleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle,—
O Antony!—Nay, I will take thee too.—

[applying another asp to her arm.

What should I stay—

[falls on a bed, and dies.

Char. In this wild world³?—So, fare thee well.—

Now boast thee, death! in thy possession lies
A lass unparallel'd.—Downy windows, close⁴;
And golden Phœbus never be beheld
Of eyes again so royal! Your crown's awry⁵;

I'll

¹ —asp

Unpolicy'd!] i. e. an asp without more policy than to leave the means of death within my reach, and thereby deprive his triumph of its noblest decoration. STEEVENS.

² In this wild world?] Thus the old copy. I suppose she means by this wild world, this world which by the death of Antony is become a desert to her. A wild is a desert. Our author, however, might have written wild (i. e. vile according to ancient spelling) for worthless. STEEVENS.

³ —Downy windows, close;] So, in *Venus and Adonis*:

"Her two blue windows faintly she upheaveth." MALONE.

⁴ —Your crown's awry;] This is well amended by the editors. The old editions had—Your crown's away. JOHNSON.

The correction was made by Mr. Pope. The authour has here as usual followed the old translation of Plutarch. "—They found Cleopatra stark dead layed upon a bed of gold, attired and arrayed in her royal robes, and one of her two women, which was called Iras, dead at her feet; and her other woman called Charmian half dead, and trembling, trimming the diadem which Cleopatra wore upon her head." MALONE

I'll mend it, and then play.

Enter the Guard, rushing in.

1. *Guard.* Where is the queen?

Char. Speak softly, wake her not.

1 *Guard.* Cæsar hath sent—

Char. Too slow a messenger. *[applies the asp.]*

O, come; apace, dispatch: I partly feel thee.

1 *Guard.* Approach, ho! All's not well; Cæsar's be-
guil'd.

2 *Guard.* There's Dolabella sent from Cæsar;—call him,

1 *Guard.* What work is here?—Charmian, is this well
done?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a princess
Descended of so many royal kings⁵.

Ah, soldier!

[dies.]

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. How goes it here?

2 *Guard.* All dead.

Dol. Cæsar, thy thoughts

Touch their effects in this: Thyself art coming
To see perform'd the dreaded act, which thou
So sought'st to hinder.

Within. A way there, a way for Cæsar!

Enter CÆSAR, and Attendants.

Dol. O, sir, you are too sure an augurer;

So, in Daniel's *Tragedy of Cleopatra*, 1594:

“ And senseless, in her sinking down, she wryes

“ The diadem which on her head she wore;

“ Which Charmian (poor weak feeble maid) espies,

“ And hastes to right it as it was before;

“ For Eras now was dead.” STEEVENS.

⁵ *Descended of so many royal kings.*] Almost these very words are found in sir T. North's translation of Plutarch; and in Daniel's play on the same subject. The former book is not uncommon, and therefore it would be impertinent to crowd the page with every circumstance which Shakspeare has borrowed from the same original. STEEVENS.

That

That you did fear, is done.

Cæs. Bravest at the last.

She levell'd, at our purposes, and, being royal,
Took her own way.—The manner of their deaths?

I do not see them bleed.

Dol. Who was last with them?

Guard. A simple countryman, that brought her figs;
This was his basket

Cæs. Poison'd then.

Guard. O Cæsar,

This Charmian liv'd but now; she stood, and spake;
I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead mistress; tremblingly she stood,
And on the sudden drop'd.

Cæs. O noble weakness!—

If they had swallow'd poison, 'twould appear
By external swelling; but she looks like sleep,
As she would catch another Antony
In her strong toil of grace.

Dol. Here, on her breast,

There is a vent of blood, and something blown⁶:
The like is on her arm.

Guard. This is an aspick's trail: and these fig-leaves
Have slime upon them, such as the aspick leaves
Upon the caves of Nile.

Cæs. Most probable,

That so she dy'd; for her physician tells me,
She hath pursu'd conclusions infinite⁷

⁶ —something blown:] The flesh is somewhat puffed or swells.

JOHNSON.

So, in the ancient metrical romance of *Syr Bevis of Hampton*, bl.
1. no date:

“That with venom upon him throwen,

“The knight lay then to-blowen.” STEEVENS.

So before:

“—And let the water-flies

“Blow me into abhorring.” MALONE.

⁷ *She hath pursued conclusions infinite—*] i. e. numberless experiments.

So, in the *Spanish Gypsy*, by Middleton and Rowley, 1653:

“—and to try that conclusion,

“To see if thou be'st alchumy or no,

“They'll throw down gold in musses.” MALONE.

Of easy ways to die.—Take up her bed;
 And bear her women from the monument:—
 She shall be buried by her Antony;
 No grave upon the earth shall clip in it
 A pair so famous. High events as these
 Strike those that make them: and their story is
 No less in pity, than his glory, which
 Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall,
 In solemn shew, attend this funeral,
 And then to Rome.—Come, Dolabella, see
 High order in this great solemnity^s.

[Exeunt.]

^s This play keeps curiosity always busy, and the passions always interested. The continual hurry of the action, the variety of incidents, and the quick succession of one personage to another, call the mind forward without intermission from the first act to the last. But the power of delighting is derived principally from the frequent changes of the scene; for, except the feminine arts, some of which are too low, which distinguish Cleopatra, no character is very strongly discriminated. Upton, who did not easily miss what he desired to find, has discovered that the language of Antony is, with great skill and learning, made pompous and superb, according to his real practice. But I think his diction not distinguishable from that of others: the most tumid speech in the play is that which Cæsar makes to Octavia.

The events, of which the principal are described according to history, are produced without any art of connexion or care of disposition. JOHNSON.



END OF THE ELEVENTH VOLUME.